The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The May Bookman will contain a special, fully illustrated article on G. K. Chesterton by Henry Murray.

Messrs. George Allen & Sons are publishing immediately "Maurice Maeterlinck," a biographical study translated from the French of Gérard Harry by A. R. Allinson. The book includes two new essays by Maeterlinck, a photogravure portrait, and eight illustrations.

Before the success of "The Walls of Jericho" made him one of the most famous of modern dramatists, Mr. Alfred Sutro was known as the translator of six of Maeterlinck's books: "The Life of the Bee," "The Treasure of the Humble," "Wisdom and Destiny," "The Buried Temple," "Aglavaine and Selysette," and "Monna Vanna"; Mr. A. Teixeira de Mattos translated Maeterlinck's "Life and Flowers," "The Double Garden," and "Joyzelle"; all which translations, with Mr. Bernard Miall's renderings of the two plays, "Sister Beatrice" and "Ariane and Barbe Bleue," are published by Messrs. Allen. A translation by Miss Jane T. Stoddart of Maeterlinck's essay on "Ruysbroeck and the Mystics" is published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. "The Blue Bird," which has met with such a remarkable reception at the Haymarket Theatre, was translated by Mr. Teixeira de Mattos, and is published by Messrs. Methuen.

But, as Mr. Teixeira de Mattos puts it, "the honour of introducing Maeterlinck to the English public is wholly due to Alfred Sutro; a fact upon which I cannot lay too much stress." A similar honour belongs to Mr. Teixeira de Mattos in connection with the works of Stÿn Streuvels, and of Carl Ewald—for the express purpose of translating the books of the latter he taught himself Danish, seven or eight years ago. Mr. Teixeira de Mattos was born in Amsterdam in 1865; his family are members of the Dutch nobility; he learnt English, Dutch, and French from nurses of different nationalities, and picked up German later. He came to England in 1874, and in 1904 succeeded Mr. Sutro as Maeterlinck's official translator. He is also the sole translator of Louis

Photo by Ernest H. Mills. **Mr. Alfred Sutro.**

Couperus, the leading Dutch novelist, and of Maeterlinck's brother-in-law, Maurice Leblanc, author of the "Arsène Lupin" series, all of whose books he has done into English; but he regards as his *magnum opus* the complete translation of Chateaubriand's "Mémoires d'Outre-tombe" (1902–3). A few weeks ago Mr. Teixeira de Mattos married the widow of the late W. C. K. Wilde, elder son of Sir William and brother of Oscar Wilde.

That Mr. Teixeira de Mattos brings a conscience and enthusiasm to his work as a translator is indicated by the fact that he confesses to never feeling so proud as when he succeeds in obtaining payment for an English or foreign author from a foreign country or from England for work for which, owing to a non-adhesion to the Berne Convention or other reason, he is not absolutely entitled to demand payment. He hates a literary pirate, and none has been known to sail across his bows and escape unpunished. He particularly cherishes memories of cheques he has extracted for English writers from Holland, and for French writers from America. What pleases him best in his work is the encountering and overcoming the difficulty of turning essentially sprightly foreign books into English: such as the Vicomte Robert d'Humière's "Through Isle and Empire," which was published a few years ago, and the Marquis de Castellane's "Men and Things of My Time," a translation of which he has just completed. He is at present engaged in translating Maeterlinck's new play, "Mary Magdalene," and on an essay which he is calling "The Insect's Homer."

Those who care anything for the higher interests of the drama in this country are under a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Herbert Trench and his theatrical enterprise. Mr. Trench revealed himself, in "Deirdre Wedded," and in his later volume, "Apollo and the Seaman," as a poet, and he has shown by his successful management of the Haymarket Theatre that when he turns his hand to business your poet makes the best of business men. If his success proves anything it proves that he was right in believing there is a public ready and willing to appreciate and support good plays if they are offered to them. "The Blue Bird" is nearing its 200th performance, and Mr. Trench has recently arranged with the New Theatre Company, New York, for its production in America.

The Baroness von Hutten has nearly finished a play entitled "Break o' Day," which is to be produced shortly at a London theatre.

A new poet who sells out an edition of a thousand in less than two years is not to be passed over without congratulation. Mr. Scott Craven's somewhat Ingoldsby-like "Joe Skinner," issued by Mr. Elkin Mathews in 1907, has met with this happy

Photo by J. Russell & Sons.

Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

Photo by Dover Street Studios **Mr. Herbert Trench.**

fortune, and he has just brought out with the same publisher a drama, "The Last of the English," that is presently to make its appearance before the footlights in London. Mr. Scott Craven was born in India, and, after coming home for education at Cheltenham and Eton, joined the staff of the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette* as Simla correspondent, serving under Mr. Kay Robinson, who was then editing that paper with Mr. Rudyard Kipling as his second on the staff. He did a good deal of journalistic work on several Indian papers; was for a short time Simla correspondent to the London *Daily News*; and in 1893 accompanied the Marquess of Lansdowne on the first Viceregal visit to Upper and Lower Burmah as correspondent for the *Times*. In 1897 he returned to England and abandoned journalism for the stage, and for two years appeared at His Majesty's as a member of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's company, which he rejoined a year ago. In the interval, he fulfilled engagements as leading actor in various companies here and on tour in the United States, Canada, and South Africa. He has written four one-act plays that have been successfully performed in London and the provinces, and one other volume of poems, his first, entitled "Poems in Divers Keys," that was issued by Mr. Grant Richards in 1904.

Mr. C. E. Montague, whose novel of journalistic life, "A Hind Let Loose," bids fair to be one of the most successful novels of the season, has for these fourteen years been chief leader-writer on the *Manchester Guardian*, and for some time past has been also one of its directors. His only other book is a memoir of one of his teachers in journalism, the late William Arnold, written in collaboration with Arnold's sister, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and published by the Manchester University Press in 1907. In that memoir Mr. Montague set himself to show what journalism could be at its best; in "A Hind Let Loose" he shows what it may be at its worst. He wrote the novel several years ago, but it was not until long afterwards that he found leisure to go over and recast it and offer it to a publisher. He has too little time to spare from journalism to carry out many literary projects, but he has been asked to make a book of some of his critical work in the *Manchester Guardian*, and is now searching through an old scrap-book and revising some of the contents to this end.

An interesting souvenir of the recent celebration of the centenary of Sir Samuel Ferguson is the reproduction of an admirable portrait-study of Sir Samuel by Mr. John P. Campbell, the well-known Belfast artist. The drawing is a faithful and striking piece of work, and has been very artistically reproduced.

Mr. C. E. Montague.
Photo by Warwick Brooks.

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds.
Photo by Kate Pragnell.

In addition to her new book, "Out of the Night," which has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Mrs. Baillie Reynolds has completed two other novels which will be published by the same firm, one during the autumn and the other next year. Mrs. Baillie Reynolds has in preparation a collection of her short stories which Messrs. Mills & Boon will publish.

In earlier life Mr. Wilkinson Sherren (whose new novel, "Tumult," we review elsewhere) learnt the ancient craft of printing as well as of reporting. He wrote stories, reports, and articles for a little West Country paper which he not only edited, but also helped to print, sometimes completing his round of usefulness by selling it to the trade over the publishing counter. Mr. Sherren was born in 1875, and belongs by birth and ancestry to the Dorset he writes about. Newspaper work in various parts of the country alternated with periods of retreat at Weymouth, devoted to writing fiction, which for some considerable time appeared destined to remain unknown. His volume of short stories, "A Rustic Dreamer," was in manuscript long before the publication of "The Wessex of Romance," the first book to introduce him to the notice of the public. Three years elapsed between the publication of "A Rustic Dreamer" and "The Chronicles of Berthold Darnley," that was followed in 1908 by "The Insurgent"—a novel which drew letters of appreciation from several well-known men and women of letters. His last book, "Tumult," which Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. have published, is to be succeeded in the late autumn by a novel of rustic life. While "going through the mill" Mr. Sherren had two characteristic letters from George Meredith, one of which spoke of how the novelist had to brace himself when for the first time a novel of his ran the gauntlet of the reviewers. "Here and there a hostile review is instructive," wrote the Sage of Box Hill, "if only that it throws us back on the consciousness of our latent strength."

The title of Mr. Sidney Warwick's new novel, "The Road Back," was suggested to him by a phrase he heard used in the pulpit of Keble College Chapel: "To turn away from the beckoning mirage of desire, to take the thorny road back to duty." Like his former novel, "The House of Lies" (which Messrs. Cassell, who publish the new book, issued last year), "The Road Back" ran serially through the *Daily Chronicle*. In addition to boys' stories innumerable, Mr. Warwick has written many serials for the London dailies; one which he wrote and supplied from day to day for seventeen weeks to the *Evening News* brought about a breakdown in his health that nearly ended prematurely the career of a very promising novelist. He has lately finished another novel, the scenes of which are laid in the ruined city of Messina after the earthquake; and is busy on yet another, whose scenes are in Wales, round about Cardiff and the rugged,

Photo by C Vandyk. **Mr. Sidney Warwick.**

Mr. J. A. Hammerton.

romantic mining district of the Rhondda Valley, where the Evan Roberts revival had its beginnings.

The Educational Book Company is publishing on April 4 an important new edition of Dickens's works in eighteen volumes. The Book Company is one of the allied companies of the Amalgamated Press, and its general editor is Mr. J. A. Hammerton, author of "George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism," "In the Track of Stevenson," and other books. The Company publishes subscription works only, and probably its most successful enterprise so far has been "The *Punch* Library of Humour," of which it seems some twenty thousand sets of twenty-five volumes each have been sold in two years. A distinctive feature of their more ambitious venture, the publication of Dickens, is that the edition is newly illustrated by Mr. Harry Furniss, this being the first time that any one English artist has illustrated Dickens throughout. Mr. Furniss has been exclusively engaged upon this work for the last year or two, re-studying the pages of Dickens, and, without violating the traditions that other artists have established, has set himself to re-create with his pencil those characters with whom the reading world is so familiar that any radical departure from the accepted portraits of any of them would be regarded as a bad likeness. There are five hundred full-page illustrations in all, and every one who knows Mr. Furniss's brilliant black-and-white work in *Punch* and elsewhere will be prepared to find that he is in the true line of descent from "Phiz," Leech, Barnard, and those who have come to be regarded as the most characteristically Dickensian of illustrators.

We regret that by an oversight we omitted to mention in our last number that the picture of "Sheridan assisting Miss Linley in her Flight from Bath" was reproduced by permission from the original by Jerry Barrett, which is in the Public Art Gallery, Brighton, and is the property of the Brighton Corporation.

In the last nine years Mr. H. Noel Williams has published over a dozen books of historical biography. Mr. Williams has been extremely fond of history from boyhood; he took the Modern History School at Oxford, but it was not until some time after he left the University that he began to write histories himself. His first volume, "Madame Récamier and Her Friends," was promptly accepted by Messrs. Harper. His forthcoming book, "The Fascinating Duc de Richelieu," will be published by Messrs. Methuen, who are issuing yet another book of his, a history of "Henry II., his Court and Times," in October.

Mr. Harry Furniss.
From a drawing by himself.
By permission of the Educational Book Co., Ltd.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1910.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best three original epigrams applicable to the works or personalities of any three living authors; no epigram to exceed twelve words in length.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Mrs. MARY SCOTT, St. Mary's Vicarage, Carlisle, for the following:

THE UNSPOKEN WORD. BY MORICE GERARD.

"The Sacristan he says no word that indicates a doubt,
But he puts his thumb unto his nose, and he spreads his fingers out."

Ingoldsby Legends: *Nell Cook.*

We also select for printing:

TANGLED RELATIONS. BY COL. CUTHBERT LARKING.

"A little more than kin, and less than kind."
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, I. ii.

(G. M. Vickridge, "Ronda," Worthing.)

IT NEVER CAN HAPPEN AGAIN. BY WILLIAM DE MORGAN.

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall"—*Nursery Rhyme.*

(Miss L. White, Green Bank, Allerton, Bradford.)

CHINA AS I SAW IT. BY A. S. ROE.

"Every plate and dish and bowl
Wildly on the floor did roll."
DR. HOFFMAN, *Fidgety Philip.*

(M. Cornish, 5, Essenden Road, Belvedere, Kent.)

THE UNSPOKEN WORD. BY MORICE GERARD.

"My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word."
THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

(A. Masson, 28, Burma Road, Stoke Newington, N.)

"'Is there no hope?' the sick man said;
The silent doctor shook his head."
JOHN GAY, *The Sick Man and the Angel.*

(Miss E. Waller, 5, The Ridgway, N. Wimbledon.)

"Eyes *looked* love to eyes which spake again."
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

(Miss B. O. Anderson, 11, Lonsdale Road, Scarborough.)

"Somebody says that she'll say no,
Somebody knows that she'll say ay."
TENNYSON, *The Wrens.*

(Miss B. W. Ramsay, Dyke, Forres, N.B.)

"I never use a big, big D."
W. S. GILBERT, *H.M.S. Pinafore.*

(Miss Mabel Mackay, 48, Parliament Hill, Hampstead Heath, N.W.; Miss Mackechnee, St. Andrews, N.B.; Maude H. Bartholomew, 13, South Grove, Highgate, N.; J. E. Macdonald, 50, Spottiswoode Street, Edinburgh; Miss E. M. Gray, 4, Bulstrode Street, W.; and Dorothy M. Taylor, Gorphwysfa, Cwrt-y-vil Road, Penarth.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best lines from English literature applicable to Halley's Comet is awarded to Mr. GEORGE ROTHNIE, of 27, Victoria Street, Aberdeen, for the following:

"Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight?
Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds
On gazing Nations, from his fiery train
Of length enormous, takes his ample round
Thro' depths of ether; coasts unnumbered worlds,
Of more than solar glory; doubles wide
Heaven's mighty cape; and then revisits earth,
From the long travel of a thousand years."
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, IV.

This Competition has brought in a very large number of quotations. We specially commend the selections sent by Amy S. Bell (York), M. C. Jobson (Durham), Mrs. Pansie Annie Rainey (St. Ives), Miss B. W. Ramsay (Forres, N.B.), Joseph Hanton (Arbroath), E. M. Marshall (Dulwich), Kathleen Knox (Belfast), W. E. Burgess (Morley, nr. Leeds), E. Beckett (Wolverhampton), Mrs. A. M. Webber (Plymouth), Margaret Colson (St. Andrews), Miss E. Moore (St. Felix), Mrs. May Stanbrook (Sandown, I.W.), A. Medams (Clissold Park, N.), A. W. Back (Settle), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), Jess Pescod (Aylesbury), Rosamund Langhorne (Wakefield), Miss L. Jury (Huddersfield), Miss H. M. Booth (West Kirby), W. A. Smith (Clifton), A. Gibbs (London, W.C.), Ethel R. Ward (Altrincham), and Gladys Pask, Alice Russell, Florence Wandby, and Ada Jury (St. Pancras School, London, N.W.).

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mrs. H. H. PENROSE, of Deepcut Bungalow, Frimley Green, Surrey, for the following:

THE CARAVANERS. By the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." (Smith, Elder & Co.)

A man is never wholly successful when he attempts to write in the person of a woman. "The Caravaners" proves that a woman can succeed when writing in the person of a man. The German baron is an absolutely convincing character-study, and only those islanders who have not had the doubtful privilege of meeting his counterpart in real life will call him overdrawn. The author's style and finish, joined with her marvellous insight and mordant wit, offer an intellectual treat to lovers of really good fiction. She shows on every page the satisfying results of careful first-hand observation.

Among the best of the other reviews received are :

AN ENGLISH COURSE FOR EVENING STUDENTS. By F. A. ADKINS, M.A. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.)

This is a living and interesting treatment of that "hardest of all languages—our own." The fiat has gone forth against formal grammar; yet the author shows how fascinating the study of language may be when connected with essays and debates on subjects within a pupil's experience and interests. Here the influence of the admirable French method of teaching the mother-tongue is evident. The study of grammar, too, gains dignity when we are led to see the philosophic reasons for things. Mr. Adkins's criticism of Shakespeare is provocative—even startling—but should only the more stimulate serious study.

(I. Jackson, 37, Cavendish Road, Stretford, Manchester.)

SUCH AND SUCH THINGS. By MARK ALLERTON. (Methuen & Co.)

The author has given us a portrayal in a masterly manner of a canny Scot with a great "*ambeetion*" to make money; the tale being interspersed, however, and somewhat interrupted, by little homilies on various subjects. There is very little plot, but the Scotch character stands out predominantly right through the book; a very clever sketch is that of an exuberant Irish editor, whose velocity serves to give force to the canniness of the hero, David Logan. The attitude of the parents and their son, their stern suppression of any tenderness as being unworthy of their religion, is very pathetic.

(Miss Jess Pescod, Caxton Villa, Tring Road, Aylesbury.)

We particularly commend also the reviews of Miss H. M. Cam (Cheltenham), S. Shamsuddin (Calcutta), Miss C. Leadley-Brown (Heswall), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Weston-super-Mare), Miss M. V. Woodgate (London, S.W.), Miss Strahan (Earl's Court, S.W.), Agnes M. Tannahill (Glasgow), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), J. Swinseon (Guildford), Joan Harvey Hall (Aberdeen), E. Rippon (Hull), G. M. Elwood (Grimsby), A. Fawcett (Deepcar), Marguerite Atkinson (Belfast), Mattie K. A. Nesbitt (Upper Norwood, S.E.), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), J. Young (Edinburgh), and James Todd (Darlington).

IV.—The PRIZE OF A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mr. C. S. EMDEN, Trinity College, Oxford.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

April 1 to May 1, 1910.

Messrs. George Allen & Sons.

BANKS, ELIZABETH.—The Luck of the Black Cat, and Other Stories. 5s.
COTSWORTH, M. B.—Railway Maximum Rates and Charges. Fourth Edition. 10s. 6d. net.
FAHY, MISS.—St. Clement's. 6s.
HARRY, GERARD, and A. R. ALLINSON.—Maurice Maeterlinck: a Biographical Study, including two Essays by Maeterlinck. With Portrait and other Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net.
MACLEANE, DOUGLAS, M.A.—Lancelot Andrewes and the Reaction. 3s. 6d. net.
MAETERLINCK, MAURICE.—Monna Vanna: A Drama in Three Acts. Pocket Edition. 2s. 6d. net.
SCOTT, MELVILLE.—The Atonement. 5s. net.
SIMMONDS, T. C.—The Art of Modelling in Clay and Wax. New and Revised Edition. 1s.

Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith.

BARNES-GRUNDY, MABEL.—The Vacillations of Hazel. New Edition. 6d.

Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, E.—The Passing of the Shereefian Empire. Illustrated. 15s. net.
CANDLER, EDMUND.—The Mantle of the East. Illustrated. 6s. net.
KENNION, MAJOR R. L.—Sport and Life in the Further Hymalaya. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.
NOYES, A.—Collected Poems. 2 Vols. 10s. net.
WEIGALL, ARTHUR E. P.—The Life and Times of Akhnaton, Pharaoh of Egypt. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.
"WHISPER, A."—King Captive. 6s.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

AYSCOUGH, JOHN.—Outsiders—and In. 6s.
BARRETT, FRANK.—Perfidious Lydia. 6s.
FENN, G. MANVILLE.—A Crimson Crime. Cheap Edition. 6d.
KING, L. W.—A History of Sumer and Akkad. Illustrated. 18s. net.
MORRIS, F. SYDNEY (Compiler).—The Wisdom, Wit, and Pathos of Ouida. (St. Martin's Library.) 2s. net and 3s. net.
PEARS, CHARLES.—From the Thames to the Seine. 12s. 6d. net.
STEVENSON, R. L.—The Silverado Squatters. (St. Martin's Library.) 2s. net and 3s. net.
ZOLA, EMILE.—Abbé Mouret's Transgression. Cheap Edition. 6d.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

ADAMS, H. P., B.A.—Burke: French Revolution. 2s. 6d.
COLLINS, A. J. F., M.A.—Shakespeare: Coriolanus. 2s.
GOGGIN, S. E., M.A.—Shakespeare: King Lear. 2s.
RENNIE, JOHN, D.Sc., F.R.S.E.—The Aims and Methods of Nature Study: A Guide for Teachers.
WEEKES, A. R., B.A.—Shelley: Adonais. 1s. 6d.

Mr. T. N. Foulis.

ANONYMOUS.—The Rowley Letters from France and Italy. Cheaper Edition. 1s. net.
Author of "Rob Lindsay."—Some Other Maxiebrae Folks. Illustrated by H. C. Preston Macgoun, R.W.S. 1s. 6d. net.
GALLICHAN, WALTER M.—Trout Waters of England. New and Cheaper Edition. 1s. net.
JOHNSON, A. T.—In the Land of the Beautiful Trout. New and Cheaper Edition. 1s. net.
NIETZSCHE, FRIEDRICH.—The Genealogy of Morals. 3s. 6d. net.
NIETZSCHE, FRIEDRICH.—The Will to Power. Vol. II. 5s. net.
REITH, REV. GEORGE M.—The Breezy Pentlands. 2s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.

GASK, LILIAN.—The Wonders of the Zoo. Second Edition, thoroughly revised and with an additional chapter. 2s. 6d. net.
INGRAM, RIGHT REV. A. F. WINNINGTON.—The Mysteries of God. 1s. sewed; 2s. 6d. cloth.

Messrs. Gay & Hancock, Ltd.

FLETCHER, J. S.—When Charles I. was King. New Edition. 1s. net.
KELLY, FLORENCE F.—Rhoda of the Underground. Illustrated. 6s.
POCOCK, ROGER.—Curly. New Edition. 1s. net.
TERRY, T. PHILLIP.—Mexico: A New Guide-book to the Mexican Republic. 26 Maps and Plans. 12s. net.
WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS, and OTHERS.—The Affair at the Inn. New Edition. 1s. net.
WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER.—Diary of a Faithless Husband. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net.
WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER.—New Thought Common-Sense, and What Life Means to Me. 4s. 6d. net.
Satchel Guide to Europe (1910). Maps. 6s. net.

Mr. Francis Griffiths.

BEVAN, REV. S. P.—Talks to Girls and Boys on Sunday Mornings. 2s. net.
BURNETT, FRANK.—Through Tropic Seas. 10s. 6d. net.
FIFE, CHARLES DOMVILLE.—Submarines of the World's Navies. Illustrated by 100 photographs. 21s. net.
HEATON, REV. W. J., B.D.—The Bible of the Reformation: Its Translators and Their Work. Fully Illustrated. 5s. net.
LILLEY, REV. A. L.—The Religion of Life. 3s. 6d. net.
WALTERS, REV. C. ENSOR.—The Deserted Christ, and Other Mission Sermons. 2s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

COPPING, ARTHUR E.—Jolly in Germany. 6s.
FORBES, COMMANDER W. B., R.N. ("Maintop").—"Hounds, Gentlemen, Please." 12s. net.
LYALL, DAVID.—The One who Came After. 6s.
OPPENHEIM, E. PHILLIPS.—The Illustrious Prince. 6s.
OXENHAM, JOHN.—A Maid of the Silver Sea. 6s.
REYNOLDS MRS. BAILLIE.—Out of the Night. 6s.
SWAN, ANNIE S.—Love's Miracle. 3s. 6d.

Messrs. Hurst & Blackett.

COSTELLO, PIERRE.—A Sinner in Israel. 6s.
CRANE, DENIS.—A Vicarious Vagabond. 3s. 6d. net.
DE LOREY, EUSTACE, and DOUGLAS SLADEN.—The Moon at the Fourteenth Night. 16s. net.
HAYES, CAPTAIN HORACE M.—Riding and Hunting. New Edition. 16s. net.
McCARTHY, JUSTIN HUNTLY.—The O'Flynn. 6s.
MARRIOTT, CHARLES.—Now. 6s.
SLADEN, DOUGLAS.—Queer Things about Egypt. 21s. net.
SLADEN, DOUGLAS.—Secrets of the Vatican. New Edition. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

BENSON, REV. R. H.—A Winnowing. 6s.
EARLAND, ADA.—Ruskin and his Circle. 6s. net.
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XUM

THE READER.

MAETERLINCK.

By Alfred Sutro.

M. MAETERLINCK was twenty-seven when Octave Mirbeau's flamboyant praise of "La Princesse Maleine" pitchforked him into fame. He and a friend had printed the play together, Maeterlinck himself turning the handle of the machine; the edition was of twenty-five copies; and one of these had chanced to fall into M. Mirbeau's hands. The result, three columns of boiling enthusiasm in the *Figaro*; and the good citizens of Ghent, who loved not letters, looked askance at the son of their colleague and neighbour, thus publicly accused of authorship. There had already been rumours of a little volume of poems; and had he not definitely abandoned the pursuit of the law, which, at his father's earnest request, he had adopted on leaving the University? True, his success as a pleader had not been too pronounced, though M. Maeterlinck proudly declares that he did have several briefs.

Long before he became a lawyer, indeed while still at school, literature held him. As a boy, he had formed a close friendship with Charles van Lerberghe, the delicate and exquisite poet whom Death snatched away just as fame was beckoning; at the University Emile Verhaeren joined hands with them; and the little band, in secret, practised the unholy art of poetry, subscribed to *La Jeune Belgique*, the advanced review of the day, were audacious enough to send contributions to it, and even knew the joy of having those contributions accepted, and seeing them in type. After the University came Law, with its examinations and dullness; but Maeterlinck's own work went on steadily, and his legal studies were not allowed to interfere.

M. Mirbeau's pronouncement, flashed tempestuously across literary Europe, caused Maeterlinck to be immediately hailed as a hero and paladin among "les jeunes." This was in 1889: he had left Ghent, and was living in Paris; contriving, with that strange knack of his of passing unperceived through a crowd, to remain so serenely and quietly concealed that, while all spoke of him, few had met him, or even knew him by sight. Not for him the cafés where the ardent young poets foregathered and declaimed their verses, hailing each other as "cher maître"; he was rather to be found on the quays, thumbing the books at the stalls, or looking at his favourite Flemish and Italian Primitives at the Louvre, or, on his bicycle, making for the open country, careless of the weather. Lugné-Poe and Camille Mauclair founded an independent theatre, L'Œuvre, with the special purpose of producing "Pelléas et Mélisande"; it was with difficulty that they could induce the author to attend a rehearsal or two; he was at work on other things. Before "Pelléas" there had been "La Mort de Tintagiles," "Intérieur," "Alladine et Palomides," "L'Intruse," "Les Aveugles"; his admirers, and their number was ever growing, proclaimed him the founder of a new drama, and waxed delirious in his praise. He, meanwhile, went soberly about his business, living on very little, for his earnings were small, shrugging his shoulders at all this fuss; not displeased, of course, disliking it only when one of his worshippers tried to get at close quarters—then his distress was pathetic! He read omnivorously, mastered the English of Chaucer, the Elizabethans, Meredith, though unable to speak a word of the language; translated Ford, then Ruysbroeck, Novalis, steeping himself in mysticism; and, when the summer came, he fled to his father's house in the country near Ghent, where he would spend long hours looking at the simple things of Nature, "going his way amid the still meadows, bending to a flower, and watching the sunset." And irate uncles would come to him, frowning heavily, as they complained of the indignity of seeing the respectable name of Maeterlinck on the title-page of a book.

Photo by the Dover Street Studios. (Bolak Ltd.)

Maurice Maeterlinck.

Soon came "The Treasure of the Humble"—this, a collection of comparatively early essays—then "Wisdom and Destiny" and "The Life of the Bee." And with these the fame that had been merely local, as it were freakish, became general, widespread, and deeply rooted. The mysticism of his early

Madame Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck as Joyzelle.

From "Maurice Maeterlinck," by Gérard Harry. Translated by A. R. Allinson. (Geo. Allen & Sons.)

years began to fall from him; he looked clearly into life, loving it, seeing hope and beauty there; he grew impatient of dogma, but found a bridge that seemed to lead him near to the one God. Strange blend of philosopher and poet, so powerfully, unconquerably sane that he could venture upon lonely, giddy heights from which others shrank and fell back, his glance and step did not falter; and from those heights he looked upon

The Abbey of St. Wandrille.

Where M. Maeterlinck makes his home during the summer months.

From "Maurice Maeterlinck," by Gérard Harry. Translated by A. R. Allinson. (Geo. Allen & Sons.)

Madame Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck in "Ariane and Barbe Bleue."

From "Maurice Maeterlinck," by Gérard Harry. Translated by A. R. Allinson. (Geo. Allen & Sons.)

men, and always with love and pity. Never a word of bitterness in all his books, of disappointment or disillusion, but only of wonder, admiration, sympathy. So he wrote on sorrow, and death, and justice, and beauty, and happiness; and the serene, simple mind of the man entered his work, and his books found their way into the hands of many people, and brought them comfort.

Since then more plays, more essays—"Joyzelle," "Monna Vanna," "Ariane," "The Blue Bird"—"The Buried Temple," "The Double Garden," "Life and Flowers"—a large output for a man who always seems to be writing so little, who spends a couple of hours a day at his desk in the morning. "Monna Vanna" may still not be played in this country, the only one in the civilised world where it has not been performed; but our authorities cannot condone poor Vanna being clad only in her mantle! "The Blue Bird," owing to the enterprise of Mr. Trench, has been produced in London, while managers in Paris and Berlin contented themselves with respectful admiration, but declined with thanks; its success has proved, beyond a doubt, that M. Maeterlinck can find his way to the heart of the great public. So smiling a play, so simple, so free from artifice—and the symbols so elementary, that all who run may read. M. Maeterlinck

was induced to come to London for the final rehearsals of his play; and it is characteristic of the man that, on the first night of the production, he fell placidly asleep by the fire at the house of a friend, and had to be rudely awakened to be told that London had enthusiastically acclaimed his "Blue Bird."

Photo by the Dover Street Studios. *(Bolak, Ltd.)*

Madame Maeterlinck.

And so, calmly, as deliberate and persistent as one of the long green canals he loves so well, he goes his way, doing his work, undisturbed by blame or praise; a tall, burly figure, with blue eyes and silver-grey hair, and a sudden smile that makes his face boyish. An athlete, a man of his hands, a keen fencer, motorist, he lives a little aloof from the world, spending the summers at an old abbey in Normandy, the winters at Grasse; and his life is exceedingly simple, one day like the other, books in the foreground always—and the warmest welcome for a friend. A fisherman—the trout at St. Wandrille, that at first watched his efforts with amused indifference, are beginning to dread him; a great lover of dogs, as all know who have read the tribute he paid to the friend whom he lost. A real philosopher, lover of Wisdom and Nature, drawing his breath uneasily in towns, and ever anxious to get back to the country; with so keen, so deep a feeling for the flowers, the bees, the birds, that one could almost imagine they must have chosen him to be their spokesman and biographer. A man of happy mood, who stands on no pedestal; of easy approach, so long as his work be not mentioned, nor compliments paid; and, above all—and this, surely, the stamp of Heaven's own signet-ring of genius—a man who does not attempt to teach or to preach, but cherishes his art and says what he has to say, lovingly, modestly, and beautifully always. He wields a prose so fine, so pure and lyrical, that Debussy could wed the text of "Pelleas and Melisande" to music without transposing a word; and a prose, too, that offers no complexities, but has its thought waiting crystal-clear on the page to greet the reader's eye.

One word more, in speaking of the man; and it is right that this should be of homage to his wife. A woman of rare intellect and charm, with a touch of genius herself, Madame Maeterlinck has been the ideal helpmate to her poet husband. There are traces of her in the stately Aglavaine, in Vanna, Joyzelle; through the pages of "Wisdom and Destiny"—a book that posterity, it may be, shall yet proclaim his masterpiece—there moves a woman's figure that his friends do not fail to identify, even without the aid of the beautiful dedication. Madame Maeterlinck has stood between him and the jarring world, kept the yelling "market" at bay, inspired him where inspiration was needed; she, perhaps, like the exquisite figure of Light in the play, has known where to look for the Blue Bird of happiness.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK: THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

By Holbrook Jackson.

I.

IT is customary in our time to classify certain writers as modern, and by the use of the word we probably mean to indicate those writers whose work, whilst being in the tradition of great art, is primarily moved by the ideas, feelings, and aspirations of our own age. No art, any more than life itself, can be quite independent of its forbears; art, like life, builds on old foundations, and traditions may be modified but they are rarely scrapped. Those who are called modern simply vary the texture of the edifice, give a new turn to the foliation, a fresh balance to the design, or a different accent to the

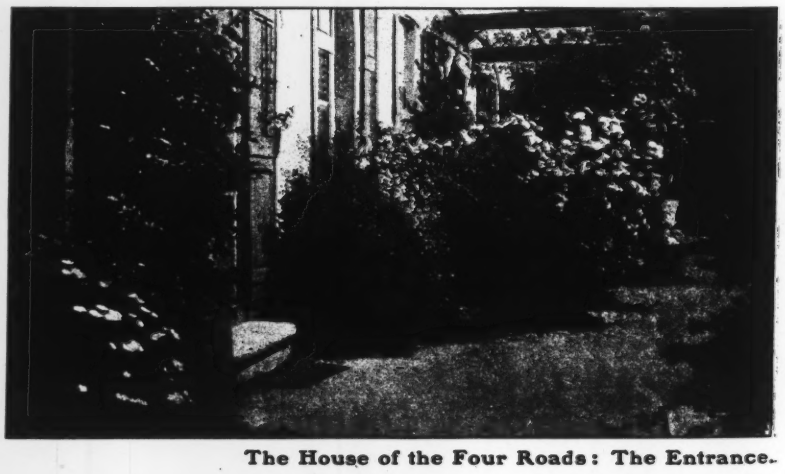
The House of the Four Roads at Grasse (Alpes Maritimes).
M. Maeterlinck's winter residence.

corner-stone. Maurice Maeterlinck belongs to such moderns. His ideas and his art are obviously linked with the past both immediate and remote, yet together they form an art-work which is peculiar to our day and to its author. That is why it is misleading to give him an ancestral label as some critics have desired to do. There are better grounds for calling him, at least in so far as his ideas are concerned, a Belgian Emerson, as Mr. James Huneker has done, than a Belgian Shakespeare after the manner of his earliest and most enthusiastic French critic, M. Octave Mirbeau. All such attempts to pigeon-hole genius are, however, unsound. Maeterlinck is a Flemish Maeterlinck with all the leanings of his race towards the practical side of mysticism. He was born in Belgium, and it was the Admirable Ruysbroeck, the passionate and austere Flemish mystic, who first fired his inward vision.

The city of his birth was Ghent, one of those cities which stand between two eras, that of modern commerce with its workshops and machines, and that of the slow industry of the peasant past, much as it lies between the mediæval dream of Bruges and the brisk wakefulness of Parisian Brussels. These accidents of locality have woven themselves into the art of Maurice Maeterlinck, for a man becomes a part of the city and country in which he has lived and dreamed. He was born on August 29, 1862, of old Flemish stock, and trained for the law. But he soon abandoned the legal gown and went to Paris, where he became an associate of the Symbolist group of writers, collaborated in the production of *Pleïade*, one of those short-lived reviews whose importance is only recognised years after their death, and in 1889, when he was twenty-seven years old, he ventured into separate print with a small volume of poems bearing the suggestive title "Serres Chaudes." Moth-like little poems they were, beating soft wings against the dim-lit windows of a new realm of consciousness, and obviously related to the indefinite symbolism of Stephane Mallarmé and the ill-fated Arthur Rimbaud; yet in them is to be found the first glimmering of that strange light which he afterwards threw upon the helplessness of man before the blows of destiny.

But these poems were also the outcome of earlier and deeper influences. Maeterlinck had brooded alone in the silence of the sky-swept plains of his native Flanders. Sauntering along the still canals where the barges drifted lazily, or among quiet farmlands where the slow peasants seemed one with the brooding landscape, and in his father's garden he cultivated unconsciously that inward-looking habit which, though

The House of the Four Roads: The Approach.



The House of the Four Roads: The Entrance.

latent in all men, becomes conscious only in the few, and which would seem to be an intimate part of the lives of those who live in countries where the sky sweeps magnificently over long rolling plains. The homely things of the countryside moved him to wonder and delight, the cottage flowers, the bees, the faithfulness of dogs, and the busy and ancient craftsmanship of the lace-makers. And every now and then noble relics of the past would come in his way, feudal castle and Gothic minster, forming the scenario of a mind which was already peopled with a romantic *dramatis personæ*.

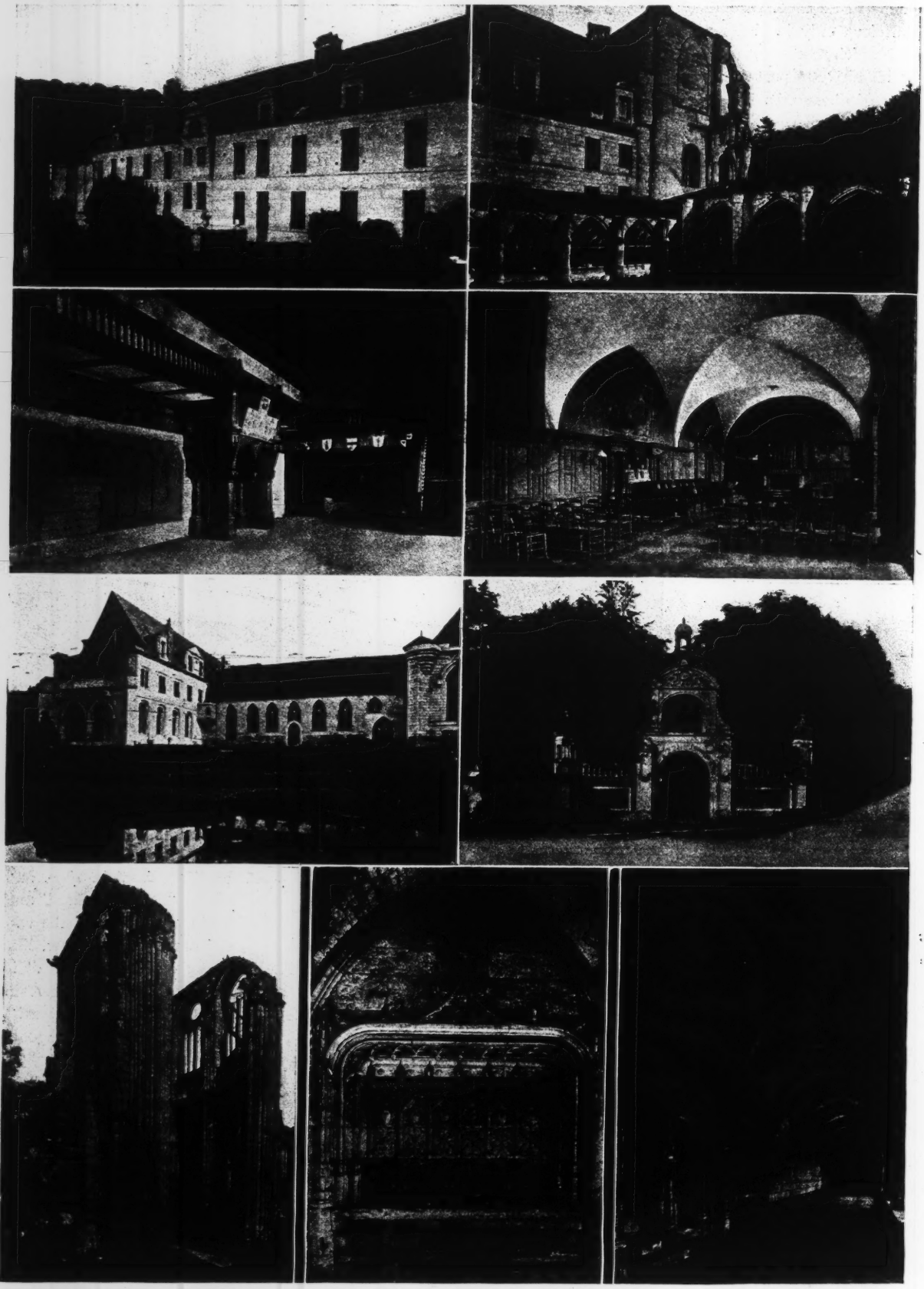
Photo by the Dover Street Studios. *(Bolak, Ltd.)*

M. and Madame Maeterlinck.

He was naturally drawn towards minds of his own kin; and besides Ruysbroeck the Admirable, he consorted with Novalis, Swedenborg, Jacob Boehme, Plato, Plotinus, and our own Emerson, Coleridge, and Carlyle. He brooded over the spiritual deeps of these sages until he saw in them the reflection of his own ideas. But he was not only drawn towards the mystics: his reading was as catholic as it was profound. He sat long at table with the modern French writers, and longer still with the great dramatists of the Renaissance, more particularly Shakespeare and the Elizabethans, with whom he drank deep, and thus laid the foundations of that intimacy with the works of our national poet which astounds English readers of his essays.

His early interest in the mystics found separate expression in his translations of works by Ruysbroeck and Novalis in 1891 and 1895, to both of which he added sympathetic and illuminating introductions. But whilst he was studying the mystics and translating their works, other matters engaged his attention; for as in after life his concern for art is never far removed from an equal concern for practical ideas, so in these young days absorption of mystical wisdom impelled him towards artistic expression; and side by side with his translations from Ruysbroeck and Novalis came poems and stories and plays which brought him fame in his own country and France, the country of his adoption, long before "Pelleas and Melisanda" gave him English and American repute. His first published play, "The Princess Maleine," appeared in 1890, and the same year saw the issue of "The Sightless" and "The Intruder." Between the first play and the two latter there is a marked difference. The former, like his early story "The Massacre of the Innocents," is obsessed by death and violence, and it is only in certain vivid flashes of dialogue that we get a hint of the essential Maeterlinck who begins to come into his kingdom in the two little plays of the same year.

With "The Sightless" we get a fuller glimpse of the genius which was destined to create that perfect tragedy, "The Death of Tintagiles." The Maeterlinck who created something like a clairvoyante drama, a drama of the spirit, revealing material things in essence, ghostly little bodies consumed by ardent souls which he visualises for his readers or audiences, men as marionettes swung and jerked by Destiny. Such were the themes and aspects of the cycle of plays which now came in steady succession: "The Seven Princesses," in 1891; "Pelleas and Melisanda," in 1892; "Alladine and Palomides," "Interior," and "The Death of Tintagiles," in 1894; and "Aglavaine and Selysette," in 1896.



VIEWS OF THE ABBEY OF ST. WANDRILLE, IN NORMANDY, M. MAETERLINCK'S SUMMER RESIDENCE.

1. Courtyard and Entrance, dating from seventeenth century.
2. The Cloister and the Church.
3. The Refectory.
4. Hall of the Chapter House.
5. The North Front of the Abbey.
6. The Gateway.
7. Ruins of the Transept (fourteenth century).
8. The Lavabo in the Cloister.
9. Corridor in the Cloister (sixteenth century).

Photo by the Dover Street Studios. (*Bolak, Ltd.*)

Miss Pauline Gilmer and Miss Olive Walter as Mytyl and Tyltyl in "The Blue Bird."

Then came a change: it had been perceptible even in the last named play, where a tendency to discursiveness seems to replace the intuitive directness of the earlier plays. Maeterlinck reaches the summit of the art which is peculiarly his own in "The Death of Tintagiles"; its wizardry still, however, dominates "Aglavaine and Selysette," and it even casts a glamour at times over "Sister Beatrice" and "Ariane and Barbe Bleue," which appeared in 1901. But somewhere between 1896 and 1901 Maeterlinck the dramatist of mysticism died, and with the issue of "Monna Vanna," in 1902, a new cycle begins; he is still engaged with the mystery of life, but from the point of view of the psychologist rather than that of the mystic. And in the successors to "Monna Vanna," "Joyzelle" (1903) and "The Blue Bird" (1908), he has not returned to his original attitude.

During the time of this dramatic production he has been expounding his ideas and his drama by means of essays, and the change which I have noted, though less definite, is to be seen here also. The first essay volume, "The Treasure of the Humble" (1897), is an exposition of the attitude which produced the marionette plays, it is a book full of mystic suggestion and hope, it reads at times like a scripture foretelling immediate revelation. With his next book, "Wisdom and Destiny" (1898), he attempts to formulate his ideas into a working philosophy, and he is gradually drawn away from mysticism with its introspection, to a more objective moral psychology, which in succeeding volumes—"The Life of the Bee" (1901), "The Buried Temple" (1902), "The Double Garden" (1904), and "The Intelligence of Flowers" (1906)—becomes almost entirely absorbed in an outward view of life, a kind of transcendental rationalism.

Photo by the Dover Street Studios. (*Bolak, Ltd.*)

The Woodcutter's Cottage.

"As soon as Tyltyl turns the diamond in the cap the Fairy Berylune has given him the door of the clock opens, and the Hours come laughing out and begin to dance."—*The Blue Bird*, Act I. Scene i.

Photo by the Dover Street Studios. *(Bolak, Ltd.)*

Mr. Ernest Hendrie as Tylo the Dog in "The Blue Bird."

Photo by the Dover Street Studios. *(Bolak, Ltd.)*

Mr. Norman Page as Tylette the Cat in "The Blue Bird."

II.

With the deepening of the personal note which is one of the marked features of modern art, the ideas of the artist become more intimately associated with his art, and it becomes less and less advisable to attempt their segregation. This is quite obvious in the work of Maeterlinck. His plays have, of course, a marked glamour of their own apart from any ideas which may be held by their author; just as much as his essays, which possess independent literary charms of form, delicacy of expression and vocabulary. But, even were it possible, it would be as wholly undesirable to accept the mere charm of the essays and neglect their ideas, as it would be to attempt to enjoy the beauty and mystery of the early plays without realisation of their deeper meaning.

Maeterlinck, like Ibsen and Bernard Shaw, is a type of the artist-philosopher. He is a man with a message. He does not trust, however, to the action and symbolism of his drama revealing the whole of his ideas, as Ibsen did, but like Bernard Shaw, he expounds his aims in his essays.

But as a philosopher he is not strikingly original, except in the sense that originality and sincerity are accounted one. He has added little of note to our stock of ideas, but drawing as he has done largely on the wells of the older mystics and some modern sages, he has distilled their thoughts in the alembic of his own temperament and applied the result to life in his own way. His accomplishment amounts to a more intimate revelation of the spirit of man and, in his essays, of animals and flowers. In no other plays do you feel so close to the spiritual essence of life as in the early plays of Maeterlinck. So acutely does he manifest the reality of the soul that you feel at times that he alone among artists has come closest to the unseen and the unknown. The human soul moves through these plays like an actual presence; tragic and tormented it is, to be sure, but it is a vivid reality, more real indeed than the ghostly bodies of his characters, which fade before the fervour of their awakened inner consciousnesses. You feel yourself instinctively pitying their pains; not the pains of the flesh, but, for the first time in a theatre, the pains of the spirit, and this again, as distinct from emotional pain. The creation of such an attitude is Maeterlinck's original contribution to art.

All mystics have been conscious of the soul, but none in quite the same way as Maeterlinck. They have generally looked upon it as a religious counter with a purely formal destiny; he looks upon it with the eye of the naturalist. Where the older mystics are theological Maeterlinck is secular. Consciously or not he has attempted the secularisation of mysticism, but under his touch it is none the less religious in the deeper sense. Everthing for him has spiritual significance, yet never for a moment does he pretend to revealed or superhuman knowledge: he is untiring in his watchfulness, but brings no news of final certainty; and although he is sensibly credulous, "I know not" is ever on his lips, punctuating his aspiration with something like pathos. Still, he is never without hope, something may happen at any moment. Humanity after passing through many vicissitudes stands on the threshold of wisdom.

At the same time Maeterlinck anticipates no sudden change; catastrophic revivalism has no place in his outlook; his awakening is progressive, a gradual unrolling, as it were, of the inner vision. He sees this

Photo by the Dover Street Studios. (*Bolak, Ltd.*)

The Woodcutter's Cottage.

"Tyltyl. And who is that wet lady?

"The Fairy. Don't be afraid, it's Water just come from the tap"—*The Blue Bird*, Act I. Scene i.

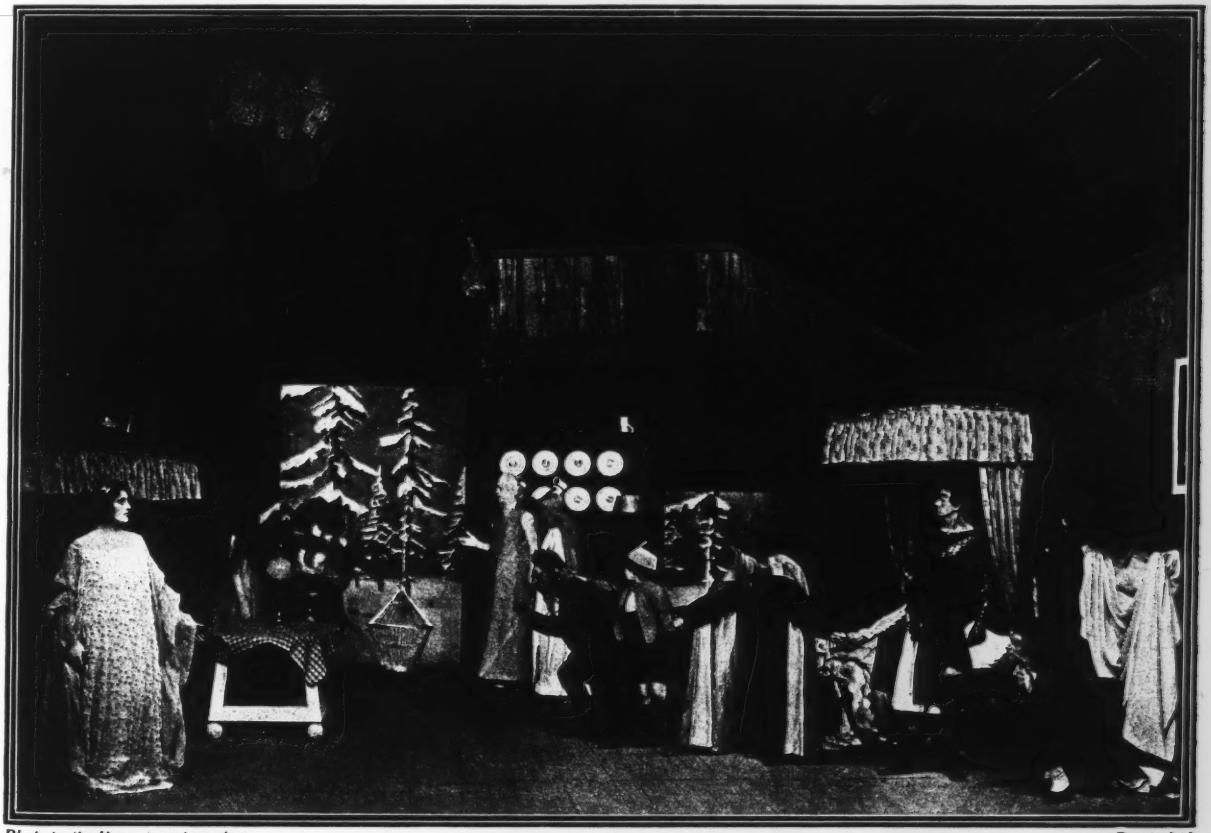


Photo by the Dover Street Studios. (*Bolak, Ltd.*)

The Woodcutter's Cottage.

Light, Water, Bread, Sugar, Milk, Fire, Tylo the Dog, Tylette the Cat, the Fairy Berylune, Tyltyl, and Mytyl setting out to look for the Blue Bird.

"The Fairy. Let us go out by the window. . . . You shall all come to my house, where I will dress the Animals and the Things properly. . . . (*To Bread*) You, Bread, take the cage in which to put the Blue Bird. . . . It will be in your charge. . . . Quick, quick, let us waste no time. (*The window suddenly lengthens downwards like a door. They all go out.*)"—*The Blue Bird*, Act I. Scene i.

Photo by the Dover Street Studios. (*Bolak, Ltd.*)

Entrance Hall in the Palace of the Fairy Berylune.

"THE CAT. Our future is at stake. . . . You have heard—the Fairy has just said so—that the end of this journey will at the same time mark the end of our lives. . . . It is our business, therefore, to prolong it as much as possible and by every possible means. . . .

"BREAD. Hear, hear! . . . The Cat is right."—*The Blue Bird*, Act II. Scene i.

Photo by the Dover Street Studios. (*Bolak, Ltd.*)

The Land of Memory.

Tyltyl and Mytyl journey into the Land of Memory and see Gaffer and Granny Tyl, their grandfather and grandmother, who are dead.

"TYLTYL (*suddenly recognising them*). It's Grandad and Granny!

"MYTYL (*clapping her hands*). Yes! Yes! . . . So it is! So it is!"—*The Blue Bird*, Act II. Scene ii.

Photo by the Dover Street Studios. *(Bolak, Ltd.)*

In the Land of Memory.

"TYLTYL. And my little dead sisters, are they here too?
"MYTYL. And where are my three little brothers who were buried? (*At these words seven little children of different sizes come out of the cottage.*)
"GRANNY TYL. Here they are, here they are!... As soon as you think of them, as soon as you speak of them, they are there, the darlings!"
The Blue Bird, Act II. Scene ii.

Photo by the Dover Street Studios. *(Bolak, Ltd.)*

Leaving the Land of Memory.

"TYLTYL. It is this way, Mytyl.
"MYTYL. Where is Light?
"TYLTYL. I don't know.... (*Looking at the bird in the cage.*) But the bird is no longer blue!... He has turned black.
"MYTYL. Give me your hand, little brother.... I feel so frightened and so cold."—*The Blue Bird*, Act II. Scene ii.

Photo by the Dover Street Studios. *(Bolak, Ltd.)*

Miss Enid Rose as Light in "The Blue Bird."

Photo by the Dover Street Studios. *(Bolak, Ltd.)*

Miss Ina Pelly as Water in "The Blue Bird."

awakening in many directions: in the discoveries of science; the growth of psychological knowledge; the spread of humanism; the desire for fellowship among men and nations; and the higher regard we pay to women who have, he is convinced, guarded through the ages a fuller sense of the mystic value of life.

Into this spiritual sensitiveness he weaves his idea of Destiny—the unknown determining force of life. But he gives no detailed scheme of predestination except in the simple symbolism of "The Blue Bird." Destiny, for Maeterlinck, is immanent and closely related to the will and personal power. Our Destinies are to be guided and controlled by wisdom, which is love, and truth, and justice. He is progressive both as a fatalist and as a mystic; Destiny is, he believes, constantly being conquered by individuality, by science, by invention, and by every addition to human power.

Such is the philosophy behind his drama. It dominates those early plays which flutter in a wizard twilight on the very frontiers of consciousness, just as much as the later plays. But it is the early plays which, as I have said, stand alone. They have the quality of uniqueness and, in "The Treasure of the Humble," Maeterlinck has shown that they have a philosophy and an æsthetic which is peculiar to them. Like Ibsen's plays, they have a simple and realistic movement and the inevitability of all great drama, but the contest, despite the violence in which it usually culminates, is largely static. Material action is reduced to a minimum, but it is not substituted by discussion as in the later plays of Shaw and Granville Barker, it is replaced by abrupt self-revealing dialogue and long silences. Silence is the chorus of the Maeterlinckian drama.

The tragedy in these plays is the outcome of contest with the unknown and the foreordained. But it is almost tragedy and life in the abstract. His people are like children in peril, symbols of man battling against nature. You do not see the photographic realism of Ibsen, but a clairvoyante realism; you become an initiate whilst reading Maeterlinck's early plays, and see what is ordinarily unperceived; indeed ordinary sight is almost unnecessary for these plays. Walter Pater has said that "All art constantly aspires to the condition of music," and in Maeterlinck's plays for marionettes you see this aspiration at the very parting of the ways The dramatist himself, however, as M. Gérard Harry has pointed out in his admirable essay just issued by Messrs. George Allen,* is practically deaf to music, especially opera, so it cannot be assumed that he has left the static drama for the drama of action deliberately because he felt he had pushed his art as far in the direction of music as it would go. But he may have felt unconsciously that any further development along those lines must be continued by musicians like Claude Debussy, whose operatic treatment of "Pelleas and Melisanda" does actually carry the theme into deeper realms of consciousness. But whatever may have been his motive, he no longer reveals upon his stage man as an anxious marionette whipped and scourged by Destiny.

His later plays are purely romantic; clairvoyance

* "Maurice Maeterlinck. A Biographical Study." Translated from the French of Gérard Harry by A. R. Allinson. 2s. 6d. net. (Geo. Allen & Sons.)

has entirely disappeared; and in its stead we have passion and will stalking across the stage after the old dramatic method, dependent upon plot and costume and scenery, as bravely as in any of the masterpieces of stage-craft which we associate with the art of Victorien Sardou. There is one exception however, to this rule, and that is in his latest play, "The Blue Bird," which synthesises the Maeterlinckian idea of Destiny in a kindergarten fairy play of intense charm.

But the poet in Maeterlinck, it would seem, is destined to give place to the humanist and psychologist. There were always two sides to his genius, even in the early days: the introspective and the objective. The latter has prevailed, and Maeterlinck, apart from his drama, has become a new type of scientist, his essays revea something like a marriage between science and poetry. "The Life of the Bee" is perhaps the best example of the work of the new Maeterlinck, for in it he has given us, not only excellent natural history, but social philosophy and mysticism as well, wrapped in a prose which alone would have made his reputation as a writer. And if his dramatic genius no longer dives for pearls in the perilous deep, but is content to investigate the surface of the waters of life, we may be sure that whatever he does will have the quality of great art, and that he has not ceased beating at the doors of mystery.

THE MYSTICISM OF MAETERLINCK.

By Jane T. Stoddart.

A RECENT German critic of Maeterlinck applies to him the words of Dilthey on Novalis: "His heart's true home was in the world beyond." The name of Maurice Maeterlinck will be for ever linked with the names of some of the chief mystical writers, and especially with that of Ruysbroeck l'Admirable. When visiting London in the spring of 1895, M. Maeterlinck told the writer that the discovery, in the public library of Brussels, of the ancient Flemish manuscripts of Ruysbroeck had first turned his attention to the study of mysticism. At that time he was entirely occupied in this fruitful field. "What is there to tell about my life?" he said. "It is the story of a man who works with pen and paper." We seemed to hear an echo of Ruysbroeck's words: "What concern have I outside?" At the moment M. Maeterlinck was disposed to abandon the drama as a medium of expression. "Grossier et vulgaire" were the words he used in speaking of the exigencies of the theatre. He was plunged in his studies of Novalis and Claude de Saint-Martin.

"I think," he said, "that we are living in one of the ages when the human soul awakes. There are such times, and to me they are the only interesting periods of history. A new inspiration, a new activity becomes felt, not in one country, but all over the world. The ancient Egyptians had such awakenings, the mystics of the fourteenth century had their part in another and not less marvellous revival. In dull and self-conscious times the soul seems small, poor, and limited, but in the great ages of mysticism its powers and its resources are felt to be inexhaustible. Truths after which humanity was dimly groping are expressed by the mystics with unerring certainty."

In 1895 M. Maeterlinck published his translation of "The Disciples at Saïs" and the "Fragments" of Novalis. Among the writer's most prized books are copies of this work and of "Le Trésor des Humbles," with inscriptions from the author. As an illustration of M. Maeterlinck's attitude towards mysticism, the "Introduction" to Novalis comes second only to the essay on Ruysbroeck. He acknowledges his debt to Emerson, and this is very important for lovers of "The Blue Bird." In the works of Ruysbroeck, he says, we see, glimmering on the horizon, the blue ice-clad peaks of the soul, while in those of Emerson we see the rounded and undulating lower hills of the human heart. M. Maeterlinck has cut out steps with the ice-axe on the mystical Weisshorn or Dent Blanche, but he is happy as a child at play among the rivulets and green valleys of the Cheviot Hills.

Writing in 1895, M. Maeterlinck traced a spiritual connection between these three masters —Ruysbroeck, Novalis, Emerson.

From the photo. by M. Ed. J. Steichen. **Maurice Maeterlinck (1902).**

From "The Buried Temple," by Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. (Geo. Allen & Sons.)

Photo by the Dover Street Studios. (*Bolak, Ltd.*)

The Palace of Night.

Tyltyl and Mytyl, accompanied by Bread, Sugar, Tylo the Dog, and Tylette the Cat, enter the Palace of Night, and Tyltyl demands the key that opens all the doors in the hall, so that he may search there for the Blue Bird (Act. III. Scene i.).

Photo by the Dover Street Studios. (*Bolak, Ltd.*)

The Forest at Night.

"THE OAK. What have you come here for; and why have you made our souls leave their bodies?
"TYLTYL. I beg your pardon, sir, for disturbing you. . . . The Cat said that you would tell us where the Blue Bird was.
"THE OAK. Yes, I know that you are looking for the Blue Bird, that is to say, the great secret of things and of happiness, so that man may make our servitude still harder."—*The Blue Bird*, Act III. Scene ii.

He wrote:

"They went, each in his own direction, far beyond the safe circles of our common consciousness, and each met with truths which have no resemblance to each other, but which we should welcome none the less as prodigal sisters restored. It is on a hidden truth that this life of ours depends. We are its silent, its unconscious slaves, fast bound in chains until the day of its appearing. But if one of these marvellous beings, who are the antennæ of the human soul in its multifold unity, gets an inkling of its existence as he gropes about in the darkness, the humblest of us all, by some swift and inexplicable reaction, feel that they have been set free from something. A new truth, higher, purer and more mysterious, takes the place of that which knows itself discovered, and which now for ever withdraws. The common soul of mankind, though no outward sign gives evidence of the fact, enters upon a calmer era and celebrates deep festivals, in which we can take only a belated and very distant share. And it is in this way, I believe, that it rises and goes on its way towards a goal which none but itself can know."

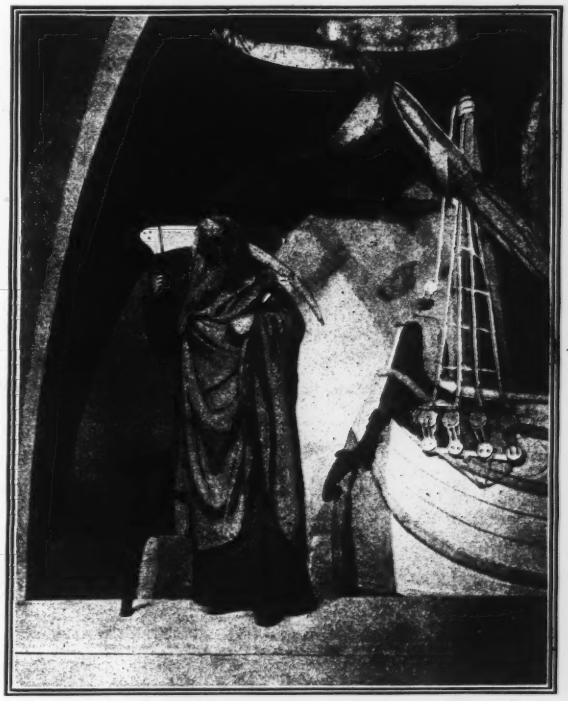


Photo by the Dover Street Studios. *(Bolak, Ltd.)*

Mr. Chas. V. France as Time in "The Blue Bird."

Richard Crashaw had already expressed M. Maeterlinck's thought, as it concerns the history of the Church, in lines of immortal poetry:

"Lo the new Law of a new Lord
With a new Lamb blesses the Board.
The aged Pascha pleads not yeares
But spyes love's dawn and disappeares.
Types yeild to Truthes; Shades shrink away;
And their Night dyes into our Day."

After the publication of "Le Trésor des Humbles," M. Maeterlinck seemed for awhile to grow weary of the high mountain paths. One of his best French critics, M. Yves Mainor, author of that important short essay, "M. Maeterlinck, Moraliste" (1902), dwells regretfully on the change which all students recognised in "Wisdom and Destiny" and "The Buried Temple." In these books we saw a great mystical writer entangling himself with the affairs of this world, and we remembered the closing line of one of his lyrics in the early volume, "Serres Chaudes":

"Et la tristesse de tout cela, mon âme, et la tristesse de tout cela."

M. Mainor said, writing eight years ago:

"He, the son of heaven, has put off the cloudy veil of mysticism, and has left the high peaks for our sorrowful plains. The eyes of the dreamer and the poet, once caressed by visions, are now lingering on the shows of earthly things."

Maeterlinck's mystical writings were described by this critic as "the breviary of souls" and as "the precious key which opens the great gates of life." His work was "as ethereal as a poem and as full of living force as a doctrine." "His thought, disguised beneath the coarse veil of language, was like a princess in a russet gown."

But in his later prose work there was a decline. "His eloquent word pauses on the threshold of hearts. No one now weeps in listening to it. For it is not any longer the voice of love, and love alone is that unique and all-powerful Word which is able to rule the world, the word which springs up from everlasting wells, the word of the deeper life." Sorrowfully this French critic wrote of Maeterlinck: "He is no longer the apostle of the lowly, but the head of an aristocracy of wise men and thinkers, who might clasp hands over ruins."

It is possible, however, that the critics misunderstood M. Maeterlinck's real attitude towards the mystics, even in the years when he seemed to have quitted their company. Novalis says: "Nach innen geht der geheimnisvolle Weg," and "The Blue Bird" affords sufficient proof that its author has forgotten none of the lessons of mysticism. "The light still burns on the high peaks." Take, for instance, that chapter entitled "Olive Branches" in M. Maeterlinck's book, "Le Double Jardin" (1904). There he expresses the view that "we are passing out of the great religious period," but he pictures humanity as waiting, with ardent hope, for a new revelation:

"We are in that majestic attitude in which Michael Angelo, on the immense ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, has shown us the prophets and just men of the Old Testament. We are living in expectation and perhaps in the last moments of expectation. In that attitude of waiting there are degrees, which pass from the vague resignation which does not yet venture to hope, to the thrill caused by the sense that the thing for which we wait is moving close at hand. It seems that we have heard these movements. Were they the sound of supernatural footsteps, the opening of a vast door, a breath of air that blows upon us, a coming light? We do not know. But when waiting has reached this point of intensity, it is a moment of ardent and wonderful life, the best period of happiness, its youth, its childhood."

Humanity, says M. Maeterlinck, is waiting—waiting for what? Would not his true masters reply in St.

Paul's words: "The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God."

This chapter, "Olive Branches," reminds us that among the Spanish mystics Maeterlinck's favourite is St. John of the Cross, and that some of the most beautiful passages in this saint's exposition of the Song of Songs are concerned with the dove that flew from the Ark and returned at even. One of the verses in his "Cántico Espiritual" begins: "Vuélvete, paloma" ("Return, O Dove"). The heavenly bridegroom calls back the soul from its highest mystical flight, that it may minister in humbler cares. "The kindly father Noah put forth the hand of his mercy and took the dove and placed it in the Ark of his tenderness and love." The words "Vuélvete, paloma" are thus interpreted: "Return from that high flight in which thou thinkest thou shalt attain to a more sure possession of Me, because the time has not yet come for such high knowledge; and content thyself with that lowlier knowledge of which I tell thee now."

The teachings of the mystics are in their essence one. The Dove that flew, "through the airs of love, over the waters of the Flood," returned at even to the lighted window of the Ark. The mystical Dove becomes the Blue Bird by the cottage door.

"THE BLUE BIRD."

(i) CHILDREN AND MAETERLINCK.

By William Purvis.

NOT even the Veto-Budget Crisis has driven from the columns of the popular press, which represents presumably the popular mind, the more or less serious problems of the Theatre and the Child. As a dramatic critic who for ten years saw practically every first night in London, and as an established father, I incline to the opinion that both the Theatre and the Child are in danger of being discussed too much in these days, that both of them would benefit by being left alone for a while by persons who know nothing whatever about them.

We are sometimes told—I was told so only the other day by a charming lady who is at once a Spinster and a Novelist—that we shall never succeed in understanding our children and treating them accordingly until we realise "the subtlety of the young."

For myself, I do not believe in the subtlety of the young at all. I have lived with children, and they are—that is to say, healthy children are—very practical plain-spoken young Pagans. They learn to be secretive and mysteriously vague from the grown-ups; they are part monkey, part parrot, and entirely lovable. But they are not a bit subtle; even the fairy tales and the imaginary lands which they create out of their gardens and books, and the people they see about them, are solid things, with cake and guns and other material details in them. Of course, the children think and write and talk topsy-turvy stuff that means nothing, or else means something very simple that might have been said quite easily. But this does not prove that they are subtle, only that in secret probably they read the Saturday edition of the *Daily News*, or sample the box from Mudie's whilst nurse is not looking. The little Lytton in his seventh year surprised his mother by asking her whether she was not overwhelmed sometimes by the sense of her own individuality. But he had read it in Hegel.

So, tracked to its source, the subtlety of children is generally mimicry or sheer crib. Young, primitive things are beautifully simple: with age and decadence come the shadows of complexity. At least, that is what I think; and it occurred to me that I might, to some extent, test my opinion by going and talking to the children who play at the Haymarket in Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird." Here, if anywhere, we should find the child all subtlety and delicate shades of soul, said a cynic with whom I discussed the problem, and who is a bachelor. "The Blue Bird" was very subtle, he said; he had read it himself, and not quite got the hang of it (I repeat, he was unmarried); and Mr. Herbert Trench, the Haymarket's lessee, had said so in an interview the other day. I liked the idea;

Photo by the Dover Street Studios. (*Bolak, Ltd.*)

In the Land of Memory.

"Gaffer Tyl. . . . Now then, stand up straight. . . . (*Tyltyl stands up against the door*) Four fingers taller! . . . That's immense!"—*The Blue Bird*, Act II. Scene ii.

and I went to the Haymarket.

My long-held opinions were confirmed. At the Haymarket there is a subtle play: a wonderfully entrancing play into which a grown-up person may read a hundred wonderful meanings. But there is not a subtle child among the fifty cheerful, boisterous, happy youngsters who perform the play.

Photo by the Dover Street Studios.

Miss Olive Walter.

By permission of the proprietors of the *Sketch*.

If you have seen the special Haymarket edition of Mr. de Mattos' brilliant version of "The Blue Bird" (published by Methuen at one shilling net), you will know that there never has been a more successful fairy play than this. In England alone ten editions were issued by Methuen between March 25, 1909, and March, 1910. No fewer than fifty-nine companies are touring Russia with "The Blue Bird"; this will surprise those who hold the conventional view of the Russian provinces and Russian taste, but not those who have read Maurice Baring's new book. "The Blue Bird" has made the Moscow Théâtre des Arts one of the most profitable playhouses in Russia; before the Maeterlinck success there, the house had lost heavily, being supported by the subsidies of a few wealthy men.

For over a year "The Blue Bird" has been running in Moscow: in London at the Haymarket it is near its 200th performance. Not only is it certain that "The Blue Bird" will belt the theatrical world triumphantly from London to Melbourne and New York to Shanghai, it is sure to be revived annually in London for many years ahead. No play is so hard to write as a good fairy play: one that alike will capture the budding fancy of the children and enchain the attention of the sophisticated grown-ups. "Peter Pan" did this: "The Blue Bird" does it. "Its central idea is the victorious destiny of Mankind," says Mr. Trench, in his Preface. There is scientific observation in it, and the dreamwork of a poet; and a lot of other things besides, according to Mr. Trench.

Photo by the Dover Street Studios. (*Bolak, Ltd.*)

Miss Pauline Gilmer.

Photo by the Dover Street Studios. (*Bolak, Ltd.*)

Master Stephen Thomas as Tyltyl in "The Blue Bird."

(Master Thomas took the part during Miss Olive Walter's absence.)

Mr. Trench says of it only what is perfectly true; but the small red-headed, bright-eyed boy over whom I tumbled in the greeny-yallery light behind the scenes at the Haymarket, and whom I proceeded to cross-examine, was equally convincing and much more brief. "How do I like 'The Blue Bird'?" he asked (with an eye much as to say "What a *silly* question!"), and then he added promptly: "It's rippin'!" He was not at all subtle. "What part in it would I like to play best?" (again the expression that suggested plainly "How stupid to ask me *that*")—"Why, Tyltyl, of course."

Tyltyl, I may explain for the benefit of those who do not know the play, is the biggest male part in it, and is most prettily played at the Haymarket by Miss Olive Walter, an experienced actress of eleven and a half years. Actors (the most childlike of all adults) are never subtle, or they cannot act; I mean that they cannot earn a living by their art. Subtlety is undramatic; Duse is only the exception to the rule. The reply of the small red-headed boy was the reply that would have come from the most commonplace or the most distinguished actor on the Rialto. There was no subtlety in it, only human nature. He wanted the "fattest," that is to say the largest, part, and he said so. He was certain he could play it: his brother had done so at times, to relieve Miss Walter. What his brother could do, he could do. He knew the play "all through and backwards." No suspicion of subtlety was here; mere downright, outspoken knowledge of himself and the task in hand. What did he think the play meant? He had never bothered himself about that. He enjoyed playing in it: that was good enough for him. The public liked seeing it; that seemed to be good enough for them. A philosopher distinctly, but not at all subtle. His ideal world? A place where everybody had enough to eat and a nice house and a fine time generally. Very natural and hardly to be improved upon, but not at all subtle. And he was the type.

Even the dainty child who plays the Blue Girl was not so very subtle. She also would like to play Tyltyl; she likewise knew the play all through and in and out and round about. "And which would you rather be—a boy or a girl?" I asked her, and she replied, "A boy in the theatre, and a girl outside." The minx would make the most of both her little worlds: play the big boy's part in the theatre and have the small girl's privileges at home. A shrewd young woman, but not appreciably subtle. So it was with them all. They wanted every boy and girl to have lots of feeding and lots of fun; which is a wiser prescription for producing the Perfect People than most of those set out by the Eugenists and Child Culturists and other fad-mongers. The young actors wanted "The Blue Bird" to go on for ever; and they wanted all the children in the world to see it. In short, I found them real childlike children, much after the model of my own. When I hinted that a group of them would like to live in a land where one had sugar fingers, which would grow again when broken off and used as sweetmeats (as happens in the play), a little boy whispered, "Rather!" and a little girl said out loud, "*You'd* rather have fingers made of cigarettes, like my father, wouldn't you?"

Photo by the Dover Street Studios. (*Bolak, Ltd.*)

In the Kingdom of the Future.

"THE CHILD (*who has just run up, and who now kisses Tyltyl and Mytyl effusively*). How are you? . . . All right? . . . Come, give me a kiss, and you too, Mytyl. It's not surprising that I should know your name, seeing that I shall be your brother. . . . They have only just told me you were here. . . . Tell mummy that I am ready. . . .

"TYLTYL. What? . . . Are you coming to us?

"THE CHILD. Certainly, next year, on Palm Sunday. . . . Don't tease me too much when I am little."—*The Blue Bird*, Act IV. Scene iii.

I pelted those bonny youngsters with the words of Mr. Trench, and tried to lure them into some smallest hint of subtlety; I worked my hardest to show them that it was their duty to say something about the hidden significances of the play. They simply said it was a "good" play, "because they liked it." They had no use for hidden significances here or anywhere. And I was glad, for many reasons.

"Are they ever 'subtle'?" I looked as solemn as I could whilst addressing my question to Mr. Charles La Trobe, the Haymarket stage-manager, and temporary father of these fifty children. "Are they *what*?" smiled Mr. La Trobe. "No; they are playful or excitable, and sometimes forgetful or mechanical, they are liable to catch colds and other things. But they are never subtle. Unless," he added hastily, as if to give me a ray of hope, "there is subtlety in this: off the stage they are always acting; but never have I seen them acting their own parts; always they play other parts in the play, or little plays which they make up for themselves. Perhaps their most enjoyable moment in the week, although they seem fairly happy all the time, is on Saturday, when in the interval be-

tween the acts I let the hero and heroine play the fool for awhile in the galley of Old Father Time. They are not at all subtle then, I assure you. They improvise a crude sort of melodrama, with hero and heroine, rescuer and rescued, and—well, a good deal of noise. As to 'The Blue Bird' itself, I think it is the humour and the picturesqueness, not any ethical message, that the child players are most impressed by. In fact, they are impressed by just the things that impress the child playgoer."

"You're *quite* sure they're not subtle?" I asked once more, with simulated anxiety.

"Not a bit," he rejoined with a twinkle of the eye.

Take the little lady who plays Tyltyl. She is a good-natured tomboy, whose pets include a dog called Pat and a guinea-pig named Bill. She doesn't like lessons, and she does like games and flowers, and spends nearly all her pocket money on the latter, and gives most of her purchases away. She studies dancing under Cavallazzi Mapleson, and was the only child who appeared at the Ristori matinee in 1908, when she danced a solo as Cupid. She was the boy in "The Truants" at the Kingsway and Sarah in "Grit" at the same theatre. She tickles her friends by declaring herself a "Suffragette." She danced once for the Women's Movement; and when she was invited to give her services she wrote solemnly and hopefully to ask whether if she consented to assist she would become "one of them." The reply, I understand, was what is called "sympathetic."

Here possibly is the silken thread of subtlety. For my part, I imagine that little Miss Walter, like most other young people who work artistically for a living, and try to enjoy the proceeds, is more busy than subtle.

(ii) THE STAGING OF "THE BLUE BIRD."

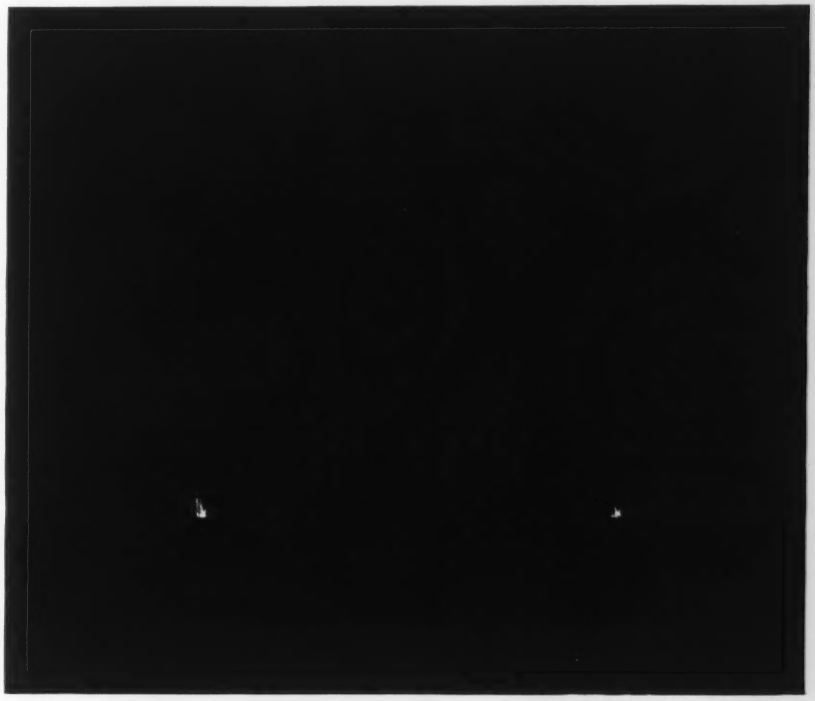
By T. Martin Wood.

THE impressionist movement in painting, and the symbolist in poetry; it was not new truths that these introduced, they only stood for the everlasting truth about art, just when it tended to become obscured; that the visible is beautiful only as the symbol of the invisible. The substitute for art in a materialistic age is always the mere craft of surface imitation. Music never had quite such a struggle, in this respect, as sister arts. Try as the bandmaster might to smother the nimble spirit, it always escaped with flame in the hand for the other arts to follow. It is only the drama that has lagged, crushed under the weight of stage properties. But it is rising, it will be radiant, it is invulnerable, as all the arts are, while our faith survives.

Art and the great public have always been inseparables, dimly understanding each other, but friends; holding out hands to each other, but always kept apart, by managers, academies, publishers and so forth, who pretend to know what everybody wants, while handing on their own prejudices by way of education for the public.

Music ever has come and gone from the stage with the greatest freedom; where would drama have been but for this? Music comes into a play and enwraps us and carries us past all the tawdry effects of staging to the spirit of the play. For a moment the music ceases, and painted cardboard, machinery, hideous colour, all come back again. But colour should be with the imagination, not against it; in the theatre the designer's art must be recognised in its power to cast a spell over us, as it takes hands with music to conduct us into a mood.

At the Haymarket there has been brought about something of a reconciliation between art in the theatre and art outside of it—though the quarrel between these



The Palace of Night.

From Mr. F. Cayley Robinson's original design for this scene in "The Blue Bird."

The Forest.

From Mr. F. Cayley Robinson's original design for this scene in "The Blue Bird."

was never their own. A difficult compromise has been effected—all praise to the artist of the theatre, Mr. Harker—between the limitations of stage-craft and the roving imagination of outside artists, unembarrassed by anything but their pencils. The play itself, all fantasy and beauty, was elusive as any blue bird could be, and it had to be carried over the footlights without singeing its wings.

It opens with a scene of the interior of a woodcutter's cottage, which was of Mr. S. H. Sime's designing. If in a short space of time we are to glean the atmosphere of a room long lived in, multifarious must be the detail, and the suggestion of accumulation in homely things. In this respect the scene is quite a masterpiece; the finishing touch, the admirable cradle swung up to the high ceiling. Mr. Sime's imagination is apparent everywhere, and the Balzacian enthusiasm for life which seethes up in his illustrations.

At Scene ii. the schemes pass over to the dreamer, Mr. Cayley Robinson, whose art has always savoured of things portending, happy or otherwise, such as are only reflected in beautiful mirrors, like water under the stars, or children's eyes. One can imagine one London manager after another turning pale, as they did, at the thought of re-constructing this play, with such a scene, for instance, to be contemplated as the vaults of the blue in which the unborn children await nativity. All the problems which confronted the artist are interesting—those arches, for instance, in the scene in question, and called "The Kingdom of the Future": might not the Gothic form have been more rhythmical, and more convincing by association, since the song of the mothers mounts, reminiscent of the *Magnificat* that echoes for ever in Gothic fanes?—but as yet there must be no foreshadowing that there is such a thing as that death which is also met with chantings here. Even the Norman, the most natural arch, is dated, and all dates must be evaded—all associations—but this is impossible! To create archings without echoes is not possible, and echoes are always memories. Where there is only one colour everything is colourless, as it is in the scene of "The Kingdom of the Future," for nothing can be anticipated, colour not more than form. And one of the best of all effects in the play is the changing colours of ships and figures at the embarcation of the unborn children for this world. Again, in the matter of design, at the gate where the embarcation takes place, the problems cluster. How was remininscence of time and place, and things as yet to come, to be avoided? Would suggestion of high garden gates have been permissible, where gardens are still unwilled and uncreated? I imagine Mr. Robinson tried to evade everything that was reminiscent, and excellent as his design is, was not this attempted evasion perhaps a mistake? Lines might have been gathered into a design which incorporated something of the memory of gates in general, akin to the symbol of a thing the mind creates when the name of it is spoken. To pretend, since we have come into this world, that for a moment we can anywhere escape memories, was not artistically wise.

These are reflections, not criticisms; for the scenes as they are we have only admiration. Subtleties have been appreciated at every turn. In the scene of "The Kingdom of the Past," we had to be brought to the place of graves without the depression of the graveyard; there to come into a sudden consciousness that the dead survive in the living, as the seed in the flower—words are not easy to express this; it is Maeterlinck who writes easily the things that cannot be spoken.

In a sense the costumes of the children, the animals, everything comes under the problem of scenery; the designs for these were all carried through from drawings of Mr. Cayley Robinson, aided in the matter of the clothes of Tyltyl and Mytyl, the little boy and girl, by Mrs. Cayley Robinson. The two-legged horses and cows are the test whether we catch the spirit of this play, which is of laughter warring upon tears, as it always does with the brave. The number of designs which had to be drawn for all the trees and animals, and adapted, suggests an infinite amount of thought. Some of these, like "The Oak," and costumes for dances like "The Perfumes of the Night," are deeply poetic,

Mytyl.

Dew.

Tyltyl.

Time.

The Lime Tree.

The Chestnut.

Cold-in-the-Head.

The Dog.

The Poplar.

COSTUMES FOR CHARACTERS IN "THE BLUE BIRD."

From the original designs of Mr. F. Cayley Robinson.

and the dance of "The Hours" became an interpretation of classic design, the effect of movement upon the folds of the draperies reproducing lines which recalled the Parthenon rhythm. If we could have wished anything, it would have been for more convention—in the sense that Mr. Gordon Craig would use this word, in respect to these things, especially when the door opens at the back of the Palace of the Night, for if once we put reality behind us in art, the symbols of reality must give place to the arts of pure suggestion. In the atmosphere of illusion it is the real things that turn out to be the shams, and it is only in that atmosphere that emotion can survive, when it is not face to face with Nature.

THE REFORMATION IN SCOTLAND.

BY ANDREW LANG.

DR. HAY FLEMING'S work, "The Reformation in Scotland,"* is to me in one way rather disappointing. In about 530 pages the learned author devotes too much space to forcing an open door. It seems to me that every student of history admits that the Church, in Scotland as elsewhere, had been "grossly corrupt" long before the Reformation. But Dr. Hay Fleming (p. 74) observes that "modern apologists, some of them Protestants, occasionally betray their recklessness by asserting" that gross corruption only set in at "a comparatively short period before the Reformation." It is not worth while to argue at length against such ignorant persons. But Dr. Hay Fleming gives them eighty pages of the licentiousness of the clergy (frequently confessed by themselves authoritatively, or from private pens) before he even denounces the equally notorious ignorance of most of the clerics. An appendix, from manuscript and published sources, contains lists amounting to another thirty pages of the legitimations of "priests' geats." I find myself, as is the custom of critics, blaming my author for having done his work in the way which I would not have chosen, and for telling me what I know very well already. Would it not have been more interesting to ask how the clerics came to be so regardless of their vows? That is not the necessary consequence of priestly celibacy; in our day we do not, I suppose, hear of more scandals among the celibate Catholic clergy than among those of other denominations, whose ministers may marry at will.

The causes of the corruption and ignorance seem a topic better worth insisting on than the notorious facts. The Church, as a wealthy yet weak corporation, was the milch-cow of the nobles, the gentry, the Crown. Younger sons and illegitimate sons of secular tastes were thrust into offices which demanded men of learning and piety. The occupants hated learning and gave themselves up to diversion. The Renaissance, like the spring, "came slowly up this way," and it has sometimes occurred to me that the great mediæval Revivals of religion, the Franciscan for example, reached Scotland, if not tardily, still with a much weakened impact. As for preaching, that of the mediæval Church was apt to be "much more diverting than edifying" (p. 89). The Presbyterians made preaching the main thing, to the great affliction of many not ungodly men, and were diverting only occasionally and unconsciously.

Of three hundred and eleven incumbents in the diocese of Gloucester (1551), Bishop Hooper found "nine *insigniter doctus*, and three *insigniter eruditus*." These unusually skilled teachers, the dozen, would have preferred, collectively, to be styled *docti* not *doctus*, and I share their taste! (p. 90). But take three hundred and eleven ministers at random, in Scotland or England, to-day, would you find among them a dozen who are *insigniter docti*?

The vast majority of the Churchmen were as ignorant as the ordinary Sunday-school child; not because they were Catholics, but because they were listless hangers-on of a wealthy ecclesiastical corporation. When the crash came, the learning, among the preachers of the new creed, was mainly contributed by Catholic priests who had adopted the new German and French ideas and criticism. From Andrew Melville's day to that of Dr. Johnson, who found a precursor of Wolf's Homeric heresy in Skye, there were many learned men in country manses. But to-day I do not think that our Protestant clergy are more learned than their brethren of the Catholic faith on the Continent. They maintain no anthropological review like the *Anthropos* of Père Schmidt; they do much less for palæontology than several abbés in France; and when I wanted a clear summary of what is ascertained about Minoan religion, I found that the best was by Père Lagrange, in a French serial devoted to biblical studies. It is not this or that creed which fosters a learned clergy; other conditions are at work.

Again, Dr. Hay Fleming gives abundant examples of the credulity and superstition which attended clerical ignorance. But the miracles of the Saints of the Covenant, and the hideous credulity of witch-burning preachers down to the early years of the eighteenth century, may be set off against the superstitions of the priests before the Reformation. They, at least in Scotland, were not responsible (so far as I know) for the tortures and burnings of multitudes of women and men, more numerous by far than the martyrs of Protestantism before 1560.

* "The Reformation in Scotland." By D. Hay Fleming, LL.D. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Nobody who knows the facts, even imperfectly, can deny that a reformation was absolutely necessary and inevitable. From within a Church whose highest clergy were as secular—to put it mildly—as the great Cardinal Beaton and Archbishop Hamilton, and so ignorant as the mass of priests, nothing could be expected, and men like Ninian Winzet, who was "wanted" by the police, were few indeed. Education had reached a *nouvelle couche*, which always means revolution. The public, in the light of the Higher Criticism of the age, found that they had been gulled; the poor were taught to expect the wealth of the monasteries, which they did not get: their new landlords were more grasping than the old. Knox, with his amazing energy, brought in ideas much more extreme than those of the leading French Calvinists; he confesses that he was thought "too extreme," and letters of a leading French Huguenot show that he spoke sooth.

The dominance of preachers, possible for a while in a small city state like Geneva, was applied to a whole kingdom, and the result was, for Scotland, more than a century of unrest and war, in which, for the only time in history, Scotland was conquered. No sooner had the Brethren captured Perth than they forbade priests to celebrate mass under pain of death (1559) (Knox, Vol. VI. p. 23). This was typical of the whole affair. Permission to the Brethren to preach led to attacks on sacred buildings. Liberty of conscience meant liberty to trample on the conscience of Catholics. It was not enough to be permitted to believe in your own creed, and celebrate your own rites; you must have liberty to prevent other people from celebrating theirs. There was no help for it; but the persecutions by the followers of the new ideas cannot be pleasing to people who esteem liberty of conscience in matters of religion.

In no more than two or three cases (I am only familiar with one) did the lay governing classes permit the fanatics to punish a priest with death for doing his duty. The Presbyterian persecution was a steady grinding tyranny of civil disabilities, fines, imprisonment, and exile. It was the right way of persecuting, if persecution was to be successful, and, as it was not made conspicuous by burnings, it escapes the notice of the ordinary reader. On the other hand, the abominable cruelties of torture and the stake had awakened a just resentment; the furies of the revolution were very natural and human, and seldom led to bloody personal reprisals. Persecution by the Brethren was natural, given their ideas of Christianity, mainly derived from "the fightingest books" in the Old Testament. But nothing could be more hostile to the spirit of Christianity. The new faith was infinitely more cruel, in Scotland, than the old faith had been towards poor wretches accused of witchcraft. As far as I am aware, among the slacknesses of the old faith in Scotland, indifference to the sin of witchcraft must be reckoned. The Reformation was unchristian in its methods; that is the short and the long of it.

A recent historian veils the ruthless demands of "the assembly of the kirk convened at Edinburgh" in the year of the Bartholomew. Dr. Hay Fleming does not blink those hysterical outcries. The passage may be read in his book, with his comments (pp. 448–53), and the student may learn for himself who the people are of whom it is written "it shall be lawful to all the subjects in this realm to invade them and every one of them to the death." But the State did not gratify "the assembly of the kirk convened at Edinburgh." It was not the fault of the preachers that the death-penalty was not enforced for the third time of celebrating or attending the vital rite of the Church. "The humanity of the nobles must not be passed over in silence," says Bishop Lesley, "for at this time (1560) few Catholics were banished, fewer were imprisoned, none were executed." As for church-despoilment and church-wrecking, it was wholly contrary to the ideas of Calvin. The wrecking of the church at Perth is attributed by Knox to "the rascal multitude" in the nearest contemporary part of his History; to "the Brethren" in a private letter. Seventeen centuries of Christianity and of war have spared infinitely more of the "monuments of idolatry" in Greece than have been left to Scotland in the shape of cathedrals, church plate, and other relics of mediæval art. "It is possible to acquire the most beautiful building at too great a cost," as by "grinding the faces of the poor," or "using unholy means for raising funds" (p. 327). But, having the beautiful building, why sell the lead of the roof, and turn the edifice into a quarry? I do not see the logic; but, if logic it be, let us destroy the cathedral of Glasgow. Dr. Hay Fleming blames the English destroyers on the Border in 1544 and later. But far more is left of Melrose and Jedburgh and even of Coldingham, than of the cathedral of St. Andrews, or of Lindores, and of scores of places which the English never touched. I look up Restalrig (p. 409). It was resolved at the first General Assembly "that the kirk of Restalrig, as a monument of idolatry, be razed and utterly cast down and destroyed." But, says our author, the church was not "utterlie castin downe and destroyed." If not (there are traces of it to this day), the fault does not lie with the General Assembly. In a document of the late sixteenth century I have read that the church of Coldingham was then the only one of its kind which retained its roof. In a MS. version of Spottiswoode's History, to which Dr. Hay Fleming appeals against the printed version (p. 413), we read "they rifled all churches indifferently . . . the buildings of the church defaced, the timber, lead, bells, put to sale. . . ." When you have sold the timber and lead of a church, time and quarrying soon do the rest, and of that "place of idolatry" less is left than of Ilios and Mycenæ. On the whole Dr. Hay Fleming decides that "Spottiswoode's account is very highly coloured, or rather, grossly exaggerated" (p. 415). Then what *did* become of the lead and the timber, and where *are* the churches of which Spottiswoode speaks? If Dr. Hay Fleming will grant the selling of the lead and timber, we understand the present condition of ruin. But if he maintains that

Drawn by Arthur C. Michael.

In the Woodcutter's Cottage.

"The tap, in another corner, begins to sing in a very high voice and, turning into a luminous fountain, floods the sink with sheets of pearls and emeralds, through which darts the soul of Water, like a young girl, streaming, dishevelled, and tearful, who immediately begins to fight with Fire."—*The Blue Bird*, Act I. Scene 1.

By permission of the Proprietors of "Black and White."

the lead and timber were *not* sold, then we are puzzled.

Dr. Hay Fleming's book adopts the tactics called "offensive-defensive." He carries the war into Rome, the Rome of the three centuries before 1560; and as for "the great pillage," the annihilation of so much that was beautiful and harmless, he makes the best case he can for his clients. The things are gone—we both regret it; what the first Reformation spared by oversight, the second did its best to destroy, breaking the Ruthwell Cross, but not grinding it into powder One feels inclined to say, like Fanny Burney, when she and other children had destroyed a valuable perruque, "the wig was a good wig. But it is gone, and there is no more to be said about it."

New Books.

RECENT HISTORY.

The train of thought which sought an issue, in part, in the following reflections, was commenced appropriately enough in the library of Holly Lodge. There, if anywhere, the spirit of the greatest of literary historians in the modern world may be said to be immanent. The invincible picturesqueness of Macaulay cannot fail to drive public opinion about, to excite enthusiasm and to provoke antipathy. Yet the historian of to-day must not seldom be bewildered by the antagonistic forces at work in the case of such a mighty faculty: on the one hand the master-passion to acquire knowledge which is the mainspring of the art, on the other hand the irresistible craving to cram and distort all the knowledge acquired into a peculiarly personal and rhetorical mould.

Political bias, though strong, will be found, I believe, in the end to have played a quite secondary part in this heightening and perspective process. Artistic bias, so commanding as to be almost unconscious, was the ruling motive, and so strong that it often leaves the writer no option but to make his friends appear fully as grotesque as his enemies.

The greatest of Macaulay's successors to-day in the ardent and successful pursuit of historical knowledge is the Regius Professor of History at Oxford. He too, like Macaulay, has specialised upon the second half of the seventeenth century. He too, like Macaulay, has been impressed by the extreme importance of presenting a social tableau side by side with a political picture. Circumstances have led him to cover a great deal of Macaulay's own ground, and the investigations which he has made upon the use and abuse of his original authorities by the great Whig historian, and which are to form the staple of a series of lectures to be given in London in the ensuing academical year, will supply one of the most interesting chapters yet written into the inmost secrets of graphic history as practised by the greatest English master of the Pageant. Macaulay, whether as social or political historian, is an inveterate romanticist. Intensity is the quality which he puts above all others. In order to ensure this he modernises every archaic phrase, heightening as he goes, so as to deepen the shadows and intensify the colouring. The fact that all these effects are studiously eschewed by Professor Firth constitutes a severe historical criticism. It is true that, in our opinion, in his recently issued volumes on "The Last Years of the Protectorate," * he goes rather to an extreme in the opposite direction, continually reproducing the actual phrasing of the old newsletters in the text, with all their obscure tautologies, where a crisp modern phrase would simplify counsel and, indeed, often elucidate fact. But Professor Firth is essentially a realist in history. He wants to place facts before us as they were. He is apt to forget that art requires illusion, nay, that Art is Illusion itself In this case we have, not infrequently, to add just as much as in Macaulay's case we have to subtract. He, of course, it will doubtless be said, is a disciple in quite another school.

The present work is grafted ostensibly upon the seventeen foregoing volumes by Samuel Rawson Gardiner which carry English History in conscientious detail from 1603 to 1656. Mr. Firth takes up the tale at the exact point where Gardiner broke off, namely, at the assembling of Cromwell's second Parliament in September, 1656. The elections preceding this event formed the subject of a last chapter in the hand of Gardiner, which was to have been the opening of his final or eighteenth volume. This chapter was published separately in 1903. Mr. Firth has, if anything, increased the scale of development, for he devotes no less than seventeen chapters to narrate the end of the Spanish War, the death of Blake, the plots against Cromwell, the campaign in Flanders, the Protector's policy in the Baltic, the dissolution of February, 1657, Monk in Scotland, Henry Cromwell in Ireland, the capture of Dunkirk and the death of the great Protector. He has taken six years or thereabouts to finish these seventeen chapters. The pace seems dilatory; it is certainly much slower than Gardiner's. But we must remember that no other living man could have taken up this work commensurately at all. The preliminary studies have occupied over twenty years, during which Mr. Firth has showed himself fully as great a glutton of rare political tracts and pamphlets as Gardiner himself. He has had the additional advantage of a superbly specialised private library in which he has brought together a collection of satires, ballads, squibs, and caricatures dealing with the politics of 1650—1690, such as Macaulay himself would have envied. He has, therefore, in a sense, been able to out-Gardiner Gardiner himself.

It was inevitable in these circumstances that the critics should say that the mantle of Elijah had fallen upon worthy shoulders. Yet this way of conferring praise is one never quite agreeable to the recipient. The fact is too, of course, that although Professor Firth has assimilated his predecessor's equipment, he differs from him profoundly in historical outlook, whether artistic, scientific, or educational. Under a very specious guise of impartiality Gardiner was always the earnest, striving, agonising champion of the Puritan cause. Yet he combined with this the very un-Puritan quality of unqualified toleration. And so when the Puritans fell upon each other's throats at Preston and Dunbar, he is constrained to back Cromwell through thick and thin. Professor Firth is really far more impartial. He refrains from moralising our Oliver for us. He leaves his motives in dissolving his second parliament in all their bare arbitrariness for us to digest as best we may. He has far more of an eye for the humours, the ironies, and the pleasantries of history than had ever Dr. Gardiner. His

* "The Last Years of the Protectorate, 1656—1658." By Charles Harding Firth. 2 Vols. 24s. net. (Longmans.)

appreciation of detail—of small concrete fact—is far more keen. But he refuses obstinately to read the runes for us. He gives the materials and he puts them together with singular impartiality into the picture that he, in his capacity of student, has been able to form. But not an inch farther. He will not stand by the death-bed of Blake and Cromwell to ejaculate fine sentiments, to attitudinise, to vaticinate, or even to focus the vision for our modern understandings. This will explain the disappointment of some who read him in the expectation of experiencing historical emotion. The austerity of this historian is very great. He has a horror of utilising soft material in the construction of his chapter-units. His idea is to build up a Roman Wall of record out of material so hard that it will need a dynamite explosion to displace a single brick of it. He sacrifices nothing. But the difficulty of his achievement is one which only the professional student can adequately understand. Hitherto I have found it hard to elicit the opinions of students. They answer with one accord, "We must wait to read it until the book is cheaper." The present price of twenty-four shillings net for two rather short volumes (containing less matter than the corresponding volumes of Gardiner, or than a standard work in contemporary French History costing 8 francs) is, to scholars, prohibitive. The subordination here of those ethical and biographical elements to which the picturesque school have habituated us will render Professor Firth unpopular with the library readers. This same subordination will commend him to the historians of the future.

The death of the Protector during the famous storm gives an opportunity for dramatic representation from which Professor Firth deliberately refrains. Mr. Belloc is no less self-sacrificing in his delineation of "Marie Antoinette." * We have here no pathetic description of the sunset splendours of Versailles and the Bourbon Court, no exuberance of court gossip or character intaglio-work. The luxury of tears and abhorrence which every library reader feels entitled to claim as a right in an expensive biography of the last French Queen is here expressly denied. Assuming the sequence of events and most of the details as *choses connues*, Mr. Belloc takes upon him rather the rôle of Carlyle or the author of "The Dynasts," and proposes to show us how the whole episode fits inevitably into a vast scheme of world drama. We occasionally overhear a word or two of the chorus of pities or ironies. But for the most part Marie Antoinette, far from being greater than nature, is reduced to very ordinary dimensions, those of a not very intelligent female caught in the clash of warring national systems, dislocated social machinery, and widespread conflagration. The attempt of Mr. Belloc to connect the whole tragedy specifically with the failure of the counter-reformation to stamp out the embers of Protestantism, and his apparent desire to convince us that we should have all been much happier and wiser had only Keppler and Newton been treated in the same way as Galileo, endangers the whole concatenation, and risks the sacrifice of a fine historic fabric to a monomania as persistent though not as amusing as that of Mr. Dick. But having weathered the first few pages the reader will find very great compensations. Mr. Belloc's assumption once granted, nothing could be finer than his delineation of Kaunitz and his mistress. The plot is thus carefully laid for the alien player-queen. Much that follows is rendered inspiriting in the highest degree by Mr. Belloc's distinction of phrase, his original inspirations and epigrams, his remarkable gift of historical creation or construction. Such by means of inference mainly are his narrative of the Queen's relations with Fersen, of her conjugal relations, his imaginative picture of Drouet's ride in June 22, 1791, and his defence of the Queen's valedictory letter. Mr. Belloc thinks that history has been too much written along the ruts of routine. He has certainly avoided that fate. His views about the massacres of September and the capture of the Tuileries by the mob differ entirely from those of most of the accepted historians. Not having time to refute them he merely asserts his own views. For those who wish to read history quietly and without a brief, it must be admitted that a subservience to routine is distinctly more restful.

Nevertheless, Mr. Belloc's violent assertions are extremely attractive. The book is full of original affirmation and of personal power. It has insight, imagination, creative genius. It arrests thought unexpectedly by a hundred happy terms of expression, comparison, or remonstrance. No one who traverses the period can fail to admire his attempt to show us almost from hour to hour how the events on the frontier reacted upon the critical stress of the capital in October, 1793. Yet from an artistic point of view this antiphonal effort seems to me just to fail to achieve success, and the dithyrambic effect, verging at times upon the exaltation of the "Tale of Two Cities," throws the suspicion of allegory over the whole narrative. Excluding the first chapter and the last, this book seems to attain the highest point in history that Mr. Belloc has yet reached, and that is saying very much indeed.

Space will preclude us from endeavouring to criticise or indeed from doing much more than to report the advent of two praiseworthy additions to Messrs. Longmans' "Political History of England," * under the editorship of Drs. Hunt and Poole. That work is now complete but for Vol. VI., dealing with Mary and Elizabeth, which after some vicissitudes was finally entrusted to the capable hands of Professor A. F. Pollard. Mr. Pollard's public lectures on the period from 1550 to 1588 have given us a foretaste of the quality of this much-looked-for volume, which may, I apprehend, be expected in September. In the meantime we have Professor Lodge on the Macaulay territory from 1660 to 1702, and Mr. I. S. Leadam on Anne and the first two Georges.

As a teacher, like Dean Bradley and Dr. Franck Bright, Mr. Lodge attains to the sovereign quality of lucidity in the highest degree. Yet the quality has its own defects, chief among them being that of leaving the impression that here we have finality, and that beyond the information here given all the rest is not worth having, merely confusing or chaotic. Read Mr. Lodge on the restoration settlement, and then read Sir Walter Scott in "Peveril of the Peak." Both show its importance, but the former leaves all smooth and clear, while the latter reveals to us the background with its infinite doubts and perplexities.

Yet Professor Lodge merits the highest possible credit for the vigour of his ordonnance and for the independent method of his summaries. Mr. Leadam's volume differs considerably from most of its predecessors. It embodies, so far as I can judge, a good deal more original research. It is based, to a large extent, upon MS. authorities, it contains more footnotes, it is history of a more advanced order, admirable for serious students who are competent to draw conclusions, but singularly deficient in relief, in generalisation, and in guidance for the common run of teachers and pupils. When the last volume appears this autumn, it may be possible, it is hoped, to give a consecutive survey of the whole series of twelve volumes.

Two works of prominent historical value have recently been issued by Messrs. Routledge, first the three-volume translation of Ludwig Friedlander's "Roman Life and Manners under the Early Empire," † a standard work not unworthy to rank with Burckhardt or Symonds, and important in the highest degree as a supplement to Warde-Fowler and Dill; and secondly, Mr. A. Abram's extremely suggestive little book on "Social England in the Fifteenth

* "Marie Antoinette." By H. Belloc. Illustrated. 15s. net. (Methuen.)

* "The Political History of England." In 12 Vols. Vols. VIII. and IX. 7s. 6d. net per vol. (Longmans.)

† "Roman Life and Manners under the Early Empire." 6s. per vol. (Routledge.)

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The Graveyard.

"Mytyl (*looking in the grass*). Where are the dead?
"Tyltyl (*looking also*). There are no dead. . . ."—*The Blue Bird*, Act IV. Scene ii.

Photo by the Dover Street Studios. (*Bolak, Ltd.*)

The Kingdom of the Future.

"Time. All this does not concern me. . . . Address your entreaties to Life. . . . I unite and part as I am told. . . Come, come, he is not going to die but to live.
"The Second Child (*stretching her arms out frantically to the child that is being carried off*). A sign! . . . A sign! . . . Tell me how to find you!
"The First Child. I shall always love you!
"The Second Child. I shall be the saddest thing on earth! . . . You will know me by that!
"Time. You will do much better to hope. . . . Enough! Enough! . . . The anchor's raised!"—*The Blue Bird*, Act IV. Scene iii.

Century," * a survey of agrarian and commercial changes and economic conditions valuable for its original deductions and new readings of a most important though obscure and consequently unpopular age. I may conclude as I began, by citing Macaulay. He is seen to exceptional advantage as a politician in his "Essay and Speech on Jewish Disabilities." † These have just been reprinted with useful introduction and notes by Mr. Israel Abrahams and the Rev. S. Levy.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

THE BALL AND THE CROSS.‡

"The Ball and the Cross" is the best piece of sustained work Mr. Chesterton has yet given us. It is quite as well written, and more equally interesting from its first page to its last, than its forerunner, "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," and it successfully illustrates in rapid and buoyant action much of that quaint philosophy which its author has expressed, in a rather casual and haphazard fashion, in innumerable essays. It would be very much the best book for an intending reader of Mr. Chesterton's entire output to start with.

It is a book which may be viewed either as an allegory or as a mere story of adventure strongly dashed with the supernatural. I prefer to look at it from the latter point of view, simply because the first necessity in dealing with an allegory is to have some sort of inkling of the meaning it is intended to convey, and, after two diligent and delighted perusals of "The Ball and the Cross," I am as far from understanding its more occult significance as I was before I opened it. It is no doubt merely my own stupidity which prevents me from relishing the allegory as keenly as the story in which it is embodied, but I have the consolation of knowing that several of Mr. Chesterton's other critics suffer under a similar disability.

But, if I am befogged regarding Mr. Chesterton's allegory, I have no difficulty in understanding that portion of his philosophy which is expressed in this book, and with which he has made his readers familiar aforetime. It is expressed in the honest and healthy dogma that not hatred, but indifference, is the cardinal sin against his brother man and his own soul of which man is capable. The protagonists of the story are Evan MacIan, a hot-headed Caledonian Quixote, a fervid Catholic, and a red-hot Jacobite; and Turnbull, an atheistic editor and Bible-smasher of the type of Bradlaugh or Colonel Ingersoll. Mr. Chesterton's sympathies are, of course, entirely with the former, but he exhibits both honesty and artistry by making Turnbull his opponent's equal in courage, generosity, and chivalry, and very much his superior in brains. The fact that from the moment they first encounter they love each other like brethren will hardly be obscured in the eyes of any reader Mr. Chesterton will desire to find by the other facts that they immediately set out to roam the world together in search of a quiet spot in which to cut each other's throats, and that, almost to the last page of the book, each honestly believes that he regards the other with the most malignant loathing. That is merely one of the many minor allegories of which the book is full whose meaning is as clear as it is beautiful. The absurd adventures of this absurd couple on this absurd quest are recounted with an absurd gravity which would have delighted Swift. Their intention to fight has been advertised all over England, and the entire police force of Great Britain is on the watch to prevent the consummation of their bloodthirsty attempt. They take to the sea, and on the testimony of a roadside crucifix and a scrap of printed paper found in a hedge believe that they have landed in France, only to discover, on the appearance of the ubiquitous man in blue, that they are in one of the Channel Islands. A second voyage lands them in an unknown country which they first believe to be some uncharted isle in the Atlantic, then the continent of America, and later, from a glimpse they catch of a burnt-cork nigger whom they mistake for a genuine son of Ham, the coast of Africa; at last to find that it is really a spit of sand in the immediate neighbourhood of Margate. Then they arrive in the garden of a lunatic asylum, and make the acquaintance of a couple of the inmates, one of whom believes himself to be the Creator, while the other has merged his unknown actual identity in that of King Edward VII. This incident gives the cue for what is perhaps the best, and is certainly the most startling episode, in the book. Turnbull gravely—or rather, passionately—accepts the first as what he proclaims himself to be, and pours out on him a lava-stream of incandescent invective for the idiotic fashion in which—from the atheistic or agnostic point of view—the entire cosmos is administered. MacIan promptly plagiarises Turnbull's line of action—which he certainly would never have had the wit to invent—and, in his character of the last living champion of the exiled house of Stuart, denounces the other unhappy lunatic as an usurper, and clamorously demands an account for "the corpses of Culloden and the blood of Lochiel." The scene marks too the culmination of the interest of the book, which rather fails from that point onwards, although there is much ingenuity in the fashion in which the author contrives to immure in the asylum every person, down to the least important, who has for the merest moment crossed the scene of his story. There is, too, some excellent and quite legitimate satire at the expense of that unholy sort of alienist by whom the most normal and innocent personal peculiarity is twisted into a proof of insanity. Charles Reade would have revelled over the passage in which a man who complains that his yacht has been stolen is inscribed as a sufferer from "Perdinavititis—mental inflammation creating the impression that one has lost a ship," while Turnbull, who confesses to having stolen the yacht, is booked as a victim of "Rapinavititis—the delusion that one has stolen a ship."

HENRY MURRAY.

DEAN SWIFT.*

It is easy to understand the temptation to write a biography of "le premier Rabelais d'Angleterre," as Voltaire called Swift, for the great man's personality is vastly fascinating. It is, however, not mainly because of this, but because writers of an earlier era maligned him terribly that Miss Shilleto Smith has felt called upon to present this more favourable portrait.

> "I have written the life neither of a saint nor of a fiend; I have neither dragged him down to hell nor raised him to heaven; I have dressed him neither in black nor in white; I have not attired him in scarlet, nor endowed him with a cloven hoof, setting him to dance among fiends worse than himself. I have tried to place him in the grey light of reality where perhaps some sunbeams may shine upon him and occasionally cast a golden reflection, where the clouds surrounding him may sometimes be pink-tinged. But above all I have tried to represent him as a man of like passions with ourselves, of a like longing for affection, of a like sensitiveness to pain or injury."

Thus Miss Shilleto Smith in her Introduction. Now this is all very well in its way, but, with all respect, it is

* "Social England in the Fifteenth Century." By A. Abram. 3s. 6d. net. (Routledge.)
† "Essay and Speech on Jewish Disabilities." 2s. (Printed for the Jewish Historical Society.)
‡ "The Ball and the Cross." By Gilbert K. Chesterton. 6s. (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.)

* "Dean Swift." By Sophie Shilleto Smith. With 16 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

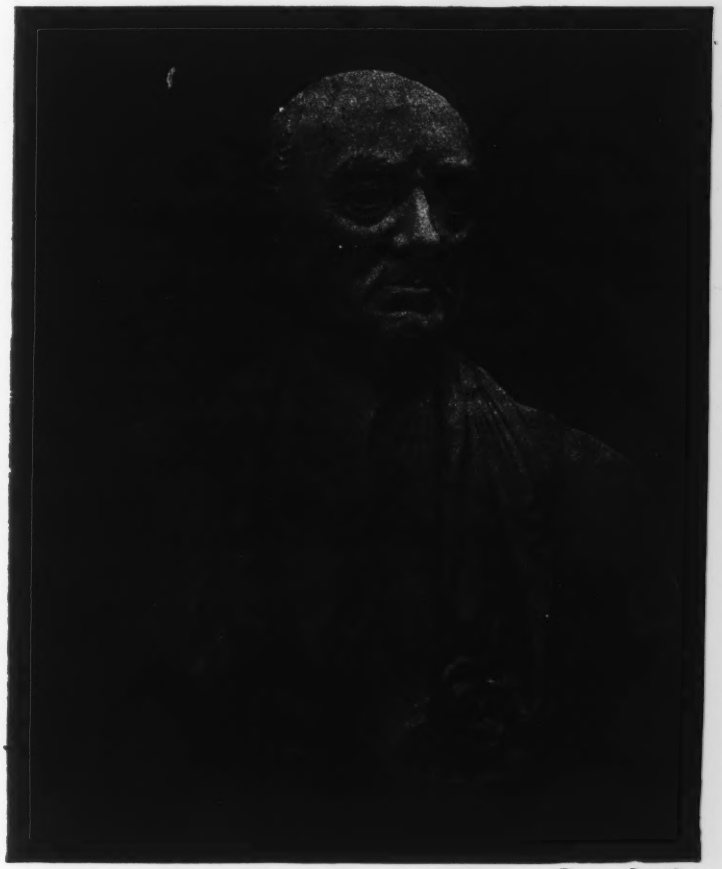
ridiculous so to address the "critical public" before whom the author states explicitly she desires to place her book. For what exactly do all these words mean? Merely, that Miss Shilleto Smith has written down honestly what she conceives Swift to have been—which, it is but right to assume, is exactly what Swift's adverse critics have done. Miss Shilleto Smith refers to some other writers on Swift as having been "terribly unjust" and "entirely lacking in the mere elements of that toleration and charity which the most despicable sinner has a right to expect from his fellow-men": surely it would be more in accordance with "the mere elements of that toleration and charity which," etc., if she had confined herself to the comment that the other writers were, in her opinion, mistaken in their view. Again, Miss Shilleto Smith refers to "those students of literature" who may look upon her book as "an unnecessary defence of a writer whom they regard as unpardonably indecent." Where, it may be asked, are to be found to-day students of literature who regard Swift's works as "unpardonably indecent"? Such an epithet may fittingly be applied, for instance, to the "Crazy Tales" of Hall-Stevenson, but no critic worthy of the name has ever used it in connection with the works of a Rabelais or a Swift. Where, indeed, to write down the works that first occur to the mind, can be found the man who has levelled this charge against "A Tale of a Tub," or "The Battle of the Books," or the Bickerstaff Papers, or the "Genteel and Ingenious Conversations," or the earlier parts of "Gulliver"? The fact of the matter is that Miss Shilleto Smith is tilting against windmills. Perhaps thirty or forty years ago there might have been some justification for her attitude: to-day most certainly there is none. Indeed, this attitude inevitably recalls the story of the brilliant lad who at a very early age retired into seclusion and returned into the world many years later with a number of very clever inventions: they were of great value, and did him much credit, only—most of them had been in use for hundreds of years.

In these days, when the tendency to associate a man's work with his life is, if anything, being carried to excess, it is rather strange that Miss Shilleto Smith should think it necessary (in her Introduction) to defend her book against "those critics who object to the facts of a man's life being associated with his work." It is true that any product of an author's pen must be judged as literature solely on its merits—a poem, for instance, takes no higher or lower place in the literary tables of precedence because it was written in sickness or in health, in a garret or in a palace, whether the author was sixteen or sixty. Whether "Hamlet" was written by Shakespeare or Bacon is of no consequence so far as the value of the play is concerned. On the other hand, it is a matter of very great interest to students of literature to trace the connection between a man and his work. In no case, perhaps, was the connection closer than in that of Swift. "In Swift the author and the man are identical," Sir Leslie Stephen has said with truth. "No writings ever reflected more perfectly a powerful idiosyncrasy; and his famous sayings resemble groans wrung from a strong man by torture." Miss Shilleto Smith has nothing new to say, nor has she any fresh light to throw upon the Dean's character or his writings.

"His own righteous anger at the wrongs of mankind are at an end (so runs the last passage of the book). The life of pain, mental, moral and physical, is over. Surely few men have suffered so much. Few have deserved to suffer so little. He was crucified by the sufferings of his fellow-creatures. Knowing himself to be a soul apart, he lived a lonely solitary life, though for happiness he depended, more than most people, on the affection of others. A sense of vocation inspired him throughout his life. A feeling that he had duties to perform, greater than the majority, taught him that their small interests were not for him, that he must enter greater lists. Knowing his danger, fully aware of the risk of failure, he entered the greatest lists that any man can enter—and failed. On this field few have entered and none have been known to succeed. Surely we must give the greater honour to the few. They have staked everything and lost everything.

"What is their reward?"

Considerations of space prevent any detailed considerations of the various propositions set forth in this grandiloquent peroration; but in a book such as this, which, though designed for the "critical public," is more likely to find its way to the "general reader," it cannot too often be insisted upon that Swift was a satirist because of his sympathy with suffering humanity. It is one of the little ironies of fate that "Gulliver" should be almost universally regarded as a children's book not less popular than "Robinson Crusoe." It is another of the little ironies of fate that the most terrible satire on mankind should have been written by one of the most tender-hearted men that ever drew breath. Macaulay and Thackeray were deterred from a true appreciation of Swift by his ferocity, and their verdict was long generally endorsed, or at least accepted, outside literary circles. How this misapprehension could have taken possesson of two such men is not easy to understand, and Thackeray, at least, every now and then gave indications that, even while pronouncing sentence, he was somewhat uncomfortable in his mind. "And yet to have had so much love," he said, in the course of his lecture, "Swift must have given some." It did not dawn on Thackeray's mind, however,



Dean Swift.

From the bust in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.
From "Dean Swift," by Sophie Shilleto Smith. (Methuen.)

how much love the satirist gave and received. He won the love of a nation, and kept it for thirty years—and he earned the love by the love he gave, and the labour inspired by that love. He won and kept the affection of Gay and Prior, of Pope and Addison, of Berkeley and Arbuthnot; he won the hearts of Esther Vanhomrigh and of "Stella" Johnson. Not even "the greatest genius of the nation," as Addison rightly and generously called him, could have won such love from men and women without paying for it in kind.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

TWO BOOKS FROM THE NILE.*

Modern travel-books may be conveniently classified under two great Natural Orders, the travelling writers—who travel just to furnish their books; and the writing travellers—who write on their return because they see fame and money in their tale. I have the pleasure to-day to exhibit, classify, and describe an entirely new and curious specimen of each order.

1. First, then, this example (vulgarly known as Loti's "Egypt") of the order *Scriptor itinerans* and of the genus *Rhetor*, so rich in sentimentalists and word-painters, may at once be referred to the species *ætherialis*, from its marked tendency to sunsets and atmospheric effects. It seems to be a sport of the variety *Anglophobus*, till recently abundant in France (whence the specimen was obtained), and I propose to name it either *gelosus* or *lugubris*. It has borne transportation very well; indeed, the English version at once suggests Loti without his name on the book. It is a difficult task. When first Pierre Loti beamed upon the world, I wrote that, while dazzled by his novel enumerative style, I could not help hankering for just a verb or two here and there. These the translator has judiciously supplied.

The book is disappointing—strangely so from such a pen as Loti's. It gives so very little that is new about either Egypt or Loti, and that little often uninteresting or distasteful. By far the best chapter is that on the university of El Hazar. The description is admirable and the reflections original and suggestive. With a few blemishes the Easter visit to the Coptic Church of St. Sergius reaches a high level. Indeed Loti always seems more himself in the mediæval mosques and churches and streets than among the desert ruins.

The work may be resolved into three nearly equal elements—guide-book, word-painting, and moralising. As to the first, I never heard that Pierre Loti was a profound Egyptologist, and suspect that his glib and ostentatious antiquarian lore is based on poor Baedeker. Yet he is always sneering at the miserable tourists who brandish this vile *vade mecum*. Secondly, the word-painting is not up to the old mark, though here he has two subjects in his own *genre*, the Egyptian skies and the desert. On these *pièces de resistance* he is always falling back at regular intervals. Very early he says what he has to say about the desert, just what we expected; but he keeps on saying it every now and then in much the same words. Then his skies—well, they are, of course, very good skies, but when they differ from other people's, I suspect they are highly subjective. For this reason: his strongest work, the "Pêcheurs d'Islande," owed its glamour to that new, strange, unearthly world he revealed with all the passion of an eye-witness—that life far outside ours, of the Arctic fisher fleet, drowsing in calm and silence through the nightless summer—how that magic vision haunts us still! What was the wizard's spell? Partly the subtle quietude of his subdued style. His fisher-lads seemed to speak in low, gentle tones, and we hear them distinctly from very far off in the brooding silence. But the sovereign charm lay in his marvellous atmospheric effect—that weird, grey, diffused, all-pervading, sunless light, that opal globe of inseparable sea and sky, in which the ships seemed suspended—and this pale shimmer he never let us forget for a moment. But at last came the thought, Why had none of the many Arctic voyagers that I had read noticed or described these wonders? And the other day I saw that Pierre Loti had never been farther north than Brussels in his life! So I mistrust his word-pictures, but admire him all the more. Impressionism impresses less when it is professional. No doubt Loti conjured up some warm impressions by rowing about Philæ by moonlight, by viewing the Pyramids under the stars, or, after evading the guardians, groping his way alone among the murky ruins of Thebes; but it is all so mechanical and well-planned. Take the worst instance, the chapter called "The Hall of the Mummies." Not content with inspecting the famous Cairo Museum by daylight, Loti explores it by the fitful glimmer of a midnight lamp, in order to gain "gruesome" impressions. So, of course, we have the big spick-and-span rooms impressionised into Halls of Eblis—hollow tread, vast glooms, gibbering ghosts, etc., etc.—all the old business which Dickens taught us so well. When he gets to the sanctum where lie the great kings and queens, his curiosity is so morbid, his prying so brutal, his dissection so remorseless—while all the time he is denouncing the irreverent tourists—that one seems to hear the monarchs whisper, "Begone, insolent mime! you are worse than the Murrikan maidens."

As for the moralising, it is not more original than Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs." How could it be? You can but torture the old "storied urn" into new words. Loti engages us more in his political and social observations on the Egypt of to-day; but here his prejudices, real and affected, often repel. No doubt the Land of the Pharaohs is being vulgarised by the invasion of Cook, but it is not the odious rich tourists that Loti hates most, but the inelegant cheap Cookites. Among these are surely many genuine enthusiasts quite as sincere as himself. Why may not they too come to gape at the Sphinx? But above all he is anti-anglomaniac. Now I yield to no Frenchman in detestation of the modern English, but Loti is simply jealous and unfair. We have dammed the Nile just to filch from the desert for our cotton-growing, and to further multiply the servile race of fellahs. We have defaced the land with our horrible railways, telegraph posts, and hotels, and so on—*les Anglais ont toujours tort*. And why? simply because they are not the French. This truth is always leaking out. If "the Passing of Philæ" had only fallen to the luck of France to effect, Loti would certainly have gloried in the wicked dam, and pronounced the ruins all the more impressionistic, reflected in the beneficent flood. If only France still ruled Egypt, all the odious boulevards and hotels would have been *charmants, coquets, tout à fait à l'instar de Paris!* But the Englishwoman—the British matron is Loti's pet *bête noire*. She is ugly, "no longer young"; her figure is unwieldy, her costume a bundle of hideous rags; she is never dressed for the desert as for the Bois. And more infamous still, "despite her high respectability at home," she flocks to the Nile to gratify in secret her vicious propensities with the Bedouin donkey-men. The whole passage (p. 102) is too coarse for quotation. How ridiculous it all is! In my experience the French or German travelling frump ever bears the palm. Mrs. Bull's clean soap-and-water face and sensible dust-coat make a far better foreground figure to the desert than the third-rate fashionable Parisian slut, with her idiotic and ugly costume; her unwashed

* "Egypt." By Pierre Loti. 15s. (T. Werner Laurie.)—"Lake Victoria to Khartoum with Rifle and Camera." By Captain F. A. Dickinson. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. Winston Churchill. 12s. 6d. (John Lane.)

face steeped with tallow, bought dearly under some fine name; and the frightful stock to hide her probably dirtier neck. *Voilà, monsieur!* But something tells me that Loti journeyed through Egypt not at his best, not quite himself, but sick in body or at heart; so let us forget his peevishness, and remember him only by his singular and most beautiful talent.

2. Ord. *Viator scriblerus*, gen. *Venator*, sp. *loquax*, var. *slangy*. A curious specimen this, presenting many diverse characteristics. Captain Dickinson is a mighty hunter and enthusiastic naturalist in his special department, who has already given to the world some of his experiences in Equatorial Africa. By the masterpiece of jumbled chapters and confused arrangement before me, some delusive hopes were raised. The "Introduction" by Mr. W. S. Churchill which glorifies the title-page shrinks on inspection to twenty-five lines of testimonial to the author's merits as sportsman, guide, and travelling companion, and thirty-nine of general reflections on the amenities of Africa. As Johnson says, "If this is not criticism, it is at least gratitude." Further, I was more curious about the Africans themselves than about their wild beasts. But men seem to be about the only African animals which do not interest the author. He always refers to them as the "savages." His attitude is that of most officials and sportsmen, kind and just, but indifferent. They are not game. He neither shoots nor studies them.

Nor do his accounts of the country satisfy us. His information is very general, and we have seen it elsewhere in greater detail. His introducer praises his "jaunty chronicle"; jumpy it certainly is, separate expeditions and subjects being so mixed up that I could not follow his marches. Perhaps if one put out the gas, turned the map upside down, and then stood on one's head, one might get a clearer notion; I did not think of that till too late. But the author's style is his note. Such copious slang is rarely seen in type. It seems such a pity. He can and does write with perfect ease, lucidity, and correctness whenever he chooses, and even at times, in deference to convention, attempts a little florid word-painting. His slang is that which now rages among young soldiers, sportsmen and the like. Many expressions are actually a pleonastic waste of breath, a long vulgar sentence being used instead of a short correct one; so nothing is gained. Of course in conversation mankind has always used expletives and always will. We need a few forcible but indefinite adjectives of universal application, pejorative or meliorative, for use in emergencies when we have no time to think of the right one. Each class, even the ladies, has its own. For sportsmen nothing can better the old strenuous words. But these new locutions serve no purpose except to show that our vulgarity is of the latest fashion. Originating mostly from stupid music-hall songs and gags, they are superfluous, burdensome, fatuous, coarse, and inexpressive. The line surely should be drawn at printing. Let friends talk as they like, but the reader is a stranger and should be addressed with courtesy. It only takes a little extra trouble, and to grudge that is an affront.

Captain Dickinson might well compile a new work, collecting in separate sections his complete zoological observations, and his science and practice as a hunter. The former are clearly of great value. As to the latter, he has no marvels like Colonel Patterson's to tell, yet for all that is a Nimrod indeed. But then I know as little about Nimrods as about okapis. Only fools despise what they cannot understand. So I admire Captain Dickinson's skill and prowess. But what would he on his part think of one who will go down to the grave without ever discharging, or examining, or touching a firearm? A whiff of rancid sweet oil to this day recalls my brothers' guns, from which, as a lad, I always shrank with disgust. Antique weapons I have handled, and once—but that was an exploit! passing through a militia camp I paused to watch some noisy boys who in turn observed the sun through a long shining optical tube. Suddenly, to my dismay, one turned and thrust it into my hands, saying: "What yer think o' that, sir? Just try it!" But how? What did it all mean? Twelve bold recruited eyes were upon me—the honour of the *pékin* was in my keeping—in desperation I was inspired to do and say just the right thing. Raising the telescope to my eye I frowned thrice, saw nothing, then handed it back with a flourish and an emphatic "*That's* all right," which was well received. After fencing successfully with a babel of questions about "sights" and "bores," I retired with a reputation for gun-lore which even the captain himself might envy. But an impostor is not so bad as a traitor, and I confess that I love to read how the rhino broke away, and the pretty antelopes led perspiring Nimrod a dance, and the lion put him to flight. Then the elephant and his assassin! Is it quite in good taste to invade another gentleman's family domain, and murder him in order to steal the teeth out of his head? When will some philotherist arise to teach the elephants strategy and the use of the dentist's forceps? Then they might contrive to ambush the Nimrods, and wrench from them splendid trophies of Bond Street ivory and gold plates.

Captain Dickinson's photographs are most interesting, and their profusion is more instructive than a few "choice bits." He gives some fine examples of those strangely English woodland, park, and river scenes which occur in Central Africa and nowhere else in the Tropics.

Y. Y.

THE TEACHING OF HISTORY.*

Here we have a refreshing lack of pedantry. The subject is treated in a business-like way. The most exacting craftsman cannot but be satisfied with the thoroughness of the professional parts, and the general reader will find much that is stimulating and instructive. We are all interested in history, and the mode in which the subject is to be presented in schools cannot be regarded with indifference by any one who has at heart the welfare of society in general and of his own country in particular. Mr. Keatinge is too good a teacher and too practical a man to overburden his book with technicalities. In fact, he has himself a grievance against the specialist. He complains that at the present moment the curriculum in history of many of the external examinations is drawn up by men who are admirable historians, but who have no knowledge of boys. He rightly maintains that, whatever happens, the subject must be so presented as to fit the boy's capacity. There is a place for what is now known as scientific history, but that place is certainly not the lower forms of our schools.

Mr. Keatinge is not at all afraid of the scientific aspect of history; in fact, his whole treatment is an exemplification of the best method of preparing pupils to understand scientific history. He is angry with those who maintain that history is something to be merely presented or narrated to pupils, with an added indignation against those teachers who say that it is the teacher who must analyse the facts and draw the conclusions. What he is specially afraid of is that history should become too easy a school subject, and, therefore, not bring out the pupils' best efforts. Accordingly he sets about inventing exercises in the use of contemporary documents. Likening the history classroom to a laboratory, he claims that educational authorities should spend a few pounds in providing suitable books and maps, and reproductions of old charters and similar

* "Studies in the Teaching of History." By M. W. Keatinge. 4s. 6d. net. (A. & C. Black.)

documents. With such apparatus, history may be taught in a more or less scientific way; its form can be as accurately defined and as logically discussed as that of any of the scientific or linguistic subjects. Not only does the subject thus treated offer an excellent training for the understanding, but it affords an abundant supply of moral and mental content. Many people are worried about the nature of the material supplied to young people in the history lesson. Since human nature is what it is, the teacher has either to make a dishonest presentation or to present truths that will inevitably lower the pupils' ideals. Mr. Keatinge suggests the comforting compromise that the pupils are still at the epic stage, at which broad views are taken. Men are either good or bad, countries are either rich or poor, laws are either just or unjust. The finer shades are left to come at a later stage, by which time the pupils will have reached at least the lower levels of that tolerance that comes with years and experience. Though he does not say it in so many words, Mr. Keatinge would in all probability include in his epic treatment of history a correspondingly broad exposition of that rough justice that after all does seem to characterise the dealings of men with one another.

From the point of view of the professional teacher, it is impossible to speak too highly of Mr. Keatinge's work. His use of original documents as aids in methodical study and as atmosphere is excellent, and cannot but be of the greatest value to teachers. He is not unaware of the difficulties that meet those who seek to apply his suggestions, and he treats those difficulties with unusual insight and courage. In dealing with the organisation of history teaching, he faces the inevitable protest of the teacher that the time-table is an insuperable barrier. The external examiner is faithfully dealt with, and relegated to his proper place. Whether one agrees or not with Mr. Keatinge on this point, one cannot but admire his complete mastery of the conditions of the case and his fearless method of dealing with them. The problems and devices of class-room practice and the ideal teacher of history are subjects that, though admirably treated, do not greatly interest the general reader. The chapter on History and Poetry, however, will be found full of charm for even the least pedagogically minded. The relation between didactics and poetics leaves room for many an interesting dispute. One can picture a common-room distracted for weeks over such a statement as "Inaccuracy of fact, if not carried too far, is in itself no reason for discarding a poetic extract." Occasionally severe (witness the company in which he puts "Herbartian educationists of a certain type"), sometimes paradoxical, and always clear, not to say sparkling, Mr. Keatinge has given us a book that should rejoice the heart of every one but a pedant.

JOHN ADAMS.

THE JOURNALIST UNMASKED.*

"A Hind Let Loose" is in many ways the most scathing satire on modern journalism and journalistic methods that has yet been published. Its characters are in themselves true to life, and drawn with masterly subtlety; its irony has teeth in it and bites hard; its humour is spontaneous and pervasive, and the whole book is so well written that every page of it is good to read, but its weakness is that its fable is too fabulous. Mr. Montague knows the newspaper world so intimately that one hesitates to cast the smallest doubt on the reality of his story, and yet it is hard to believe that Fay, the brilliant young Irishman, could under two different names have written Conservative leaders for one paper and Liberal leaders for another, day after day for a lengthy period without being discovered; that when he was at length discovered and his indignant proprietors discharged him, they found they could not do without him—that the inferior leaders they wrote themselves were so unfavourably commented on, were doing their papers so much harm, that by-and-by each went privately to Fay and induced him to come back and resume the work he could do so easily and so well. This is hard to believe, partly because the specimens of Fay's leaders that are given are not so remarkable but that many another man could have been found to do them, and partly because the two proprietors, being the self-important, pretentious men they are represented to be, would not have gone back to the man who had so befooled them until they had, at least, tried to replace him from among those many other journalists in existence who are quite capable of doing that work of Fay's. And when after Fay has returned to his two employers and is again writing his two leaders nightly—one for the Conservative, one for the Liberal organ—Roads, the great yellow journal proprietor, unaware that the other two have re-engaged him, employs Fay to write leaders for his paper that rivals both—well, you draw a breath and can only admire and rejoice in this super-journalist who can write three leaders nightly, in addition to occasional miscellaneous articles, and so arrange things and dodge from place to place that one employer is unaware that the others are also employing him.

This exaggeration is the one weakness of the book. It gives a touch of burlesque to a story that is otherwise amazingly and revealingly realistic. Fay himself is a great creation; there are dozens of him in Fleet Street at this hour; and his charming, conscientious, anxious little wife is as real as himself and the most sympathetic and most delightful character in the book, though Pinn and Brumby, the two newspaper proprietors, are no less delightful in a vastly different way; Mr. Montague has limned them vividly and with an unsparing hand; before you are at the end you know them, in all their strength and their meanness, more completely than if you had been actually acquainted with them in the flesh.

After all, you will feel that the fable can take care of itself—it serves its useful purpose; it gives Mr. Montague scope for the development of his characters, for exposing certain tricks of a certain class of journalist's trade and for saying about them things that needed to be said and that nobody could say more pungently or with a livelier sense of the humours and little ironies of life in general and the life of the successful journalist in particular. We have read the book with almost unqualified pleasure, and, apart from that flaw in the building of the plot, have nothing but praise for it.

A.

* "A Hind Let Loose." By C. E. Montague. 6s. (Methuen.)

FOOTE THE IRRESISTIBLE.*

It was Samuel Johnson who dubbed Samuel Foote irresistible; what reader of Boswell will not the passage remember? "The first time I was in company with Foote was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him. But the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back upon my chair, and fairly laugh it out. No, sir, he was irresistible."

This was hearty recognition of Foote's comicality. The most serious of people (serious, that is, on the sane side of fanaticism) must sooner or later respond to the ebullient drollery of a gifted buffoon. It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that of the two Samuels

* "Samuel Foote: a Biography." By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A. 12s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

here brought together to the undoing of the gravity of one by the levity of the other. Thanks to James Boswell, Johnson dominates immortally the literary history of the mid-eighteenth century. Had Samuel Foote had an attendant satellite to boswellise him we might have had an entertaining book the more, but it is difficult to believe that we should have had any truer a portrait of "the English Aristophanes" than can be built up from the many references to him in the memoir literature presenting the period in which he flourished. It is certainly a remarkable thing that a century and a third should have elapsed before there should be an attempt to make anything like a full biography of Foote. Yet such is the case. It has remained for Mr. Percy Fitzgerald to recognise the gap in our eighteenth-century "Lives" and to fill it with a "diligently" prepared biography from which twentieth-century readers shall be able to catch something of the impression of the actor, dramatist, mimic, and wit who is known to most of those familiar with his name as the hero of one or two good stories, the sayer of one or two happy witticisms. Reading his full story it may be recognised that in the traditional Foote we have, as it were, his life and character in a highly concentrated form. In his biography the lively, daring satirist is seen to be the Foote of the *ana* writ large.

On his title-page Mr. Fitzgerald happily quotes Dr. Johnson's "he was a fine fellow in his way; and the world is really impoverished by his sinking glories. . . . I would have his life written with diligence." It is certainly remarkable that a man of whom Johnson could say that should have had to wait so long to have his life written, and it is gratifying to find that the task has fallen into the hands of one who as biographer of Garrick had already steeped himself in the literary and theatrical history of the period. Mr. Fitzgerald turned to the task, it may be imagined, rather with the desire of filling up a gap than with any idea of making of his subject a hero, for there is certainly nothing heroic in the career of Samuel Foote—unless we may regard as such the way in which he, having lost his leg, turned that loss to professional uses on the stage. His biographer says of him that "he was so disorderly and inconstant, so reckless in his habits, so devoted to pleasures and revelling, that he can hardly be considered to have been directed by ordinary common sense or restraint." Indeed Mr. Fitzgerald is at times unduly severe on Foote, saying, for example, that "it was idle to look for good taste or self-respect from this irrepressible jester," but on the whole he gives us a fair picture of the strange man who won his way by a ready humour, a "gift of the gab," and an indomitable persistence in refusing to be put down. The story of his theatrical fight, his giving "tea" or "chocolate" with a dramatic performance thrown in when the magistrates refused to allow him to continue his miming entertainment as a "theatre," is well known, and here we have that story well retold. "In this fashion Foote began his system of levelling the barriers between the stage and the public, and so finally introduced what might be likened to the coarse happy-go-lucky methods of the seaside performances on Margate sands." It was rather an introduction of the "one-man show" or "entertainment" which was to be made newly popular in the nineteenth century by Charles Mathews. By inviting his friends "to come and drink a dish of chocolate at noon" Foote anticipated, as Mr. Fitzgerald points out, the morning performances that are no unimportant portion of theatrical enterprise to-day.

Though there were amusing incidents in the contest with authority, in the rivalries with the other theatres, in the antagonisms which Foote's methods inevitably started, it is not as a record of such that his biography is interesting, but rather as an anecdotal presentation of the story of a man who could succeed in being entertaining in all companies—who, if Mr. Fitzgerald has read his character aright, could succeed in being esteemed in none. He was an irrepressible droll, a mimic, a practical joker, and a wit—in many respects he was a man of character and talents such as those of Theodore Hook, and we almost inevitably think of the author of "Sayings and Doings" while reading this record of the doings and sayings of Foote. Mr. Fitzgerald, as has been said, does not err on the side of general laudation of his "hero," but when he does indulge in praise he scarcely shows sufficient discrimination as when he finds Foote "supreme" in the department of conversational wit.

Foote wrote a number of plays, some of them of considerable excellence, and indeed of great importance if we are to accept his biographer's view that Goldsmith and Sheridan were dramatic borrowers in his debt. Readers who do not care to turn to these old plays themselves will be grateful to Mr. Fitzgerald for his summaries of the principal ones. All interested in eighteenth-century life and letters may well feel that they owe a debt to the author of this volume for giving us this long-delayed "full-length" of an interesting, amusing, but unadmirable character. It is a pity that Mr. Fitzgerald should find it impossible to write of the old without sneering at the new—as when he dismisses modern dramatists with wholesale condemnation, forgetting that the drama of to-day does not differ more widely from the drama of the period of which he writes than did the drama of that day from the drama of the Elizabethan period. Friends of the late Mr. Joseph Knight may think that Mr. Fitzgerald need scarcely have introduced two pages on that genial critic and kindly man into a Life of Foote, and will surely resent the appended footnote in criticism of the critic. The author of this volume has, indeed, an unhappy knack of introducing egotistical footnotes the relevance of which is often of the slightest. Still, he has given us the first full biography of Samuel Foote, and though the book is by no means without faults we cannot but feel grateful to him for having performed a task that had been over long delayed.

Walter Jerrold.

GAMBETTA'S LIFE AND LETTERS.*

The France of the Third Republic has not been overlucky in the discovery of statesmen, but surely its greatest ill-fortune was the loss of Léon Gambetta, the one political genius his country has produced in modern times. That he was never long in office, that his "grand" ministry was of singularly short duration, does not affect this judgment, for he was only forty-four years old when he died. Moreover, he had every prospect of a speedy return to power, and he was plainly, as was shown by his attitude in the Egyptian question, an advocate of the policy of the future, the policy of an Anglo-French entente. There stands, however, one solid achievement to his credit which is of itself enough to demonstrate his capacity to rule and his organising genius, not to speak of his patriotism. I refer to what he accomplished as Dictator of National Defence in the dark days of defeat when France was plunged in humiliation and misery and everybody save Gambetta seemed given over to despair. Whilst Paris was distracted by contradictory counsels and even civil strife he worked heroically for the general good, creating armies as it were out of nothing, raising the great loan which liberated his country from the grip of the invader, and sparing neither brains nor body in a round of innumerable duties. For four months he scarcely gave himself time to eat or sleep, and this period of indefatigable exertion left him prematurely aged. It is not about Gambetta as patriot or politician, save incidentally, that a reader will learn much from the "Life and Letters" of the famous Frenchman, compiled by Mr. P. B. Gheusi, any more than about Gambetta the lover of Mme. Juliette Adam or Mme. Léonie Léon. There is but a single reference to the latter lady in

* "Gambetta, Life and Letters." By P. B. Gheusi. Authorised Translation by Violette M. Montagu. 12s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

the correspondence, and any one ignorant of recent French history who approached this volume in the expectation of gaining some knowledge of its hero's parliamentary career would find himself strangely at a loss to trace the public events of the 'seventies and early 'eighties. Mr. Gheusi has had the excellent idea of letting Gambetta tell in his letters—letters which are unstudied in composition but delightfully sincere and emotional in style—the story of his own life, and the idea only breaks down when we reach the days of the writer's forensic triumphs and political struggles. There we stand constantly in need of clues to make clear obscure allusions, but M. Gheusi, while giving some hints as to the nature of the *causes célèbres* with which the great orator was associated, fails to supply the running commentary that would have unravelled the tangle of the party politics of Gambetta's day. Just a few lines of explanation connecting the letters would not have enormously increased the size of his book, and they would have been of the greatest service to the non-expert reader. But on one aspect of Gambetta's life the letters throw a very interesting light, and that is on his relations to his family and especially his parents. No politician has suffered more from calumny than he; no one, on the side of filial devotion, emerges more successfully than he from the ordeal of self-revelation.

Most of Gambetta's faults, no less than his virtues, arose from his southern origins. His family was Italian by race and remained Meridional after emigration. Not a little, too, of the statesman's sturdiness of character must have been inherited from his father, a careful tradesman who had the French provincial's habit of parsimony. But if Gambetta owed his father much, he also suffered considerably at his hands in the early stages of his career. The old man would have liked him to serve behind the counter at Cahors and put various obstacles in the way of his studying law in Paris, only giving way to the pressure of the women of the household. All through the boy's struggles to obtain a footing in the capital, he kept him short of money. Many a day at first the young Gambetta went without a fire and nearly starved for lack of food. Many a day he yearned for the supper-hour at home and the crackling stove and the sound of a fowl roasting on the spit. But he kept on stinting himself cheerfully and in the letters of his student days shows himself enormously grateful for a present of a few sous. "I shudder to think what I should have been without you," he tells his father, and that reflects the general tone of all his correspondence with the elder Gambetta. It is a tone of respect, of submission to reproof, of fervent and adoring affection. If the old man in moods of resentment refrains from forwarding his usual letter, the son is in an agony of distress, and implores the breaking of "this painful silence." At twenty-one he says he has not signed a newspaper article because he had not got the paternal consent. And when a cruel creditor informs Gambetta père of his son's having got into debt, oh what protestations of penitence and reform he offers to soften the old man's heart, how joyously the prodigal welcomes signs of forgiveness! Even at the height of his fame at the Bar he meekly asks indulgence for not having informed the home circle that he has been undergoing an operation, and only in middle age does he dare half-jestingly to take his father at all to task. He writes less often to his mother, but towards her, too, he figures as the model son, for her indeed he seems to have had a more passionate love. While she lay dying in Paris, he, an important minister, went twice a day to her bedside and found it hard to tear himself away to perform his duties in Parliament. When one day, after delivering a brilliant speech, he arrived too late to find her living, he broke down and sobbed like a child, and the story goes that as her coffin was being lowered into the grave he whispered "Au revoir, maman. A bientôt." Within six months this most loyal of sons had fulfilled his own prediction and lay by her side.

Gambetta was the victim of legends and lying rumours, some of which have persisted even to the present day. It is a pleasure therefore to see that Mr. Gheusi is able to dispose satisfactorily of two stories often repeated against his hero. Thus he disproves easily the tale that Gambetta when at school deliberately ruined the sight of one of his eyes to punish his father for not having removed him from an establishment conducted by priests. The more widely spread legend that the statesman was shot dead by Mme. Léon in a fit of jealousy the biographer similarly shows to have been a fiction. In point of fact, Gambetta died of a disease approximating to appendicitis, and it was he himself in a moment of carelessness who inflicted the by no means fatal pistol wound. So far was Mme. Léon from having any quarrel with her lover that he had just got her consent to legalising their union. Scandal in fact has done its worst for Gambetta and time has brought about his vindication. Whatever he confesses about himself in these letters of his—and the letters are the treasures as they are the justification of Mr. Gheusi's book—only enhances his reputation and does credit to the goodness of his heart and the generosity of his ideals.

F. G. BETTANY.

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS'S NEW NOVEL.*

Between the granite boulders on the side of the tor moves a gnarled and stooping figure, in its rain-beaten, sun-tanned clothes hardly to be distinguished from the greyness all around. On the edge of the moor below, the March dust flies in little skirls across the ribbed furrows traced by the creaking ploughshare under the hand of the sinewy lad in earth-stained corduroy, the buttons on whose small-clothes are the only points that catch the light, save the bright edge of the share itself.

Both moorman and ploughboy "belong" to the scene in which they are set. Neither in looks, nor clothes, nor manners do they jar on the background of heather and ploughland against which they move. They are of the earth, earthy, slow-moving, not easily angered, but once moved, subject to storms that rend, living lives the slow continuity of which would drive a "band-box townsman" mad. It is precisely this quality of kinship with the earth that gives Mr. Eden Phillpotts's characters their unique effect. His men "belong" to their surroundings, as much as do the weather-marked clothes they wear on their backs. Whatever may have been Mr. Phillpotts's own ancestry, he knows these men from intense natural kinship. He shows, in his story-telling, too, the defects of their qualities: they repeat the same old worn saw from year's end to year's end; they are, as personalities, rarely clear-cut, drawn in high relief, but almost always roughly chiselled like the contour of their bronzed and hairy faces. Yet they are true peasants and their creator never presents the attitude towards them that Mr. Trevena, for instance, shows—that of "the chiel amang them taking notes," the satirist, the observer. Mr. Phillpotts does not observe, because he knows: these men are blood of his blood. And in none of his books, save in his masterpiece, "The Mother," does he show this power of sympathy more plainly than in his new novel, "The Thief of Virtue," which forms, indeed, in many respects a pendant picture with the "The Mother." For it will be found that all novelists reach the high-water mark of their work when they are delineating the one special human relationship which is their emotional métier, as it were. Thus no one ever painted the tie of friend with friend more truly than R. L. Stevenson, or of lover with mistress than George Meredith. And in Mr. Phillpotts's case his finest work is always done when he is describing parenthood. Nor is the reason far to seek, for parenthood is the strongest, most poignant, most real of

* "The Thief of Virtue." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Murray.)

all the passions among these natural men and women of whom he writes. Thus, where "The Mother" was a tragedy of patient maternity, "The Thief of Virtue" is a tragedy of false fatherhood.

Philip Ouldsbroom, a well-to-do farmer, by his persistent and selfish wooing, induces Unity Crymes to marry him, though she is betrothed to Birdwood, the shepherd, and loves the poor man far better than the rich. Unconsciously, however, the whole desire of Ouldsbroom is not towards Unity as a woman, but towards Unity as the mother of children, and as the months pass and no child is born, he knows the bitterness of frustrated hope, even as Birdwood had done. At length, however, Unity bears a son, and apparently Ouldsbroom has escaped the Nemesis of his selfishness. Yet all the while his house is built on the sand, for the child is not his, and in the long unfolding of character this cuckoo in the nest is destined to drive his nominal father to madness and death. It is in the gradual conflict of the two characters that the strength of the book lies and in Ouldsbroom's slow discovery of the contrast between the boy's cold, calculating, priggish correctness of behaviour and his own impulsive, generous, and reckless disposition. The story moves slowly, after the usual fashion of a Phillpotts novel, covering many years and seeing the birth of two generations. We watch the declension of Ouldsbroom into drink and degradation under the whip of disappointed hopes, and the hardening of Unity, until she actually hastens the death of her aforetime lover, in order to hide her lapse to the very end. Unity is perhaps the saddest picture in this tragedy of unequally matched temperaments, for, built after the make of a Phillpotts heroine, to be a mother of men, broad-chested, quiet-eyed, she is nothing but a mere simulacrum of a woman without a heart to her anywhere. The drama, with its usual chorus of bar-loungers and parish gossips, reaches a pitiful intensity of tragedy in the last scenes. It is a fine story, built round a curious human problem, cunningly planned as to its development and as divertingly varied in its subordinate characters as anything Mr. Phillpotts ever wrote. Gregory Twigg, the Little Baptist, who oozed piety as naturally as a cut joint exudes gravy, is a very fine figure of a man indeed. Thomas Hardy would have appreciated the flavour of him, as will Mr. Phillpotts's many thousands of readers.

M. P. WILLCOCKS.

THE RESTORED BOURBON.*

Louis XVIII. knew the extremes of fortune, but the grandeur of fate produced in him no grandeur of character. One reads the exciting chronicle of his life, but at no moment can one say that he showed genius or great virtue or great vice. At one period only, when he was dallying with the idea of the Revolution and even publishing ironic pamphlets from his private press, did his actions show any vestige of daring or originality. For a moment he was the favourite of the crowd, and at the Assembly of the Notables he posed as the friend of change and reform. Even in this, however, he was easily outbid by the Duke of Orleans, and his treaty with Mirabeau produced no effects largely because the king's brother would negotiate in private but would not act in the open. Mirabeau certainly preferred Monsieur to Orleans, of whom he said, "I would not have him for a valet!" but he sneered also at the future king: "The Queen treats Monsieur like a little chicken which one likes to caress through the bars of a coop, but one is very anxious not to let out, and he allows himself to be treated in this way." After the Favras affair and the extraordinary visit of exculpation to the Hotel-de-Ville—an action in itself more flamboyant than dignified—the prince was more than ever afraid of openly taking a side. "Monsieur has surpassed himself in cowardice," said Mirabeau. He was suspected, not wholly without reason, of disloyalty to his brother and of an underhand hostility against Marie Antoinette. When he had fled from France and had established, with his younger brother the future Charles X., a court of *émigrés* at Coblenz, he exerted no authority and was without initiative, failing to train his army and quickly becoming a person of no account in the diplomacy of Europe, The ardent Royalists, who really believed in the old system. distrusted him because of his meddling with revolution, while the men who were fiercely destroying the old order paid no attention to him at all. By this time he had a clever woman at his side, the Comtesse de Balbi, but with all her qualities of intrigue she could not make anything of Monsieur.

After the death of the unhappy Louis XVII., Monsieur at once proclaimed himself king of France, and was acknowledged by Russia and Spain immediately, but was regarded as an inconvenient guest by most of the great nations. He was allowed to settle at Mittau by the Russian Emperor, but was expelled with every circumstance of harshness and brutality, and enjoyed little happiness as an exile till he reached England, where the Government allowed him a pension. At Hartwell, in Bucks, he followed the advice of Candide, and cultivated his garden. His occasional relations with Buonaparte are interesting. When the great General was rising to power Louis wrote to him, "You must play the part of Cæsar or of Monk." Buonaparte replied: "It is of no use for you to hope any longer for a return to France. You would have to walk over a hundred thousand corpses. . . . I shall contribute with pleasure to the happiness and tranquillity of your retreat." Later Napoleon attempted to persuade Louis XVIII. to abandon his claim to the throne, but the descendant of St. Louis replied with real dignity and effect to this overture.

Miss Sandars writes, "Nothing can be more incorrect than the statement that the Bourbons were restored to the throne by foreign arms," and adds that the restoration was "in reality settled by the few Imperial functionaries who formed the Provisional Government, with the wily and unscrupulous Talleyrand at their head." The Provisional Government—of which, by the bye, Miss Sandars does not mention that Montesquieu, the friend of Louis, was a member—was of course itself the result of foreign arms. The restored king, whose character, it has been well said, was governed by a kind of fatalism, half religious, half epicurean, often showed a pretty wit, as in his words to Talleyrand: "Many things have happened since we last saw each other. You realise that we have been the cleverest. If it had been you, you would say to me, Let us sit down and talk; as it is I say, Sit down and let us talk." Miss Sandars is more at home with the personal aspects of history than with the more serious elements of historical writing. Her account of the Constitution of 1814 omits all mention of two most important provisions—the maintenance of the revolutionary land-settlement, and the reserving to the Chamber of Deputies of the sole right to initiate money bills. Her brief description of the Treaty of 1814 is so inadequate as to be misleading, and to say that during the first days of the Restoration "the reputation and influence of France in the Councils of Europe were as great as they had been in the most palmy days" is to exaggerate the success of Talleyrand's wiles at Vienna. On the other hand, Miss Sandars deals very well with the damaging activities of the Comte d'Artois and the mischievous social effects of the *maison du roi*. After the Hundred Days and his second Restoration, Louis XVIII. really determined to govern as a constitutional king—even when the newly elected Chamber of 1815 (the *Chamber introuvable*) had shown its strong Royalist bent, he declined to supersede the constitution. "I had a very good leg; it has been broken and they have set it for me somehow. But at least I can walk, and I prefer limping to submitting to

* "Louis XVIII." By Mary F. Sandars. With 17 Illustrations. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

Drawn by Harry Furniss. **Mr. Micawber achieves the downfall of Heep.**

"'Heep, and only Heep, is the Forger and the Cheat!' At these words Uriah made a dart at the letter, but Mr. Micawber caught his advancing knuckles with the ruler, and disabled his right hand, which dropped at the wrist, as if it were broken."—*David Copperfield.*

From "The Charles Dickens Library" edition of Dickens, illustrated throughout by Harry Furniss. (The Educational Book Co., Ltd.)

an operation." Miss Sandars may be congratulated on a very readable book and on having made judicious use of Daudet's histories and the principal memoirs of the period.

WALFORD D. GREEN.

THE NEW DICKENS.*

Every now and then some critic of the superior order rises up and tells us that Dickens's day is done—that much of his humour is vulgar, his characters caricatures, and most of his pathos maudlin sentimentality; and when we have read all this and a good deal more to the same effect we still go on reading Dickens. Criticism is wasted on the Pyramids; individually you may like or dislike them, but they are there, and there to stay. It is easy to say that the spread of education has produced a race of inferior readers, but it has really done nothing of the sort; it has added to the inferior readers of the upper classes a supply of inferior readers from the lower classes, but it has also enormously increased the public that wants good literature. The popularity of rubbishy novels tells one tale (a tale that always has been told by works of that kind), but the success of such a series as Everyman's Library tells quite another story that any thoughtful person can read for himself.

And amongst all the numerous reprints of the classics Dickens more than holds his own. Probably he is more frequently re-issued and in a greater variety of forms than any English author except Shakespeare. The public has made up its mind about him; and no matter how often he is reprinted, it is always waiting to buy him. In many ways, the most interesting edition we have seen of recent years is this that the Educational Book Company is publishing under the editorship of Mr. J. A. Hammerton. The volumes are handsomely produced; each contains a biographical and bibliographical preface by the editor telling "the story of the book"—how it came to be written, the reception it met with, what Dickens himself thought of it, and what has been said of it by those who admired and by those who did not; and sixteen of them are illustrated throughout with 500 full-page illustrations specially drawn by Mr. Harry Furniss for this edition. These illustrations are certainly among the very best work that Mr. Furniss has ever done. He has caught the essential spirit of Dickens in them, reproduced in line the characteristic humour and grace and tenderness of the tales themselves. Less extravagantly grotesque than Phiz's, but not so strong as some of the best of Barnard's, Mr. Harry Furniss's drawings are in the main nearer to reality than are those of either of his two great predecessors, and especially in certain of his character-studies we are inclined to think that he surpasses both. We do not like his Dick Swiveller, but turn to the wonderful sketch of Quilp, for example, or to the presentment of Mrs. Jarley taking tea on her caravan, or to the portrait of Gradgrind, and here indubitably are the very Quilp, Gradgrind, and Mrs. Jarley that Dickens has drawn in words. One could say the same of a score or more of the other pictures—it is sufficient to say that they are always adequate, and that not a few of them will rank among the truest interpretations of Dickens that any of his illustrators have achieved.

The seventeenth and eighteenth volumes are other distinctive features of this new edition. One, the "Dickens Picture Book," forms a historical record of the early illustration of his work; all the illustrations of Phiz, Leech, Cruikshank, Walker, Barnard and others are reproduced from the old etchings and woodcuts; there are admirable reproductions from paintings of well-known artists who have chosen Dickens subjects for Academy pictures; and the editor supplies biographical and critical accounts of all the famous Dickens illustrators. The eighteenth volume is "The Dickens Companion"—a useful and interesting collection of miscellaneous information concerning the life and literary career of Dickens, illustrated with numerous portraits, and in the last hundred and sixty pages containing synopses of all the novels and complete dictionaries of all the characters.

Mr. Hammerton has completed a great undertaking skilfully and carefully; his own prefaces are models of fullness and conciseness, and in his editorial capacity he has been at the pains of producing what is not only a new edition of Dickens, but in many respects a novel one, and in all ways a satisfactory one.

* "The Charles Dickens Library." 18 Vols. With 1,200 Illustrations, including 500 special plates by Harry Furniss. Edited by J. A. Hammerton. (Educational Book Co., Ltd.)

Caleb Plummer, the Toy Maker.

"The care imprinted in the lines of Caleb's face, and his absorbed and dreamy manner, which would have sat well on some alchemist or abstruse student, were at first sight an odd contrast to his occupation, and the trivialities about him."
The Cricket on the Hearth.

Mrs. Gamp.

Newman Noggs.

Mr. Pecksniff leaving the Dragon.

"Pecksniff walked away in a sort of ecstasy or rapture, with his hat under his arm."
Martin Chuzzlewit.

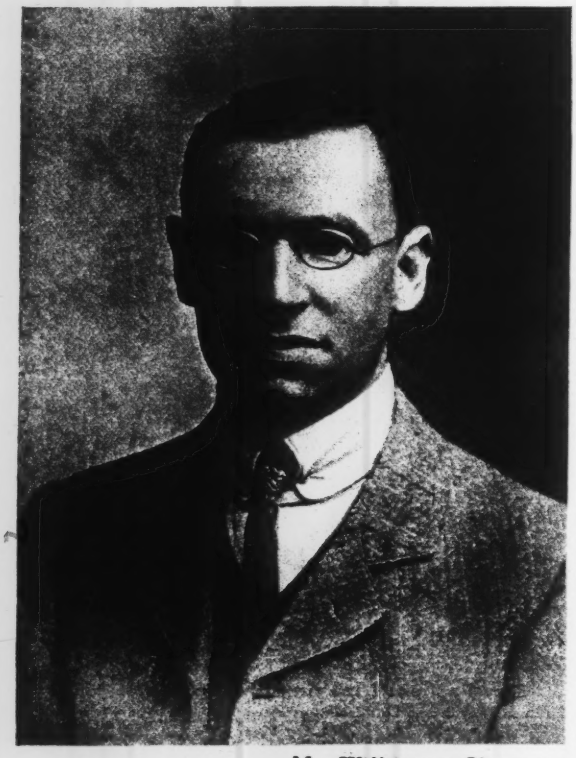
CHARACTERS FROM DICKENS, DRAWN BY HARRY FURNISS.

From the new edition of Dickens—"The Charles Dickens Library," illustrated throughout by Harry Furniss, and published by the Educational Book Co., Ltd.

Novel Notes.

TUMULT: A Wessex Romance. By Wilkinson Sherren. 6s. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

It is a relief to take up a novel by Mr. Wilkinson Sherren. This writer belongs to that increasingly small band of authors who practise the art of fiction in a serious spirit, who are dominated by a conviction that the stories they relate must bear some intimate relationship to human experience, and who are able to look away from the possibilities of success of the particular work that they have in hand to that final end for which they first of all entered the magic land of romance—complete self-expression. "Tumult" is, in many respects, a fine novel, vivid, picturesque, passionate. It presents a canvas crowded with strongly limned definite figures thrown into striking relief by the free use of Portland as a background, and by Portland customs, people, and folk-lore; but we fancy it would be a mistake to regard it as the most powerful or typical story that Mr. Wilkinson Sherren will ever write for us. In this "romance" he has tried to throw a fairy bridge between the Bohemian world of London—as represented by a black-and-white artist who in a flash of weird, almost grotesque, self-abnegation marries a girl who has become hopelessly declassed—and the rude simplicity of Wessex; and he does not quite bring the two into apposition. This girl tires of the smooth, the limited, and the humdrum—as most of those women inevitably do in the slow progress of time—and goes off, careless of what becomes of herself or her husband, anxious only to have money, and to be free. Then the artist "with a problem to solve and a past to forget, sets out to find material for a subject picture, for a modest inheritance has released him from the drudgery of illustrating cheap serials." He purchases a disused lighthouse in Portland, and, of course, meets there the one woman that he should have waited for—a woman he had known in the hot stressful days of an art class—a woman who has buried all her artistic impulses in the call that has come to her at the death of her parents, to manage a stone quarry business and to educate a young and rather helpless type of brother. And at her side is a fierce trade rival, a typical middle-aged native of Portland, named Shadrac Dine, who, when she repulses him, tries to crush her business, and, eventually, driven frantic by failure, engages in a terrific duel with the whole public spirit of the island. This constitutes the "Tumult," of mind, body, and estate, of the title in its three senses; but, apart from its robust action, its virile characters, its intimate and powerful pictures of a district which most travelled men love to talk about, the novel possesses other haunting qualities.



Mr. Wilkinson Sherren.

A BLOT ON THE SCUTCHEON. By May Wynne. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Probably the first French Revolution has afforded excuse for more works of fiction than any other event in history. Miss May Wynne has recently added to the number with a novel which is gallant and readable. Truth to tell, "A Blot on the Scutcheon" does not rejoice in an impressively accurate historical atmosphere, nor is it particularly well written. However, if the reader can accustom himself to Miss Wynne's jerky and telegraphic style of writing, he will get an hour of capital reading, for incident is Miss Wynne's forte. Besides this, the plot is well constructed, the book contains two pleasantly obtrusive love stories, and it winds up with a dash. Considering that it is not too harrowing and that it keeps going all the way through, we can well believe that it will appeal strongly to a not inconsiderable section of the public.

THE EAGLE'S NEST. By Allan McAulay. 6s. (Lane.)

The story of Napoleon has been told so often and so well that it would seem as though there were hardly room for another work on the same subject, particularly when that work is a novel. It would be a thousand pities, however, if Mr. McAulay's book were to fail of its just reward, for "The Eagle's Nest" is quite out of the common. The scene of the novel is laid entirely in Corsica, and the time is anterior to Buonaparte's rise to greatness. The author seems to us to have shown excellent judgment in the selection of his characters (Napoleon is not the "hero" of the book, though naturally he plays a great part in it), and he has clearly taken great pains that his "atmosphere" may be correct. He has a real insight into Corsican character and an insider's knowledge of the political intrigues of the Corsica of that day, and of both of these he makes excellent use. Even though the tragedy of the end of Domenico Tirolani is well described, the plot of the novel is less satisfactory, and the first hundred pages can hardly be held not guilty of the charge of occasional dullness. Later, however, the story briskens up, and the remaining two-thirds of the book leave nothing to be desired. "The Eagle's Nest," in fact, is a most painstaking piece of work, very nearly a model of what the historical novel should be, and so often is not. We strongly recommend it for its vivid description of the times and the manners of the country with which it deals.

OUR FLAT. By R. Andom. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Mr. R. Andom does not perhaps go in for the very highest class humour, but it is difficult to understand how he manages to keep going so brightly—and so often—as he does. "Our Flat" is very far from being the worst of the Troddles series, and we are inclined to believe that most people—most men, certainly—will be duly tickled by it. Of course, there is no plot. The book is simply a series of episodes strung together upon a central idea. Troddles and his three friends get tired of lodgings and decide to take a flat. Once he has them inside, Mr. Andom keeps the pot

boiling as hard as he is able. It is, in fact, a marvel to us that his imagination did not run dry half-way through the book. But there can be no doubt that the fun is even more furious at the end than at the beginning. "Our Flat" is quite a good piece of knockabout humour, and it has a large number of appropriate illustrations by L. Gunnis.

SERVICE. By Constance Smedley. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

There is one method of writing fiction that is well known to all practised story-writers. It consists of collecting various weird or well-contrasted types of character under one roof and of introducing quite suddenly and unexpectedly one personality that has the effect of making all the others unconsciously exhibit their most striking characteristics. Or to adopt a homely simile—picture to yourself a tiny aquarium containing minnows, sticklebacks, and the like, and the effect that would be created in those homely waters if you deftly inserted at the top a goldfish of undeniable beauty, strength and sweetness. This is, practically, the style of construction adopted by Miss C. Smedley in her new novel, "Service." On the one hand we are shown a cheap, noisy, and selfish household containing the snob, the prig, the unappreciated artist, the girl with views, and the like. On the other we are bidden to admire the effect of the arrival of the refined and educated Phœbe, who, at her aunt's death, refused the provision which vicar, friends, and neighbours would make for her in the shape of a poultry farm of her own, and who preferred to go forth as a drudge to this domestic menagerie of prize ineffectuals and intellectuals, practically in the spirit of an early martyr—buoyed up with the memory of her dying relative's words, "a way will be found." The action is obviously clogged with a great amount of turgid, incoherent conversation and unnecessary material, but eventually Miss Smedley does manage to lift the story on to a level whereon is exhibited not only the practical value of an absolute belief in the laws of the unseen, but the abiding truth of the familiar promises about Him "whose service is perfect freedom" and "they also serve who only stand and wait."

THE TREE OF BITTER FRUIT. By Cullen Gouldsbury. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

When Geoffrey Callaster, after ten years of Government service in Central Africa, decided to bring the boy Mkonto to England and try the effect of European civilisation on the young tribal chief before sending him back to rule his people, any one might have foretold the experiment would be a failure. Paul Mitchell, Callaster's successor, never had any doubt of it. The remarkable thing is that Mkonto was not utterly ruined before the time of his probation expired; as it is we leave him despised by his kinsmen, an outcast in England, exploited by a second-rate music-hall proprietor to make a British holiday. And all because Callaster had wider sympathies than the average administrator of subject races! Mr. Gouldsbury tells his story with marked fairness and considerable ability, and the moral seems to be that the Central African is not to be accepted as "a man and a brother" in England. But the point rather is not the foolishness of Callaster's well-meant experiment, but the means to be taken to enable the Central African tribes to work out their own salvation instead of keeping them in bondage, the victims of the trader. Is Callaster's plan the only alternative to the Congo Administration? Paul Mitchell, the typical English official, is, of course, as far removed from Congo methods as from Callaster's philanthropy; but Mitchell's schoolmasterly rule leads nowhere as far as native education is concerned. Incidentally Mr. Gouldsbury makes it plain that the African's low point of view about women is shared by plenty of Englishmen of the Carson Carnegie type, and doubtless it is necessary to be reminded of this, since Mr. Gouldsbury himself dwells on the African woman's subjection. Carnegie is a thorough-paced blackguard, and it strikes us that he is not the sort of journalistic charlatan who would at any time take up the cause of aborigines, even from the most mercenary motives.

From a portrait study by Habberton Lulham.

Josephine in the drawing-room at Copyhold.

From "The Question," by Parry Truscott. (Werner Laurie.)

THE QUESTION. By Parry Truscott. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

There is at least one chapter in "The Question" that touches greatness. It is that chapter which describes how in Nap's farmhouse kitchen, with Nap himself dying in the next room, Penuel Barton declares his passion for Josephine. The story is a study in temperaments, and if the masterful passion of Penuel brings it to the verge of tragedy, nothing but his equally masterful practicability averts the threatened catastrophe, and makes a happy ending possible. Josephine, with little knowledge of men, the world, or her own heart, is profoundly in love with Rupert May, but only half realises the truth; Rupert, for all his lightness, his frivolous gaiety, his apparent shallowness, is profoundly in love with her, but she will not consent to a formal engagement until he has proved himself worthy of her by making the most of his high gifts as a musician and becoming famous as a pianist—"winning his spurs," as she puts it. He writes to her from London, but is a fitful, flippant correspondent. During an interval in which he returns to be present at the wedding of her friend Flossie Eastwood, he gives Josephine some cause for jealousy, and it is whilst she is smarting under a sense of resentment that she wanders alone across the moor, and as she is passing old Nap's farm, Penuel, clumsily tending the sick man, appeals to her for instructions in the making of a poultice, and in these homely, somewhat grotesque circumstances the big scene of the book develops. The story has its lighter side, for which the spinsterly Flossie and her prim, didactic lover, the Rev. Sidney Padfield, are mainly responsible.

The humours of Mr. Padfield are a distinct joy. But it is in the portrayal of the three chief characters, Josephine, Rupert, and Penuel, and in the presentation of Penuel's three girl cousins, that the story reaches distinction. Mrs. Parry Truscott has written some excellent novels; one does not forget "Mr. Saffery's Disciple" nor "Motherhood"; but she has done nothing better than this.

THE RED FLAG. By Georges Ohnet. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

All students of the French drama must have noted the French fondness for argumentative dialogue. A play is written round an idea or a doctrine, and the situations are designed primarily to prove the author's thesis or to give the characters an opportunity of arguing the case all over again from another point of view. The work of M. Hervieu is a signal instance of this, and M. Georges Ohnet, who is a dramatist as well as a novelist, belongs to the same school. "The Red Flag" is in effect simply a dramatic demonstration of the futility of the socialist and collectivist ideal. Armand Didelod is a great ironmaster—M. Ohnet apparently has a special fondness for ironmasters since "Le Maître de Forges"—a millionaire, but the best type of benevolent employer. In spite of his wealth he is a socialist deputy, and is genuinely persuaded of the sincerity of his political creed. He never suspects that he is being deluded by his political allies, who look upon him simply as a source of necessary funds. But the revolutionary section of the party decide that Didelod's association is too compromising. He is, after all, a capitalist, and they propose to make an example of him. Lehrange, where Didelod's works are situated, has hitherto been a model town, and the great man laughs at the very idea of a strike. The book gives an admirable account of the way in which the agitation is worked up till it culminates in a general strike. For a long time Didelod will not face the facts. He is convinced that his socialist friends will prevent the men from proceeding to extremities. Not till his works have been set on fire does he face the situation. Then he locks the men out, crushes the strike, and finds himself stronger than ever. We leave M. Didelod a Cabinet Minister and well on the way to the Presidency. It is not a convincing story, nor does M. Ohnet attach much value to mere narrative interest. The story is really the logical development of M. Ohnet's social and economic theories. The question of the relations between employer and employed is discussed by all the characters from every possible point of view, and although M. Ohnet's personal views are sufficiently clear, he has been scrupulously fair, and has made out the best possible case for the other side. As a study of modern French industrial conditions the book is of real value.

THE KING OF FOUR CORNERS. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. G. B. Burgin has already written several successful novels upon the same lines—so far as regards locality and the leading characters—as those which recur in his latest book. This being the case, "The King of Four Corners" hardly needs further recommendation. Just before his death Ikey promises Old Man—both characters will be remembered by readers of Mr. Burgin's earlier novels—that he will, if he can, revisit him in some form or other, whenever he may be most needed. In spite of the fact that at least two ladies are running after him and that he throughout has the delightful companionship of Miss Wilks, his famous mule, Old Man falls into a state of great depression. But on Young Ikey's arrival from Toronto, Old Man manages to shake this off. The young fellow has many of the faults of the city and is fresh from an unsuccessful love affair, but under Old Man's guidance he starts afresh. Old Man is at first obsessed with the idea that Ikey has returned to him in the body of his son, but he is wrong in this surmise. How he rediscovers Ikey's spirit, and how he marries the charming Odette Fauvert, form the theme of the delightful idyll which ends the book. The story is developed with much charm and no little humour, while Mr. Burgin also uses to advantage his knowledge of Canadian habitant life and customs. "The King of Four Corners" should fully satisfy those who were asking for more of Old Man and Miss Wilks, and should also gain for Mr. Burgin many fresh admirers.

NO. 19. By Edgar Jepson. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

By a lucky speculation a young man makes a sum of money sufficient to enable him to gratify one of his ambitions—to have a house of his own. Accordingly he buys No. 20, Walden Road, situated in Hertford Park, "the prettiest and greenest of the inner suburbs of London." He soon becomes conscious that there is something very wrong indeed with the house next-door, the No. 19 of the title; and once he feels a horror in the air and has "the impression of a hideous, shapeless, sluggish beast, drawing its pendulous belly over the turf. It was moving towards the house." The owner of No. 19 exorcises the beast in twelfth-century Latin, and the oppression clears. This is a good start for a horror story, and Mr. Jepson's invention does not flag. No. 19 is, of course, the abode of an experimenter in the Black Arts, and most writers, if possessed of a certain knowledge of the practices of such people and an engaging manner, can turn out an interesting book on such subjects. Mr. Jepson, at any rate, is more than conventionally thrilling and he is completely enthralling. "No. 19" cannot be treated as a serious novel, but we venture to think that its readers will—in the dear old stock phrase, which this time meets the case admirably—"not be able to lay the book down until it is finished."

WHEN NO MAN PURSUETH. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. 6s. (Heinemann.)

To most novel readers Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is becoming known as the exponent of a certain genre of story, more French than English in its inception. Thus the starting-point of many of her later books has been a crime, perpetrated not in the slum, but in the most conventional of middle-class surroundings, where afternoon teas and matinées occupy the minds of the women and where the men catch the nine-thirty for the City. "When No Man Pursueth" is a study of this kind: Christopher and Cynthia Burdmore are a married pair posing as brother and sister for the purpose of committing a peculiarly slow and cruel murder. Yet the wife from one point of view is hardly a criminal at all, but merely a woman who loved her husband to the extinction of her own personality. It is, in fact, the Macbeth motif over again, for to Kit Burdmore's desires his wife is prepared to sacrifice everything, even womanly mercy: he has become her soul-keeper. These two guilty folk serve as a sort of touchstone to the people around them, bringing out the conscience of one, the weak will of another, the innate repulsion of a third, as gradually the atmosphere of suspicion spreads everywhere like a mist before the wind. But Mrs. Lowndes differs entirely from Mr. Benson in "The Luck of the Vails" where he attempted a somewhat similar subject, for he bends his powers to the sole task of making the flesh creep. Mrs. Lowndes will have none of this: if there are ghosts about they shall not reveal themselves in midnight excursion and alarm, but in broad daylight, with the butcher-boy dashing round the corner outside. Even the villains themselves are ordinary in every way, save for a strange want in their natures. All through Mrs. Lowndes strictly limits the scope of her art and rigidly eschews the abnormal. Neither, indeed, does she attempt anything like analysis: in every page we see her people from the outside, very much as we know ninety-nine people out of a hundred in real life. Such drama might be called the drama of fact: these

things happen just so and therein lies their interest. And the circumstance that we know neither the why nor the wherefore of their happening is precisely what makes them curious: which is exactly the attitude of the unphilosophical man to all the events of this planet. "When No Man Pursueth" not only holds the attention as a story, but arouses a profound sense of wonder at the strange secrets hidden behind many smiling faces. It is, in short, pre-eminently a book to be read.

The Bookman's Table.

LIFE OF REGINALD POLE. By Martin Haile. 21s. net. (Pitman.)

This is an extremely interesting book, well written and well documented. That it is strongly partisan in tone might be taken for granted; it would be impossible to write a biography of a man so intimately connected with the theological and political struggles of the first half of the sixteenth century without exhibiting a marked bias to one side or the other. But even partisanship may be sane, if not just, and when Mr. Haile, on the second page of his book, speaks of Pole as "the greatest Englishman of his time," he has already begun to cast serious doubts upon his own sense of historical justice. And he does the cause for which he pleads but scant service in reviving and supporting against Henry VIII. the charge of general incontinence, and especially the accusation of having had too-intimate relations with the mother and sister of Anne Boleyn. He adduces no evidence in support of that unsavoury accusation except that—if evidence it can be called—upon which Brewer relied, a tissue of anonymous libel long since absolutely discredited. Mr. Haile's portrait of Pole is altogether too flattering: it is false by suppression of traits as well marked as those others on which he dwells so complacently. He tells us nothing of the vanity which was as conspicuous as the piety, the learning, the kindliness, the humour, and the courage which help us, as they helped Pole's contemporaries, to condone it. He tells us nothing of Pole's tergiversation—a harsher term has been employed—regarding his famous tractate "De Unitate Ecclesiastica," of which its author spoke to his friend Cardinal Contarini as being "not so much an address to the King as to the English nation, who were impassive and hard to move. . . . I must go beyond the matter and beside it, and insinuate where I am unable to assert"—while, in his subsequent defence of the book to the English Privy Council he described it as a private letter privately sent to the King, which he had written as a confessor to a penitent, under the same obligation to secrecy. Mr. Haile skims very lightly over Pole's frenzied appeals to Charles V. to abandon his campaign against the Turk and turn his arms against England—treason, in an English subject, of the highest and the rankest. These faults sadly diminish the value of a volume which contains much interesting matter, and of which the merely literary quality is consistently excellent.

THE LAST OF THE ENGLISH. By Arthur Scott Craven. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Mr. Scott Craven has chosen a glorious romance for this drama of his, but his final curtain leaves us a little dissatisfied. He has fashioned a strong and stirring chronicle-play out of the fine old story of Hereward the Wake, but as history knows nothing of Hereward's ending he was free to shape for him the noblest end he could imagine, and instead of showing us the last of the English dying greatly in some last fierce battle, he leaves him tamely making friends with the conquering Norman and

Photo by J. Russell & Sons. **Mr. Scott Craven.**

proposing to serve England still as William's vassal. This is to give to the essentially primitive fighting-man a spirit of compromise, a sensible, huckstering soul that will put pride in the pocket and play for safety sooner than sacrifice one's self and all that one holds dear to an obviously losing cause. Which is not the ancient heroic mood, and one cannot believe in a Hereward who declines upon such easy levels. Otherwise, Mr. Scott Craven writes a fluent, variable blank-verse, and unfolds his story with an alert dramatic instinct. His characterisation is good, where occasion serves he gets some fire and passion into his lines, and except for the spiritless ending it is a spirited and entirely interesting piece of work.

TRAVELS IN SPAIN. By Philip Sanford Marden. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

"Travels in Spain" is one of the pleasantest books of its kind that we have ever read. Mr. Marden, who is an American, supplies us with no fresh information, nor does he pretend to a vast knowledge of the Spanish character, but he contents himself with describing his impressions in a bright and chatty manner. This is, in fact, just the sort of book that the ordinary cultured person ought to be able to write without much difficulty—and so often fails in writing. The author seems to have "done" Spain fairly thoroughly so far as regards its principal towns, and though he seldom wanders far afield, we have no hesitation in saying that the ordinary traveller will find this book a charming and useful companion. The author takes one from Tangier and Ronda, *viâ* Madrid and Burgos, to Barcelona and Monserrat; and everywhere he contrives to make even the most trivial incidents of his journey interesting and attractive. Although not in the least a guide-book, we venture to think that "Travels in Spain" will be largely used to this end, and for this purpose the present volume is a little bulky. The forty photographs with which the book is illustrated are for the most part well reproduced, though they do not always do justice to their subjects. This is especially the case with the photos of Monserrat, but upon the text Mr. Marden must be cordially congratulated.

XUM

JUSTICE: A Tragedy in Four Acts. By John Galsworthy. Cloth, 2s. net Paper, 1s. 6d. net. (Duckworth & Co.)

Mr. Galsworthy has several times drawn attention to certain definite and socially-perilous effects of our judicial system; and he has now written a play showing how this system, allied with our present prison treatment, may utterly ruin the character of a man who might by other means be strengthened against the recurrence of temptation. He takes the case of a clerk, unstable but not vicious, who, in a moment of insanity, alters a cheque for nine pounds into one for ninety. The unpremeditated act is the result of the young man's love—the one poetic and noble thing in his life—for an unhappily married woman whose husband is killing her. With the money obtained, Falder purposes beginning afresh in the Colonies, with the woman and her two young children; but the crime is discovered, and Falder's employer hands him over to Justice. Mr. Galsworthy gives us in detail the trial of the accused man, wherein the defending counsel tries vainly to show, first, that the crime is one of a weak nature, and not that of a criminal; and, secondly, that imprisonment will certainly crush the young man altogether. In spite of this eloquent pleading, Falder is sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and we are shown, dispassionately, but with ample realism, the horrible torture of solitary confinement. Released on ticket-of-leave, Falder obtains work with forged references, and for this reason, and because he fails to report himself to the police, he is re-arrested. The wretched man struggles free, flings himself down the stairs, and breaks his neck.

It is a remarkable, and perhaps a significant thing, that Mr. Galsworthy's play reads better than it acts. In the theatre, the minute realism of the Court scene is, of course, accentuated, and the truth of the prison scenes is more obvious: but on the stage Acts I. and IV. betray the weakness of Mr. Galsworthy's exaggeratedly subdued method, and the occasional failure of his singular humour. In the play as written, however, we are able to follow, with a truer perception of their dramatic as well as their human value, the steady progress of events; and we can understand more clearly the extraordinary power which Mr. Galsworthy possesses of writing fine, clean-cut, and significant dialogue. Here we are not interrupted by the waits of the stage performance; and we can study the play as a piece of admirable special pleading on behalf of the weak. As a work of art, "Justice" lacks power: unfortunately, Mr. Galsworthy cannot interest us in the particular individuals, and we necessarily subordinate them to his thesis. But if we find Falder continuously inglorious, and the others memorable for their qualities and defects alone, we must claim for the author that his exposition is lucid and unstrained. Mr. Galsworthy's purpose is a high one—no less than the purification of our law as it applies to ordinary criminal cases. He shows us how necessary it is that we should alter the law so that it may have reference to the individual, and not merely to the discovery and punishment of technical crime. He shows also that solitary confinement is cruel and demoralising; and that we, as a nation priding ourselves upon our sense of scrupulous justice, must not be content with the mechanical operation of a system which destroys character instead of encouraging virtue. It is a splendid and courageous effort, which only a man of Mr. Galsworthy's ability could make with dignity and power: and although it is dramatically inferior to "The Silver Box" and "Strife," the play of "Justice" should be read.

AN AFTERNOON-TEA PHILOSOPHY. By W. R. Titterton. 1s. 6d. net. (Frank Palmer.)

Mr. Titterton's pleasant essay work in the columns of the *Daily News* will have prepared many for this little volume, with its agreeable discoursing upon all manner of things, from the weather and shaving and cooking down to baggy trousers. Though these sketches may seem like frivolling, they are by no means mere words. Mr. Titterton is a serious jester, and there is thought under the surface. In Fleet Street and the City (and even in the tiny hour when the tea comes in and the spoons go clinking) he succeeds in expressing his discontent with the world's stupid way of things and the longing for an ideal. One of the best chapters in his well-written little book deals with modern journalism, and shows the stupidity of what modern journalism wants. Says the complacent sub-editor, as he lays down the "line of stuff" to follow, in order to please his readers:

"There's an opening for good art copy, with plenty of statistics. Say, the average amount of paint it took to daub one of Watts's pictures, or the weight of the stone used for the Nelson Monument. Here's a list of suggestions I've made out for next number.

"'What colour of eyes do girls like best?'

"'Should dogs wear corsets?' That'll start a correspondence, with protests from the S.P.C.A.

"'How to become a housebreaker,' by an ex-convict. The criminal is a safe investment.

"'You must study your public. . . .'"

That is not all satire, by a long way. Mr. Titterton is welcome in the ranks of the rebels.

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ON THE BANKS OF THE GUASO NYIRO.
From "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds." (Heinemann.)

THE BOOKMAN SPRING SUPPLEMENT

CAMERA ADVENTURES IN THE AFRICAN WILDS.

By A. Radclyffe Dugmore. With Illustrations by The Author. 30s. net. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Radclyffe Dugmore's magnificent work is dedicated to his wife, "Who shared the anxieties of the journey and enjoyed none of its pleasures." We can very well believe this statement. The photographing, for instance, of a rhinoceros charging—such as that opposite page 8—no doubt is pleasant enough to look back upon, but at the time it must be a nerve-shaking experience, while to anybody watching it must be simply horrid. Never have we seen such wonderful photographs of wild beasts as are in this book (there are also some very beautiful pictures of the scenery of British East Africa), and their very numbers go to show that the author must be possessed of considerably more than the average nerve. Mr. Radclyffe Dugmore is surely the beau-ideal of the naturalist-photographer; he has a great love and knowledge of wild animals and a great horror of killing them unnecessarily. Accordingly this is not the average description of sport in Africa, for Mr. Dugmore's pages are not charged with blood. Instead they are pleasant, cheerful, and healthy reading. But though the text of the book is good, the author will doubtless forgive us for saying that it is not a patch on the illustrations. The text might be duplicated to a certain extent, but it will be long before such fine animal photographs are again taken.

XUM

From **The Life and Times of Akhnaton** (*Blackwood & Sons*).

THE TEMPLE AT LUXOR.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF AKHNATON, PHARAOH OF EGYPT.

By ARTHUR E. P. WEIGALL. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

The general reader may possibly imagine that this book contains nothing to interest him. In this he will be greatly mistaken, for Mr. Weigall's work is just as good reading for those who know nothing whatever about Egypt as for those who are experts in the subject. So clearly and untechnically does the author write, that he is easily to be understanded of everybody. In fact, this book is really the extraordinarily interesting biography of the "first individual in human history." The most remarkable thing about Akhnaton was undoubtedly the religion that he founded—practically the only religion of the ancient world which can in any way compare with Christianity. After the death of its promoter, the forces of the old religion soon ousted it from its official position and it fell into disuse. Akhnaton seems to have been a remarkably "civilised" man; for instance, he had a conscientious objection to war, and preferred to lose large portions of his empire rather than plunge into a bloody struggle. Such moral courage is, to say the least, extraordinary, and the fact that this happened somewhere about 1350 B.C. must also be taken into account. The book has very numerous and very interesting illustrations, and should appeal to a large public.

ORIENTAL CARPETS, RUNNERS, AND RUGS.

By SIDNEY HUMPHRIES. With Illustrations. 42s. net (A. & C. Black.)

One does not, as a rule, find romance underfoot, so to speak, romance, in fact, in a carpet; but Mr. Humphries reveals to us, in this truly magnificent volume, that the story of carpets may be as fascinating and beautiful as

From **Oriental Carpets, Runners and Rugs** (*A. & C. Black*).

THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA, FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

the story of men or of pictures. Indeed, the history of the carpet is so closely allied to that of men, women, pictures, and countries, that a little thought will prove to us how such a simple domestic adornment may prove a continuous guide and instructor in the events and customs, the labours, commerce, and fashions of the past. Mr. Humphries has found an almost untravelled country for his untiring research and the exercise of his knowledge and scholarship. Never again will any reader of this book look with the same eyes upon a piece of carpet in a picture, in a museum, in a church, on a vase, or even in a shop; for he will have formed quite another opinion of carpets. He will see them with clearer eyes, and from another point of view. From the carpet in allegory, where Jason's quest of the Golden Fleece suggests a commercial venture, and the early recognition of the best, most perfect wool for fine art work, to an interesting, if unverified, romance of the "Taj Carpet," the author has brought his chronicle of carpets and carpet-making down through the centuries. The chapter on Contemporary Arts alone contains a wealth of description and allusion, criticism, appreciation, and knowledge sufficient to form an admirable book. The stately volume is, indeed, no putting together of known facts, to accompany pictures, but a learned work treated in a judicious and intensely interesting style. The practical side of carpet-making, a point we have not yet mentioned, is dealt with as only a master of the subject could deal with it, and in his hands the silken threads and the finest wools seem to glow again in all the glory of their Eastern dyes. And then the illustrations! In our columns we cannot reproduce the wealth of colour and detail so exquisitely shown upon the numerous full-page plates. Beautiful carpet after beautiful carpet is reproduced in exact likeness of the mellow tones and patterns of the originals. No care has been spared to make this volume perfect and attractive, as well as useful and enlightening. It is certainly one of the most successful volumes which these publishers of beautiful books have ever produced.

From **In the Heel of Italy** (*Andrew Melrose*). **S. NICOLO E CATALDO, LECCE: INTERIOR.**

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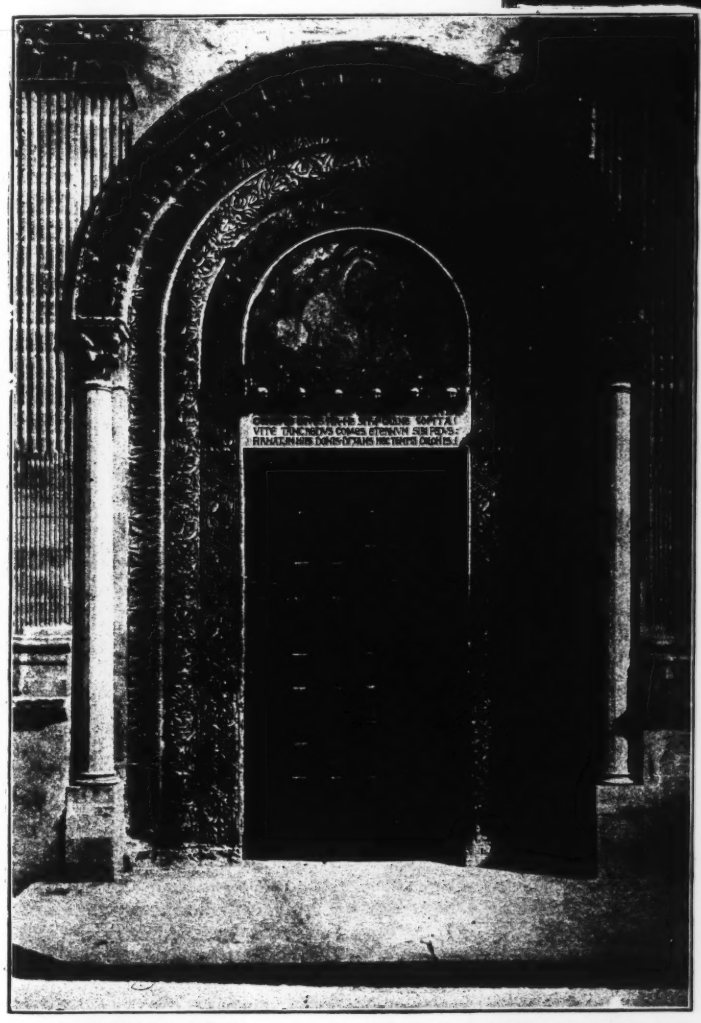
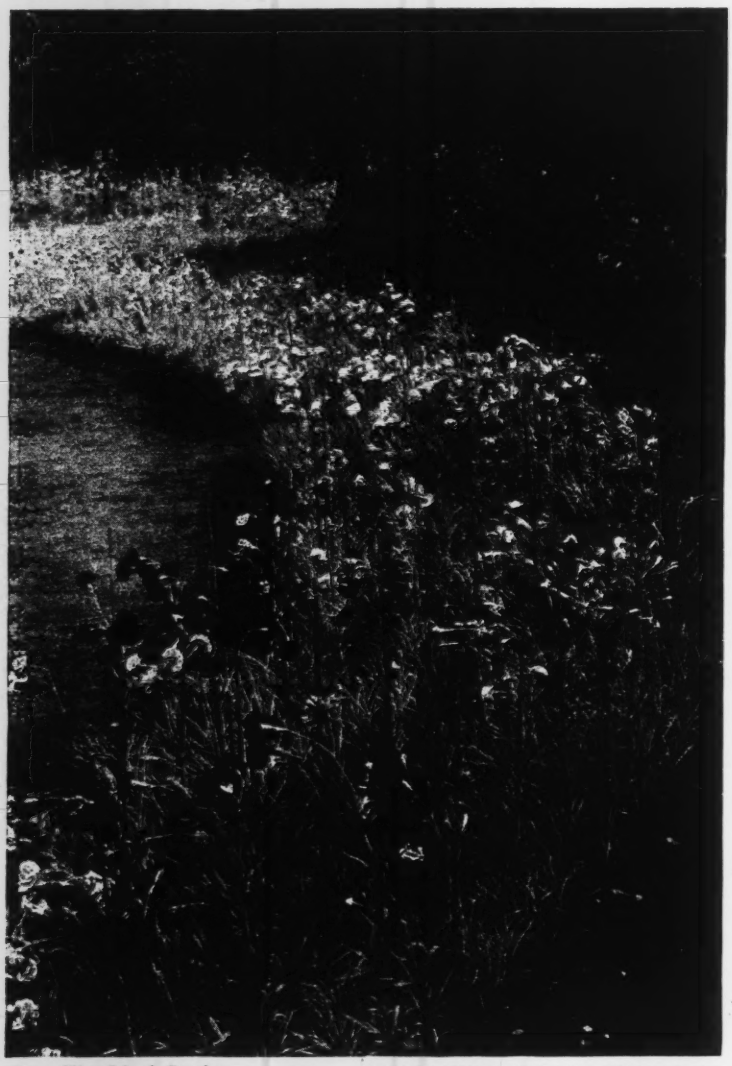


From **In the Heel of Italy** (*Andrew Melrose*). **S. NICOLO E CATALDO, LECCE: DOORWAY.**

IN THE HEEL OF ITALY.

By M. S. BRIGGS. Fully Illustrated. (Melrose.)

Mr. Andrew Melrose will in a few days publish this interesting book by Mr. Briggs. Mr. Briggs is doubtless justified in his contention that perhaps the least-known portion of Italy is the "heel"—that is to say, the part of Apulia lying south of Brindisi. The area he deals with practically coincides with the province of Lecce—the Iapygian promontory of the ancients with its town of Leuca. The district is all "classic ground." Hydruntum (Otranto) in the later period of the



From **The Ideal Garden** (*Cassell*).

A CARNATION WALK IN THE GARDEN OF THE LATE MR. MARTIN R. SMITH, AT HAYES, KENT

THE IDEAL GARDEN.

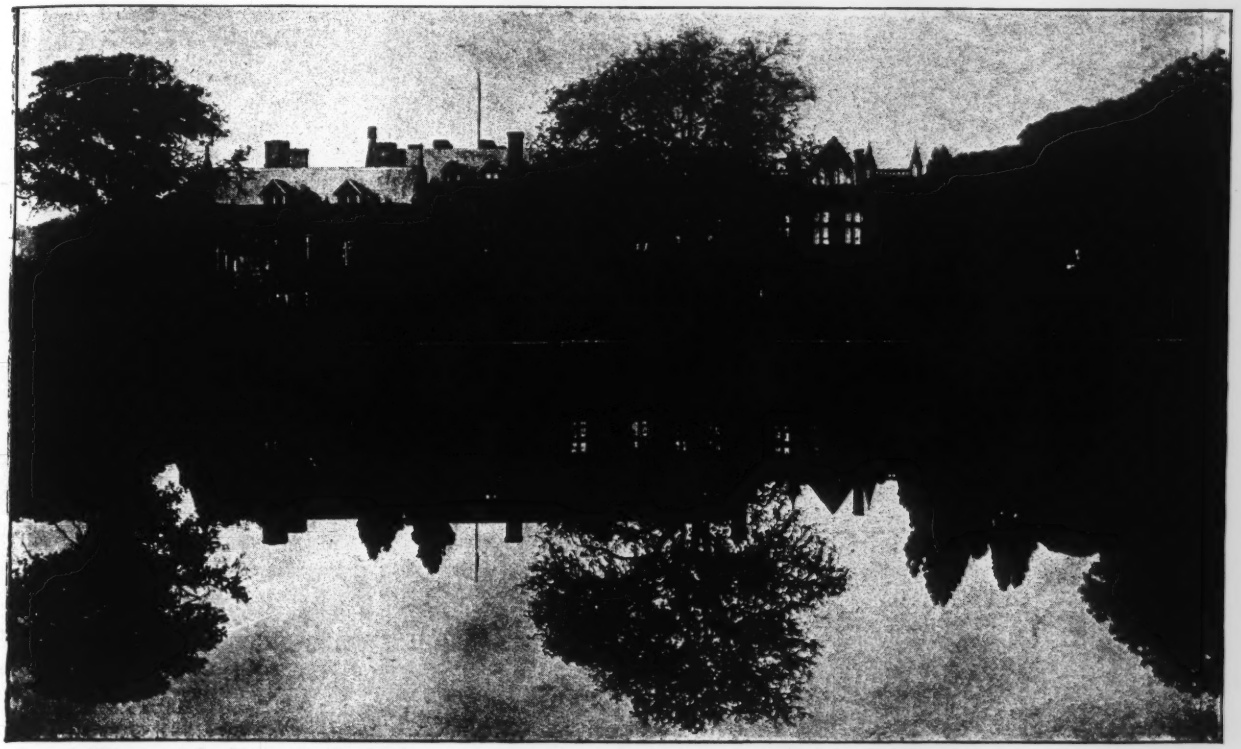
By H. H. THOMAS. With Illustrations. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

Mr. H. H. Thomas has written of "The Ideal Garden" a book that may be briefly and justly described as the ideal book about it. His opening inspires you with confidence: "For a gardener to dogmatise is to confess himself inexperienced." Your dogmatist of any sort is generally more self-satisfied than wise; and that Mr. Thomas is wise on his own subject is evident in every chapter of his volume. Every detail in which the amateur needs instruction, from making paths, planting trees, sowing seeds, bedding out, pruning roses, from planning and cultivating his whole garden, to the crocking of flower-pots and the beautifying of his brick walls—all these matters are lucidly and pleasantly dealt with; there is much information given also concerning the plants and flowers that are indispensable to a perfect garden, and some useful divergences into attractive by-ways of garden planting. A full six months' work in the garden is described and discussed, and explanations are given of those many practical incidentals that the amateur finds it difficult to master. Mr. Thomas is an expert, but, unlike most experts, he writes attractively and knows how to impart his knowledge so that it shall be not only serviceable but interesting. The volume is excellently illustrated with sixteen artistically reproduced and mounted colour plates and ninety-six illustrations from photographs, the frontispiece being a beautiful reproduction of a water-colour drawing representing "An Ideal Cottage Garden," by Charles E. Flower. Other of the illustrations in colour show the rose garden at Hatfield, roses in Mr. Rufus Isaacs' garden, flowers at Beauvoir Castle, and in other notable English gardens.

empire ousted Brundusium itself as a seaport, but fell into decay in the fifteenth century, and is now remarkable chiefly for its ruined castle of romantic associations and its splendid cathedral. Lecce itself, which became famous in Norman times as Lycia, is the site of a cathedral and many famous churches, notably that of St. Nicholas, of which we reproduce two illustrations. The best-remembered literary association, perhaps, is connected with the ancient Rudiæ, the birthplace of Ennius, but the records of the province form a long pageant of names famous in the churches from St. Paul to St. Francis of Assisi. In addition to a very full and competent historical survey, Mr. Briggs has interesting chapters on the present state of the district and on the manners, customs, and folk-lore of the peasants. The book will have two good maps, a score of photographs, and two dozen original sketches by the author.

From **Edward Marjoribanks, Lord Tweedmouth, K.T.** (*Constable*).

HUTTON CASTLE.



From **A History of Gardening in England** (*John Murray*).

THE EAGLE OR MIRROR POND, NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

EDWARD MARJORIBANKS, LORD TWEEDMOUTH, K.T.

With Illustrations. 5s. net. (Constable.)

Although no name appears upon the title-page, it would seem that this brief but touching record has been written and compiled by the Countess of Aberdeen, sister of the late Lord Tweedmouth. Of statesmen of recent years, Lord Tweedmouth is among the most worthy of a regular biography, but, as the foreword points out, "the materials for such a biography do not exist, as Lord Tweedmouth made it a rule never to keep any notes or journal of any kind, and he made it a point of honour to destroy all confidential communications between himself and Mr. Gladstone and the many other politicians and public men with whom he corresponded. . . . He held that he would have been untrue to the confidence reposed in him, and especially to his great Chief, who had his whole-hearted devotion, if he preserved papers written for his eye alone, thus incurring the risk of facts being made known in the future which had been carefully guarded against disclosure at the time." For such a mental attitude one can have nothing but admiration, and the country's gain in one sense probably outbalances its loss in another. The portions of this book which we have found most interesting are the biographical notes and the recollections of Lord Tweedmouth by Sir Francis Mowatt, Mrs. Drew, Viscount Gladstone, Mr. Arnold Morley, Mr. R. B. Haldane, and others. Other aspects of an upright and dignified life are touched upon, and the book is well illustrated by eight photographs and photogravures.

A HISTORY OF GARDENING IN ENGLAND.

By THE HON. MRS. EVELYN CECIL. With Illustrations. 12s. net. (John Murray.)

In this third edition of her valuable work upon Gardening in England, the author has made some welcome additions from MSS. records and from private information; she has also almost entirely re-written the chapter which is concerned with present and recent work in the gardening world. Garden-cities and the "intensive" culture, for instance, have both been born, or at least brought to prominence and success, since the second edition was

From **Kami-no-Michi** (*Rebman, Ltd.*)

ZURI SETS FORTH.

From St. George of Cappadocia (*David Nutt*).

ST. MICHAEL IN COMBAT WITH APOLLYON. (Guido Reni.)

Mosaic in Church of Capricius, Rome.

published. Of all modern "garden-books" this was, perhaps, the pioneer; and even now it stands alone and holds its own as a history and as a book for reference. It is literally a history of gardening, and the fashions of the succeeding centuries have been chronicled here out of knowledge which has come from long affection and study. Old gardeners, old lore, old scenes, old plans and pictures are here, coming down through the centuries with their many and differing beauties. Gardeners and the love of gardens are greatly on the increase, and this is a book which will commend itself to every man and woman who cares for trees and flowers.

KAMI-NO-MICHI:

The Way of the Gods in Japan. By HOPE HUNTLY. 6s. (Rebman.)

This is the story of how Pauline Erskine obeyed at length a call that she had heard ever since the early days of her girlhood, and went forth to Christianise the "Land of the Rising Sun." She was intensely earnest about it, and so narrow and bigoted in her views that before going she broke off her engagement to the young surgeon Lionel Trevor because he did not share her belief in certain of the less essential doctrines of the Anglican Church. But in Japan Pauline passes through experiences that are humanising, and in every way healthful. Her life in Japan is described vividly, and the story of the people she meets and the events that happen there and of the results they bring about is told entertainingly, brightly, but with great forcefulness. She returns home, at last, less self-sufficient; not so ready to teach, more ready to learn; not so sure that her own views must be right, or that the views of others must be wrong. "Forgive the fanaticism of the past," she says to Lionel, in the hour of their reunion." There are countless theological bypaths devised by brains of well-intentioned men, but I have learned that only the one which ignores them all is the surest. This alone is Kami-no-Michi—The Way of the Gods." It is a thoughtful and well-written novel, and one that we strongly recommend to all thoughtful readers.

ST. GEORGE OF CAPPADOCIA IN LEGEND AND HISTORY.

By CORNELIA S. HULST. Illustrated. (Nutt.)

There have been several books of recent years in honour and defence of St. George—the saint whom Gibbon slandered as a swindling army-contractor. Miss Hulst in this volume contributes a very interesting essay on the history and the growth of the legend, which derives probably from Persian mythology. While not attempting exhaustive treatment she gives an admirable account of the growth of the story and of its wonderfully international character. She traces it in art and pageantry and popular customs, and has a specially interesting chapter on the Order of the Garter. Miss Hulst has been at considerable pains to track the observance of St. George's Day in many European countries, and the up-to-dateness of her researches may be gathered from the fact that she duly chronicles the recent appearance of the Saint in a fancy-dress bicycle pageant at Chester. The book is beautifully appointed. There is a frontispiece reproduction in colour from the Bayeux Tapestry and thirty-five half-tone pictures chosen from the most famous delineations of St. George in art. The size of the page has enabled the illustrations to be made unusually handsome

From Oxford from Within (*Chatto*).

TOM QUAD, CHRIST CHURCH.

and effective. The volume contains a useful list of the pictorial representations of St. George. Miss Hulst would have done well to add a general index.

OXFORD FROM WITHIN.

By Hugh de Selincourt. With Illustrations by Yoshio Markino. (Chatto & Windus.)

We have long wished for, wanted, needed this kind of book, and we confess that it has excluded every other interest from the mind, from the turning of its first page. We think it will appeal to those who do not know Oxford; but to those who do know Oxford there is no doubt of its appeal. It is not a history, it is not a description, it is not a guide-book. Not in the least is it any of these. It is a book of many sides, many subjects; it is a book part criticism, part reminiscence, a book of meditation, thought, allusion, reference, observation, and love. Countless are the themes touched upon, but always the main theme is Oxford, herself, her influence, her age, her modernity, her beauty, her variety—even her ugliness. The thoughts are thought, the pages are written by a man who has known the best of his University, and has understood her, even while he is able to listen to the voice which tells him of all her failures and drawbacks. Added to the worth of the writing are the beautiful illustrations by Yoshio Markino, who himself writes a "Note on the Illustrations" which will prove a delight to every reader by its lively artlessness.

A DAY WITH THE POET BROWNING.

With Illustrations in Colour. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It was a pretty fancy to picture a poet's day from sunrise to sunset, and the fancy makes a very charming volume. We begin with a quotation in which Browning himself speaks of the early morning vision from his window in the Palazzo Giustiniani Recanati. And then by poem and connecting links from the pen of the compiler we follow the poet through the hours, we see him in his home, at his work, his recreation. Characteristics and habits are lightly touched into the picture, and the day ends at last with the beautiful poem:

From **A Day with the Poet Browning** (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

"Dear and great Angel, would'st thou only leave
That child, when thou hast done with him, for me?"

> "Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
> The mist in my face,
> When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
> I am nearing the place."

And sleep foreshadows death. There are several full-page illustrations in colour, interpreting the poems.

From **Six Greek Sculptors** (*Duckworth & Co.*)

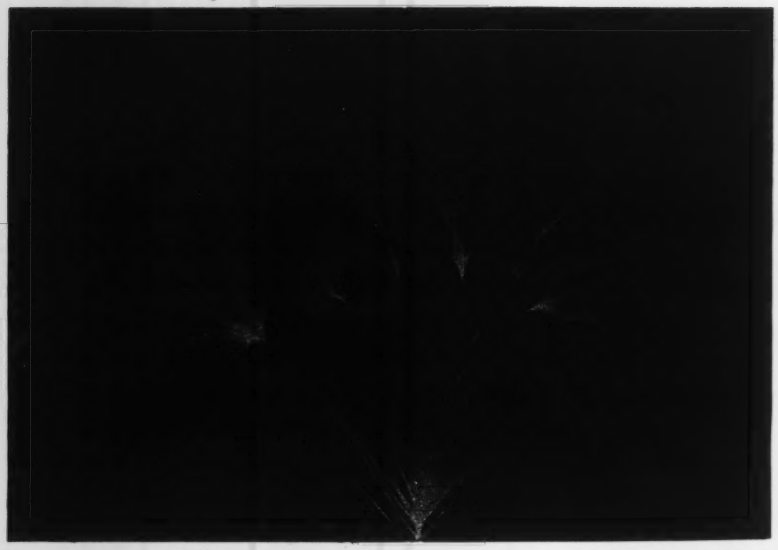
Ares Ludovisi.

(Reviewed in March Bookman.)

HECTOR AND ACHILLES.

A Tale of Troy. By Richard Sheepshanks. With Illustrations. (Blackwood.)

The Iliad of Homer is here rendered into English, and the splendid story is offered to those readers of fiction to whom the original poem has been closed. But the writer of this book attempts more than a translation; he realises that translations, some of them of high merit, have utterly failed to make the great story generally readable; the repetitions, the discursiveness, the irrelevancies, slacken the interest of the reader who is really eager for the plot itself. We venture to affirm that Mr. Sheepshanks has done well what he set out to do. Those who know and love the original poem, those who care for things as they are and for nothing else, those who have, in fact, no need for alterations, are already provided for. But those who can love and admire the story of the Iliad for the story's sake have been ill-provided for, and the present writer has sympathised with them to good effect.



From **A History of Birds**
(*Methuen & Co.*)

MESOPTYLE FEATHER OF THE BARN OWL.

This is no jargon for schoolboys; it is the careful, dignified work of a man who has a scholarly feeling for the classics, and the "sense" of the born story-teller.

A HISTORY OF BIRDS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

This is the second volume in the series of natural history books named "Animal Life," and in itself it is an important addition to bird-literature. Experience has taught us to expect from this author sound knowledge and accurate information. In this volume he deals with what may be broadly termed the evolution of birds, and one cannot read a single chapter without realising the extreme patience and the comprehending care with which he has long studied his subject. The life-history of birds, their characteristics, their adaptation, their migration, the individual habits of the several classes, so opposite and reasonless to the careless observer, so important and full of meaning in reality, all these things and many more on subjects which every scientific lover of birds needs to know are here fully written of. It is at once a thoroughly learned book and a book in which the novice may find what he seeks to know. Birds of all countries come into this "history," and all phases and periods of their life are described. Sir Ray Lankester contributes an Introduction, and numerous illustrations, both on the beautiful and the scientific side of the subject, are included.

DOGS AND ALL ABOUT THEM.

By ROBERT LEIGHTON. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

With the assistance of many eminent authorities, Mr. Leighton has compiled a book which should find a place on every sportsman's bookshelf and in every dog-lover's home. Full information and wise, independent comment are given about all

From **The Common I Know**
(*Dent & Co.*)

MEADOW PIPIT FEEDING YOUNG CUCKOO.

From **Dogs and All About Them**
(*Cassell & Co.*)

MRS. H. HORSFALL'S GREAT DANE, CH. VIOLA OF REDGRAVE.
Photo by Coe, of Norwich.

(we cannot, at the moment, think of an omission) recognised breeds of dogs: from the massive mastiff to the toy Brussels Griffon. With sound care the author has traced their origins, their history, their rise, and sometimes their fall, and in addition to the general account of the dogs, he gives instruction as to the care of them, and a detailed account of what their points should be. Books about dogs are like books about gardens. Every day sees an accession of owners of dogs and gardens, to whom it is indispensable that their *vade mecum* should be up-to-date. Capital illustrations are here given of prize dogs of various breeds, and the volume as a whole is a pleasure as well as a trustworthy reference book.

THE STORY OF THE PINE-MARTEN MUSTELA.

By Arthur Bertram Hutton. With Illustrations. (David Nutt.)

The pine-marten is an animal rarely seen in England now, but Mr. Hutton's artless little chronicle of a short period of "Mustela's" life will make his readers feel quite intimate with the graceful, clever creatures. This small volume seems to hold the breath of the moorland and the wood in its pages; without any straining after effect the author tells simple facts, and recounts the interests of a pine-marten's life, and the too probable tragedy of its death. "Mustela" herself is alive when we say "good-bye" to her; but her adventures have been many and her risks great. We really thank Mr. Hutton for refraining from throwing Mustela's "Story" into the shape of fiction. His book is the affectionate record of a genuine naturalist and no spurious romance of a sentimentalist. The illustrations reveal the shy pine-marten as she is.

From **The Story of the Pine-Marten Mustela** (*David Nutt*).

PEKAN WATCHING THE WHISTLING LABOURER.

From **A History of Birds** (*Methuen & Co.*)

FLEDGLING BARN OWL.

THE COMMON I KNOW.

Edited by W. Percival Westell, F.R.S., and Henry E. Turner. With Illustrations. (Dent & Sons.)

The common of this engaging little volume is a typical English common, where the blackthorn, the hawthorn, the furze grow in spring; where the wild thyme, eye-bright, thistle, and heath may be found; where linnets and buntings and stonechats build, and sing, and call; where lizards and adders glide through the grass and among the leaves; where butterflies and bees, spiders and beetles, add to the beauty and the sound and the well-being of the pleasant, breezy tract of land. Much more than these plants and animals are to be found on it, and the chapters tell of it all lucidly, attractively, and without technical obscurities. It is distinctly a book to please the naturalist; at the same time it is one which will delight the mere lover of nature. The illustrations include the beautiful and the informative, and we only regret that it is not in our power to reproduce in its delightful colouring the spike of blossoming furze or the delicate spray of blackthorn.

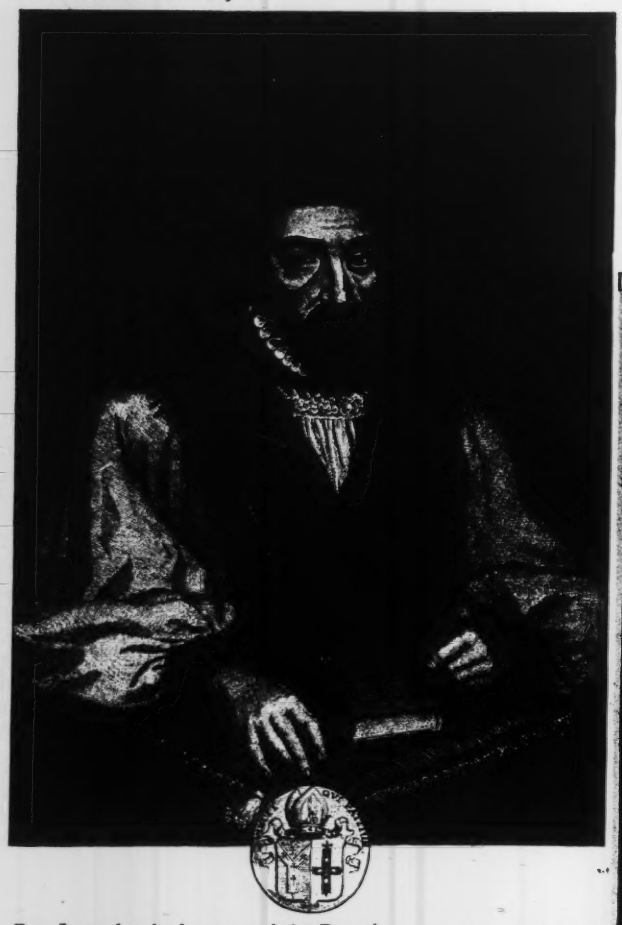
DREAMS MADE VERITY.

By Mrs. de Courcy Laffan. 3s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Mrs. de Courcy Laffan is perhaps more generally known under her former name of Mrs. Leith Adams. Several of her books of stories have enjoyed a very considerable popularity, and her new volume, "Dreams Made Verity," which contains some of the most charming little stories and sketches she has ever written, should prove also one of her most successful. Of the seven stories we prefer "A Romance of a London Street" and "The Little Window-box"; but all of them are deftly and pleasantly written, and touched with the humour and pathos of everyday life. Five sketches, or "memories," are included in the book, and two lectures—that on "Fictional Literature as a Calling for Women" being an especially able and interesting performance.

From **Camera Adventures in the African Wilds** (*Heinemann*).

OSTRICH-FARM ON THE ATHI PLAINS.



From Lancelot Andrewes and the Reaction (*G. Allen & Sons*). ARCHBISHOP WHITGIFT

LANCELOT ANDREWES AND THE REACTION.

By DOUGLAS MACLEANE, M.A. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d. (G. Allen & Sons.)

We reproduce an illustration from this important book which will be published within a few days.

BRITISH FLORAL DECORATION.

By R. F. FELTON, F.R.H.S., F.N.C.S. (Florist to Edward VII.). With Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (A. & C. Black.)

Besides the information which this book gives as to ways and means of floral decoration, it gives—what has been, we admit, of even greater interest to us—a lot of valuable information about the flowers themselves. From the author, who is himself an acknowledged authority on all matters floral, we learn, for instance, of the great strides towards perfection which carnations have made within the last few years; and whereas the stem of a carnation ten or fifteen years ago was, at its very longest, but twelve inches in length, it can now be obtained at three times that length. One can easily understand the great gain to the floral decorator by this advance. We have been especially interested, too, by the author's opinions on violet-growing. Why do we not grow more violets in our own island? he asks. We have good climate for it and good soil in the south-western parts and in Ireland; and the English-grown violets, besides being more fragrant, command treble the price of the French violets. This book is marked by sound practical sense and advice upon a subject of great and ever-increasing beauty; and a valuable list of the best varieties of all flowers for cutting and decoration has been included.

THE MAKING OF A KING.

By IDA A. TAYLOR. With Illustrations. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

The title of this volume suggests the moral that its reading will bring home to most of its readers. And the moral is no new or subtle one, but only the familiar thought of so many of our earlier essayists—the instability of human glory and the price of greatness. For this goodly-sized volume covers but thirteen years of the life of Louis

Surgeon de Sainct LOVYS, & fils du Grand HENRY,
Qui doibs tes actions a ces deux grands exemples
Voy les Palmes de l'vn, & de l'autre les Temples,
Et fois par leurs vertus de ton Peuple chery.

From The Making of a King (*Hutchinson*). PORTRAIT OF LOUIS XIII.

XIII., beginning with the rejoicings of his father, Henri IV., at the birth of the Dauphin in 1601, and ending with the celebration of the boy-king's majority at the tender age of thirteen. Brave words were put into the mouth of the child-monarch. "Messieurs," he said, "having attained my majority, I have come hither to let you know that, being of age, I intend to govern my kingdom by means of good counsel, with piety and justice." The pathos of it all is struck in the closing words of the story. "The momentous transaction concluded, he returned to the palace, very gay, but no doubt tired out by the function, which had lasted no less than four hours. Put to bed, he had his toys brought to him there, amusing himself by painting upon little wooden boxes, until, the long day over, he fell asleep to the sound of music." Within these two extremes the author has unfolded a very interesting narrative. The making of the king took place in an atmosphere full of intrigue and passion and treachery. It is a pathetic story discreetly told, and one full of human interest. There is no more noticeable feature of the publications of these days than the popularity of the historical memoir. In many instances it is equally well known that success has been achieved by an undesirable use of the sauce of scandal. Miss Taylor, however, has eschewed such means without weakening her interesting narrative.

FULL FATHOM FIVE.

By Helen and Lewis Melville. 3s. 6d. net. (G. Bell & Sons.)

It is a fact that though few persons have anything but dislike to give to "selections," there is scarcely a lover of literature who does not become pleasantly absorbed in an anthology. "Full Fathom Five" is a "sea-anthology in prose and verse," and we have, of course, been engrossed by it from the moment of first turning its pages. There are old friends here, there are acquaintances of whom we are only too glad to know more, and there are strangers we are grateful to have been brought in contact with. The compilers of this pretty and handy book have shown the sea in its many moods, and have dwelt upon its fascination, its cruelty, its beauty, its tragedy, its calm, its storm. Here are "good-byes" and welcomes, word-pictures and ballads. We miss (every reviewer misses something from an anthology) Stevenson's sailors with their frozen fingers upon the frozen ropes; but we glowed with approbation when we saw Dr. Garnett's "Ballad of a Boat." The volume, which is well done and full of admirable variety, is dedicated, very properly, to that sea-veteran W. Clark Russell.

From **Two Great Rivals** (*Hutchinson & Co.*) CHARLES V. OF GERMANY.

TWO GREAT RIVALS.

By Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O. With Illustrations. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

Without stopping to debate as to whether the pen is mightier than the sword, we may affirm that indubitably Colonel Haggard produces good effects with both weapons. His latest book is concerned mainly with the lives of François I. of France and Charles V. of Germany, and specially with their relentless rivalry for the possession of the Germanic Empire. The story grows in intensity as the chapters unfold the bitter jealousies and ambitions of these two men of such opposite natures, the one so light and pleasure-loving and unscrupulous, the other so coldly calculating and equally wicked. Such a story at such a period—the earlier part of the sixteenth century—could not be faithfully told without introducing to the reader a crowded circle of notable or infamous men and beautiful if unprincipled women. The stage is crowded with names which have come down to us with undying interest, characters which vary from the Chevalier Bayard, the flower of chivalry, to Cæsar Borgia, for whom there is no need to search for a descriptive adjective. This volume is not designed to provide meat for babes; it is a lively account of a period which has never, perhaps, been outdone in the matters of intrigues and ambitions, schemes and rivalries.

RUSKIN AND HIS CIRCLE.

By Ada Earland. With Illustrations. 6s. net. (Hutchinson.)

Time enough has elapsed since the death of Ruskin to allow a biographer to sift the truth from the mass of writing connected with the life and work of this undeniably great man. The passing of the years has shown and proved many things, among others that Ruskin possessed at times an almost marvellous insight and prescience; and also that at times he could see the truth from so curious an angle that some of his insistent opinions were almost wild and childish. Miss Earland tells his story very fairly and sympathetically, and shows Ruskin to us in his friendships and in his daily life; shows, too, the man at his beginnings, his genius making itself felt by degrees, his development shaping his actions, his circumstances in their turn shaping him. Ruskin's marriage is dwelt upon to some extent, and his circle of notable friends—Turner, Millais, Carlyle, Coventry Patmore, and many others—is shown with a charming and clear visualisation. Both the Ruskin student and the general reader will find abundance of interesting material in this book.

From **Ruskin and his Circle** (*Hutchinson & Co.*) W. HOLMAN HUNT.

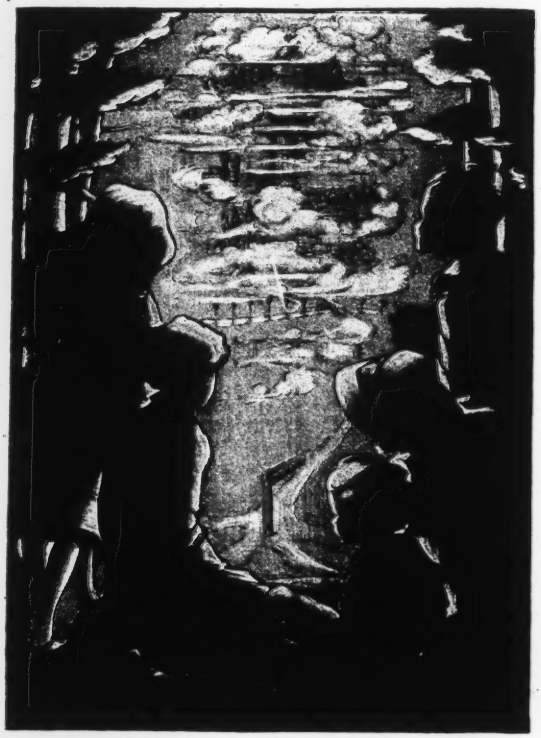
From **The Story of Bayard** (*Methuen & Co.*) **SANS PEUR.**

From **A Book of Stories from the Norse** (*Blackie & Son*). **"OUT CAME A CHICKEN AS BIG AS AN ELEPHANT."**

THE STORY OF BAYARD.

By AMY G. ANDREWES. With Illustrations by V. LECOMTE. 2s. 6d. (Methuen.)

It goes without saying that a well-told account of Pierre de Terail, Chevalier de Bayard, must, perforce, be good and exciting reading. And Miss Andrewes has, without doubt, given us a very good one, an account which is simple and direct enough to capture the interest of a boy and engross the attention of a man; and as for women and girls, we feel that they will be fascinated by this chronicle of the courteous knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. Miss Andrewes, though using her own language, has followed the old story told by that self-effacing, unknown yet so well known, nameless character in history, the "Loyal Serviteur," so loyal and devoted in his love and admiration of the brave and courteous knight. For a clear and absorbing, accurate, and vivid tale of Bayard, this small volume could not be bettered. By describing more insistently the true state of the principles, morals, and general behaviour of the period, the author might have made a much darker background against which to show up the whiteness of Bayard's life; but the book could not have been so generally useful nor so pleasing in that case. As it is we have the courage and courtliness, the fire and spirit of the times, and Bayard himself stands clear as a living man. The centuries have failed to fade him.



From **Dream Days** (*Nelson & Sons*). **DREAMLAND.**

A BOOK OF STORIES FROM THE NORSE.

Short Shanks and Other Tales from the Norse. 2 Vols. 9d. each. (Blackie & Son.)

These two pretty volumes of fairy-tales will prove a genuine delight to young folk, and they will also strongly interest grown-ups who have any liking for legends and folk-lore. The stories themselves have a vigour and freshness which may perchance be the effect of the climate from which they come. They have also a simplicity, a distinction and a common origin which will interest the student. We have been particularly struck by the story "East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon," and its

evident relationship to the old tale of Psyche and Cupid. These two attractive volumes, with their large type and coloured pictures, are in Messrs. Blackie's new series, "Stories Old and New."

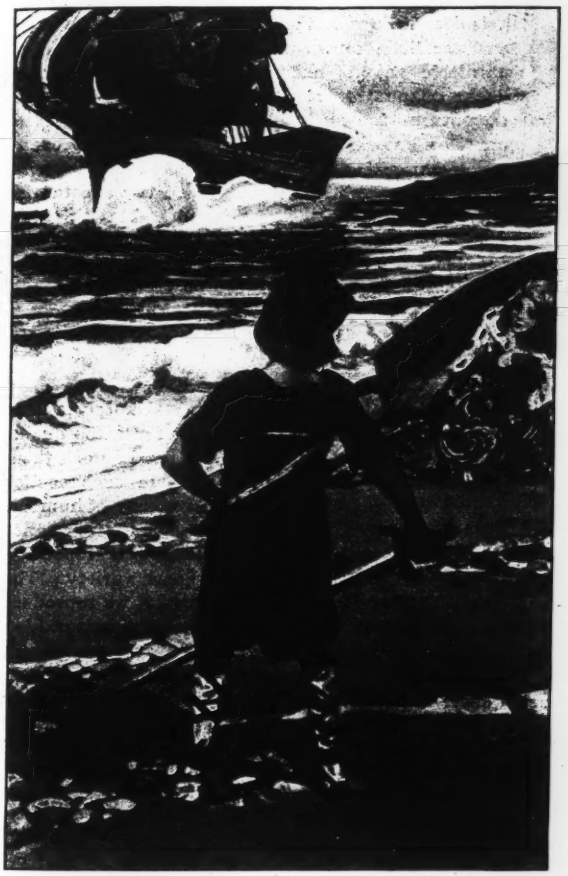
THE GOLDEN AGE.
DREAM DAYS.

By KENNETH GRAHAME.

IDYLLS OF THE SEA.

By FRANK BULLEN. 1s. net each. (Nelson.)

Messrs. Nelson have won most well-merited praise for their enterprise in the matter of well-chosen reprints. We reproduce illustrations from three among the most popular in their immensely popular list: the enchanting "Golden Age" and "Dream Days" of Kenneth Grahame, and the stirring "Idylls of the Sea" by Frank Bullen.



From **Short Shanks, and Other Tales** (*Blackie & Son*).

"THE OGRE CAME TEARING ALONG IN HIS SHIP."

MORNING STAR.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by A. C. MICHAEL. 6s. (Cassell.)

The reader of this romance will not be disappointed of the thrill of novelty. It is a love-story with a happy ending, but before Morning Star and her consort ascend the throne of the Pharaohs there is a long succession of exciting episodes which introduce the reader to the mysteries of Old Egypt. Morning Star is a great queen, the spiritual daughter of the god Amen, and dowered by him with a Ka or double. This double has the power of taking corporeal form, and it is by this help that Queen Neter-Tua is able to escape from a marriage with the hateful Prince Abi, the tyrant of Memphis. Her lover, Rames, is descended from the older rulers of Egypt. In open court he slays his rival, and the Queen contrives under the guise of punishment to set him on the road to regain his patrimony. The *Deus ex machina* performs many marvels, and by his

From **Morning Star** (*Cassell & Co.*)

"THEN RAMES SEEMED TO AWAKE."

From **The Lances of Lynwood** (*Blackie & Son*).

"EUSTACE WAS LEFT ALONE TO MAINTAIN THE STRUGGLE."

From **Trans-Himalaya** (*Macmillan*).

THE PANCHEN RINPOCHI, OR TACHI LAMA.

help the lovers triumph over all the schemes of sorcerers and magicians. Queen Tua is a heroine conceived and drawn in Mr. Haggard's famous early style, and the story shows his old mastery over scenes of battle and of mystery. The notion of the Ka puts some strain on the imagination, but Mr. Haggard shows his old skill in investing superhuman characters with a genuinely human interest and attractiveness.

THE LANCES OF LYNWOOD.

By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. 1s. (Blackie & Son.)

When Miss Charlotte Yonge set out to write an historical story, she undertook to do what she could triumphantly carry out. We have often thought that in this century she has not had full justice done to her for her inspired yet conscientious depicting of an earlier period. In "The Lances of Lynwood" she treats of the time of Edward III. and takes her young hero from peaceful England to the strifes and intrigues of Spain. In this handy edition many a boy and girl will be able to enjoy a tale which will both please in itself and will lead them on to enjoy the delectable "Chronicles of Froissart."

TRANS-HIMALAYA.

By SVEN HEDIN. 2 Vols. 30s. net. (Macmillan.)

Sir Sven Hedin's record of his exploring expedition into Tibet was reviewed at some length by Mr. Archibald Colquhoun in our March Number. It is an intimate and picturesque account of difficult and often dangerous journeyings through the Forbidden Land; the explorations were carried out on scientific lines, and the results secured from them form a very valuable addition to our geographical knowledge. But the main interest of the book for the general reader lies in its admirable descriptions of the country that was traversed and the little-known people who inhabit it. The narrative has its exciting passages, and through every chapter of it breathes a zestful spirit of adventure—the spirit of a man who, keenly on the quest of knowledge, is nevertheless alive to every minor interest of the places and the life with which he comes in contact. These two substantial volumes are handsomely produced and lavishly and excellently illustrated.

PAPUAN FAIRY TALES.

By ANNIE KER. With Illustrations. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

From the lips of the natives themselves Miss Ker has gathered the tales which form this quaint and interesting volume. She has lived among them for years, and given them tobacco in exchange for their folk-lore. There is much of pathos, of humour, of brutality, of picturesqueness, and of romance in these traditional stories. There is repetition in them, and yet there is great variety. The tale of the "Talking Bananas," from which we reproduce an illustration, shows the belief in the supernatural, in witchcraft, and in primitive methods of revenge; it is, in its way, a pretty story up to a certain point, and then gruesomeness and barbarity creep into it. From cover to cover the stories are readable simply as stories, but as folk-lore, as a disappearing treasure of legend and

From **Papuan Fairy Tales** (*Macmillan*).

THE TALKING BANANAS.

romance, they hold a still deeper interest. The tales were told to the author as she sat among the natives, and have been repeated here without embroidery or a suppression of less agreeable but true elements of cannibalism and witchcraft.

A TRANSFORMED COLONY: SIERRA LEONE.

By T. J. ALLDRIDGE. With Illustrations. 16s. net. (Seeley.)

Mr. Alldridge was for many years a travelling commissioner in various districts of the colony of Sierra Leone, so that he is well qualified to write upon the country. It will doubtless come as a surprise to many that Sierra Leone is not now the death-trap which it is popularly supposed to be. This is entirely due to the improved sanitary and other methods which have been introduced of recent years. In the neighbourhood of the deadly Freetown, for instance, a beautiful and salubrious town has been built on Wilberforce Hill. A railway connects it with Freetown, and the resident can get to his office in rather less than the time which an Englishman devotes to travelling between Hampstead and the City. Mr. Alldridge gives also a detailed sketch of the present condition of the colony and its wonderful progress during the last twelve years. Perhaps the author is most interesting in his descriptions of the native manners and customs, particularly as regards the secret societies which are so important a feature of the native life of the West Coast. The author has a bright and chatty manner, and his book makes easy and interesting reading. It has sixty-six well-reproduced illustrations, and altogether it should do much to increase the interest in a somewhat neglected colony.

From **Tramps in Dark Mongolia** (*Fisher Unwin*). THE LAMA ABBOT OF WENG NIU T'E HATA.

THE NAVY OF VENICE.

By ALETHEA WIEL. 15s. net. (John Murray.)

With great injustice to the younger service, we English are inclined to think of our country as the only great power that the world has ever seen whose empire has been founded primarily upon the exploits of its navy. This is a very mistaken idea. Without a navy the very existence of Venice would have been threatened. It was her navy which gave her her greatness; as her navy improved, so she rose; as her navy deteriorated, so she fell. Venice is a far better example than England of a state completely dependent upon her navy. It is curious that among all the studies of the Venetian power which have been published, comparatively little notice has been taken of her accomplished and wonderful navy. This, indeed, is the

From **A Transformed Colony.** (*Seeley & Co.*) BUNDU INITIATES.

From Schools of Painting
(*Methuen & Co.*)

S. URSULA DEPARTS FROM COLOGNE.
(Hans Memlinc.)

first book which has been written in any language which devotes itself exclusively to the Venetian navy. Miss Alethea Wiel has performed her task with great thoroughness and ability, and the complete work is one of the most interesting books we have read for a long time. In its pages will be found much of the romantic attraction and colour of the ancient Venice, and we can recommend it without hesitation. The illustrations are numerous, well printed, and well selected.

SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.

By MARY INNES. With Illustrations. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

Among the forthcoming volumes this spring will be Miss Innes's volume, which aims at supplying an historical background to the art movements in various countries, so that the influence of one school upon another may be rightly judged. Short biographies of many painters will be given, and the book as a whole will appeal to students of all ages and also to the general reader.

THE STORY OF PADUA.

By CESARE FOLIGNO. With Illustrations by GIOVANNI VIANELLO. (J. M. Dent & Sons.)

We have followed the meritorious career of the "Mediæval Towns" Series with admiration for several years, and this new volume on Padua is but another success added to the list. The idea of the series was an admirable one: it supplied the workmanlike book which could find

From Schools of Painting
(*Methuen & Co.*)

THE DEATH OF S. URSULA.
(Hans Memlinc.)

a welcome place between the large, long history and the actual guide-book. We can imagine no better silent companion for a tour in and round about Padua than this handy grey volume, which directs the traveller from beauty to beauty without seeming to do so; which rouses in him an eagerness to see and know about all Padua's buildings, streets, pictures, and monuments; and yet does it merely by its own charm. And having roused that eagerness, it tells him in full and accurate fashion, with the style of the serious lover of literature, history, and art, all that made Padua what it is, how it all began, and evolved, and was shaped, and brought to the state in which it is found to-day. For utility, handiness, and pleasure the "Mediæval Towns" Series well holds its place; and this volume well sustains the good character of it. Padua will gain many a fresh lover this year, we think.

From The Navy of Venice
(*John Murray*).

DETAIL FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ACCADEMIA, VENICE, OF THE DEPARTURE OF THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.
(Carpaccio.)

THE BOOK OF THE DEAD.

Translated by E. A. Wallis Budge, M.A., Litt.D. 3 Vols. 5s. net each. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

This is a second edition revised and enlarged of Mr. Wallis Budge's admirable translation of the chapters, hymns, and religious texts taken from papyri and other documents which were found chiefly at Thebes and, as a whole, are commonly known as the Theban Recension of the Book of the Dead; in other words, as Mr. Budge says in his preface, they are "the Recension of the great national funeral work which was copied by the scribes for themselves and for Egyptian kings and queens, princes and nobles, gentle and simple, rich and poor, from about B.C. 1600 to B.C. 900." The first volume is taken up mainly by a scholarly and profoundly interesting Introduction giving a history of the Book of the Dead, of the doctrines of the God Osiris, and of the Egyptian conception of the Resurrection, of Immortality, the Elysian Fields, etc., an account of the object and contents of the Book of the Dead, translations of several hymns to Rā and Osiris, and some fourteen chapters from various papyri. The second and third volumes contain translations of other hymns, chapters, and extracts, such as were inscribed upon the walls of tombs and sarcophagi, coffins and funeral stelae, papyri and amulets, to secure the protection and well-being of their dead in the other world. It is an altogether adequate and valuable rendering of one of the strangest, most ancient, and most beautiful books in the religious literature of the world. The twenty-two plates, including three coloured fac-similes from papyri, and the four hundred and twenty vignettes that illustrate the volumes add appreciably to their interest and value.

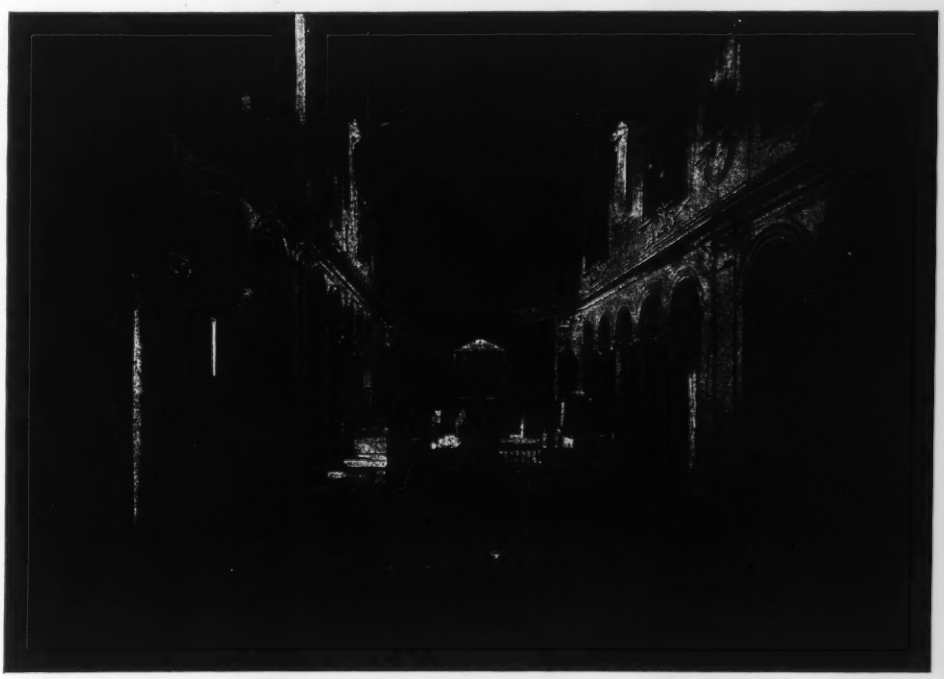
From **The Story of Padua** (*Dent & Sons*)

Saint Giustina. By Veronese.

ROMANESQUE ARCHITECTURE.

By Edith A. Browne. With Illustrations. (A. & C. Black.)

This new volume in the suggestive and inspiring series, "Great Buildings and How to Enjoy Them," is written in a facile and personal style which makes it delightful to read and easy to understand. In the first place its author starts out to explain what is really meant by "Romanesque"—a very necessary explanation, since the term has been generally subjected to the treatment of "many men, many opinions." "Esque" is an unenviable "final," and the use of it is taken too much for granted as meaning debased imitation. The perusal of this volume will prove that a study of Romanesque Architecture means a study of some of the most interesting church buildings in Europe, and, more than that, it means a realisation of the growth and evolution of some of the most beautiful forms of building. Miss Browne has gone into her subject with the right spirit. She sees the practical side and the imaginative, of those Romanesque architects; and she discusses with capability the pros and cons of the matter. The illustrations are extremely good and helpful in making doubly clear the teaching of the chapters.



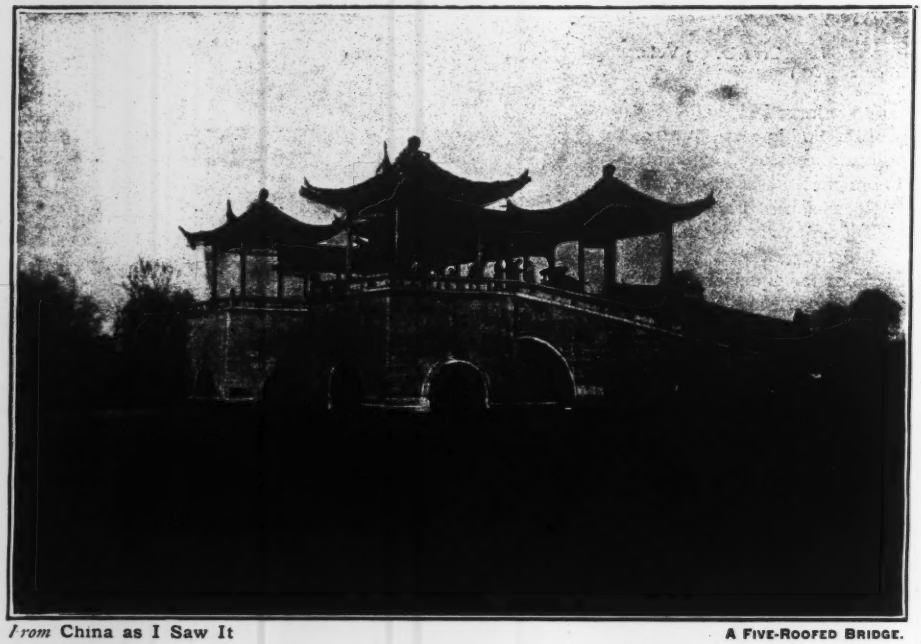
From **Romanesque Architecture** (*A. & C. Black*).

Roma—Chiesa di S Clemente.

CHINA AS I SAW IT.

By A. S. Roe. 12s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

This book consists of a series of letters written by a woman during a journey through China. They are written from the various places at which the writer stayed *en route*, and describe picturesquely, vivaciously, and with a delightfully quiet humour the cities, villages, and landscapes, and the characters, manners, and customs of the people of the Celestial Empire. The great charm of the letters is their easy naturalness, the entire absence of any affectation;



From **China as I Saw It**
(*Hutchinson*).

A FIVE-ROOFED BRIDGE.

they read like the frank, gossipy outpourings of the traveller's mind on any and every incident that befell her, any and every person of interest she came into contact with, the latest thing she happened to be seeing or doing, the last place she had visited before she sat down to write. They are just the ideal letters one likes to receive from a correspondent—they are alive with interest simply because the writer of them has evidently the happy faculty of finding something interesting everywhere. We have read the book from cover to cover and been delightfully entertained, and have gathered from its breezy pages a more intimate acquaintance with Chinese life and character and a larger and more vivid appreciation of things Chinese than we have been able to get from many travel-books of a much more professedly informing type. The thirty-nine photographic illustrations are excellently reproduced.

MANET AND THE FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS.

By THEODORE DURET. With Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

In this handsome volume M. Duret with great care and in most interesting style shows just Manet's place in Art and his place and his influence in the Impressionist school. It is good to have a book which frees Manet from the character which has so often been carelessly assigned to him—that of being freakish and abnormal. He was neither of these. He was untrammelled by convention and, in his way, revolutionary, but his was no art rebellion for the sake of being rebellious. The volume is full of clear biography and criticism, and the reproductions are an art education in themselves.

FOR KETT AND COUNTRYSIDE.

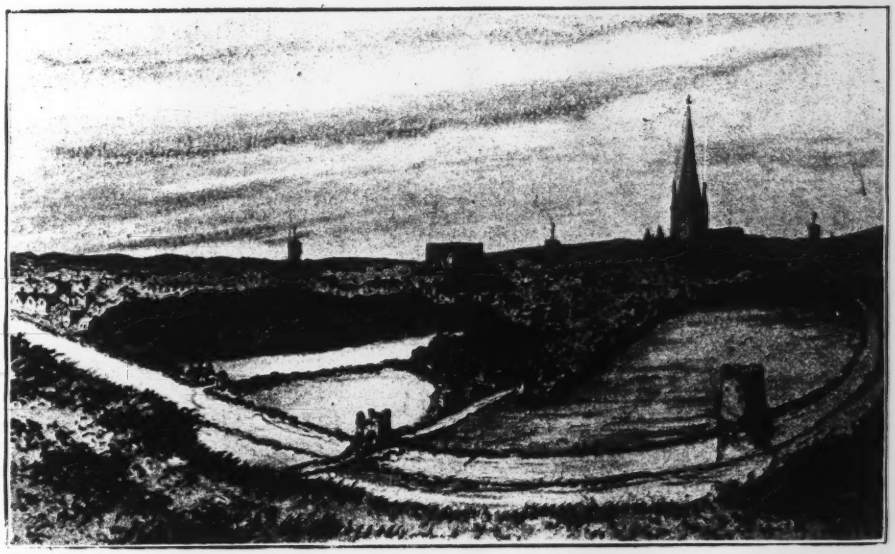
By F. C. TANSLEY. 6s. (Jarrold.)

This is a stirring story of great events in the year 1549, beginning when King Henry was dead and Lord Somerset was Protector. It is a Norfolk tale mainly, and is concerned with the rising of the peasants in defence of their rights. The teller of the story is one Martyn Holmes, who was a quiet youth, learning the printer's craft when the troubles began; but the hero, the great figure in the

From **Manet and the French Impressionists**
(*Grant Richards*).

WATERLOO BRIDGE.

book, is Robert Kett, of Wymondham, who threw in his lot with the people, and led them through many and great dangers, till eventually overcome in Dussin's Dale. Mr. Tansley takes the conventional style and phraseology in setting forth his history, but his material is capital, and he has succeeded in a very difficult task, that of keeping very close to facts without becoming pedantic. There are life and vigour in the book, and love and gentler sentiments also find a place in it. The author is able to see good on both sides, and this makes his work telling and life-like. To men and women of Norwich the story will be particularly appealing, for they can read their county's



From **For Kett and Countryside** (*Jarrold & Sons*).

NORWICH, FROM KETT'S CASTLE.

From **Kami-no-Michi** (*Rebman*).

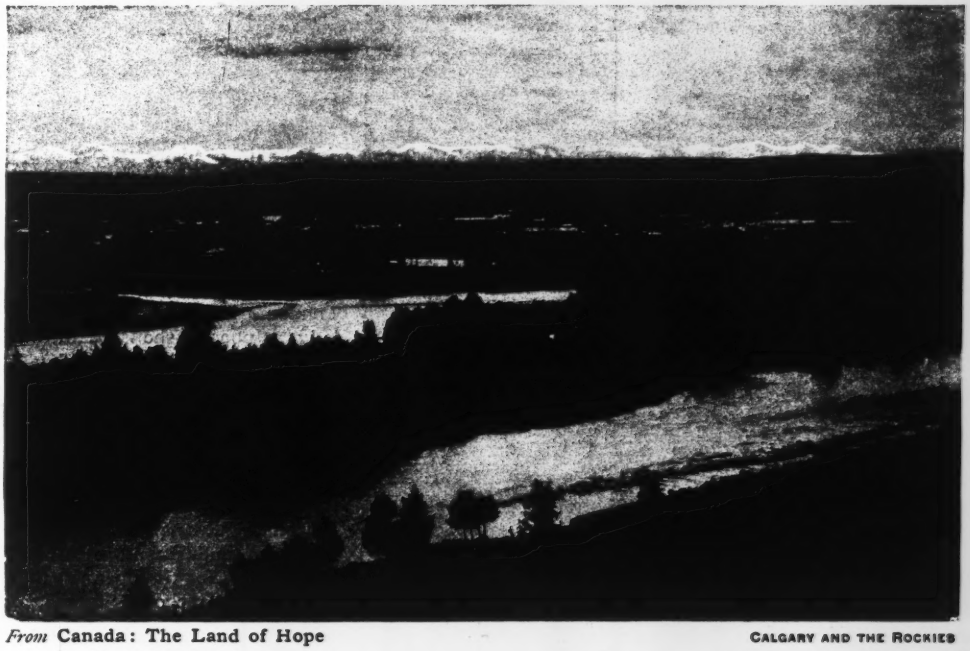
IKAHO.

a history from an accurate and illuminating pen.

A DOUBLE BLINDNESS.

By ALIEN. 6s. (Digby, Long & Co.)

The blindness of a man, and the consequent opportunity of a loving woman, make the theme of Alien's new novel. Not a new theme, perhaps, but this pleasant writer has brought to it a freshness and vividness which do away with any excuse for criticism on that account. There are two sisters in this story of the "Double Blindness": one, Rose, whom the hero loves, and the other, Mary, who loves him. Mary's character is the deeper, the stronger, the truer. Rose it is who gets all the good things in life: and Mary it is who gets the suffering. But Alien is wise enough to let us read of compensation in this world. For to that end the plot leads logically and not by any concession to our love of a happy ending to a moving theme. It is



From **Canada: The Land of Hope** (*A. & C. Black*).

CALGARY AND THE ROCKIES

From **A Maid of the Silver Sea**
(*Hodder & Stoughton*)

FRONTISPIECE BY HAROLD COPPING
REPRODUCED IN COLOUR

From **The Silent Barrier**
(*Ward, Lock & Co.*)

"STAMPA OPENED THE PRAYER-BOOK AT A MARKED PAGE AND BEGAN TO READ THE MARRIAGE RITUAL."

tale of a splendid deception, and we are cheered by the knowledge that happiness which comes after suffering may be deeper than that which comes from following the line of least resistance. One other thing we have to thank the author for, and that is her unconventionality in her moulding of the character of Rose. The development of Rose is certainly one of the surprises of the book.

THE SILENT BARRIER.

By LOUIS TRACY. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Hero-worshippers will do well to make the acquaintance of Charles K. Spenser; they may safely build on that "K.," for not only is Charles the possessor of a virile stock of pregnant slang—a joy to the ear—but it is "up to him" to tackle the toughest "proposition" with the sangfroid and success which so aptly become a healthy young American. He is wealthy, too, in a way, thanks to certain engineering exploits, and comes on a pleasure visit to

From **A Double Blindness**
(*Digby, Long & Co.*)

"ROSE SLOWLY DESCENDED THE OAK STAIRCASE."

London. Here, by chance, he overhears a modest young lady, as poor as she is beautiful, give words to the dream of her life—an Alpine holiday. So it comes about that Charles K. acts the part of fairy godfather and Helen Wynton is sent on a month's trip to Switzerland ostensibly by the editor of the *Fire-fly* to procure copy for his insignificant journal. Spenser is delighted with the success of his whim until he discovers that he has unwittingly been instrumental in throwing Helen into the society of Mark Bower, a millionaire roué. He follows post-haste to the Engadine, and, unknown to her, appoints himself Helen's protector. Nor is Spenser the only man with whom Bower has to reckon; Stampa, a crippled mountain-guide, has been waiting sixteen years to avenge the disgrace and suicide of his only daughter. Add to this strange Alpine

party the personality of a famous musical-comedy actress, who has also an account to settle with Bower, and some indication is afforded of the potential elements which go to make the novel. The story, indeed, develops a series of highly dramatic incidents skilfully, and often with refreshing originality. The wild splendours of the Engadine are graphically described, and Mr. Tracy throws a caustic light on the petty snobbery pervading the tourist cliques in a fashionable Swiss hotel. The scene on the glacier is an excellent piece of work.

CURLY.

By Roger Pocock. 1s. net. (Gay & Hancock.)

There should be a large public for this attractive reissue of one of Mr. Roger Pocock's best books, which is

From **Curly: A Tale of the Arizona Desert** (*Gay & Hancock*). "Grabbing her head, he threw her falling body clear."

now placed within the means of every book-buyer. "Curly" was originally published in the autumn of 1904, and it at once sprang into popularity. The reasons for this are not far to seek, for it is a healthy, humorous book, fresh with the air of Arizona and breathless with excitements. The author is at his best when treating of life in the "Wild West," and when, as is the case with "Curly," he adds a never-failing supply of incident (both humorous and dramatic), and a charming romance, the result leaves nothing to be desired. This is a novel which should be read by everybody, for it is one of the best of its kind ever written. We wish it every success in its new form.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE.

By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Hamilton Fynes after leaving the *Lusitania* chartered a special train to London. At Euston he was found dead in his carriage. Mr. Richard Vanderpole, of the American

From **The Illustrious Prince** (*Hodder & Stoughton*). "He was surely a fatalist."

Embassy, is soon afterwards discovered dead in a taxi-cab. In the one case an express, in the other a cab in the thick of the London traffic, had been boarded by an assassin who left no trace behind him. Mr. Oppenheim loses no

From **The Princess of the Snows** (*Ward, Lock & Co.*) "He strained the slim form to him."

From **Imaginary Conversations** (*Blackie & Son*). WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

time in taking us right into the thickest of his mystery, and takes his own time, which is only at the end of the story, in giving us its solution. It is a story of high diplomacy he tells, and there can be no doubt about the skill with which he suggests false solutions, and whets our interest as to the true one. A great personage becomes suspect—no less than the representative of a great Eastern power who has made himself a *persona grata* in London society. A young American lady discovers the first clue, and gradually the evidence accumulates at Scotland Yard. But it is not the illustrious prince after all who is the criminal. Mr. Oppenheim's main purpose is to tell us a captivating story, and in that he has succeeded. But there is also a moral in the reasons given by the illustrious prince for refusing an alliance with England.

From **Robert Dodsley** (*John Lane*). ROBERT DODSLEY. Photo by Emery Walker.
From the picture by William Alcock, now in the National Portrait Gallery.

THE PRINCESS OF THE SNOWS.

By G. FREDERIC TURNER. With Illustrations. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Although we begin this book by witnessing what is almost the death of a man for the love of a woman, it is not long before we are allowed to see the same man recovering heart, mind, and spirits in a colder, more exhilarating land than ours, in the company of a warmer and more exhilarating lady than the lady for whom he so nearly died. It would be distinctly unfair to reveal the plot of a novel which is so strong in plot, but we may say that, unreal and romantic as the transition

Cover design of **The Unspoken Word** (*Hodder & Stoughton*).
(Reviewed in the March BOOKMAN.)

is from London to Grimland, and from the London life to that of the land of snow and sunshine, where a skating contest may lead to political tangles capable of enmeshing a throne itself, and the winning of the contest lead to the heart of a princess, Mr. Turner makes them real, and important, and thrilling, and engrossing to us. He handles politicians and plotters, even kings and nations, as if they were everyday matters to him, and we read his easy style and believe in Grimland entirely till we close the book upon the happy ending it deserves.

LANDOR'S IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

Selected, with an Introduction, by PROFESSOR J. P. MAHAFFY. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackie & Son.)

The "Red Letter Library," now so well known for its delightful collection of poems and *belles lettres*, has attempted a difficult task in giving a selection from the works of Walter Savage Landor. But the difficult task has been carried out with commendable judgment and success.

Professor Mahaffy has, in our opinion, adhered to the best and most satisfactory method in giving that which he has given in a complete form. The volume "gives the actual and complete text of every conversation it includes, without alteration, omission, or comment." Thus, the reader of this handy red-leather volume is able to enjoy Landor's style, his matter, his methods, as Landor gave them; and the selection here included will probably but whet the taste for more.

ROBERT DODSLEY:

Poet, Publisher, and Playwright. By RALPH STRAUS. With Illustrations. 21s. net. (John Lane.)

A most interesting biography of this eighteenth-century publisher will be issued in the near future. Mr. Ralph Straus has had a mass of new material to work from, and has new facts to bring to light. Dodsley moved in a circle of the most notable men of his period, and his "Life" will

From **John Lothrop Motley and his Family** (*John Lane*).

MRS. THOMAS MOTLEY, MOTHER OF JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

be found to touch upon the affairs of state, the theatre, and the artistic and literary world.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY AND HIS FAMILY.

Edited by HIS DAUGHTER and HERBERT ST. JOHN MILDMAY. With Illustrations. 16s. net. (John Lane.)

This is among the "forthcoming" volumes, and it is one which will be found, upon its appearance, to contain material of very special interest. Many letters which twenty years ago were considered of too intimate a character and of too recent a date for inclusion are now made use of, and notabilities which include Prince Bismarck, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Tom Hughes, and others are among the correspondents. We reproduce a couple of illustrations from the volume.

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

Translated from the Italian by WILLIAM COLLINGE. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackie.)

This fine translation of a deathless book now appears in the "Red Letter Library," and to it is added an Introduction from the pen of Mr. Arthur C. Benson. Of the book

From **The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi** (*Blackie & Son*).

ST FRANCIS

itself we can but echo Mr. Benson's words: "The whole volume has the unsophisticated and natural beauty of its age, the freshness of the dawn, the careless art of the bird's song." By it we may learn what can be known of the Saint's life, and what has been unconsciously revealed of an early, vigorous, if harsh period. It is a book which

From **The War in Wexford** (*John Lane*).

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

From The Brownies, and Other Stories (*G. Bell & Sons*). THE BROWNIE.

From The Rambles of Three Children (*Blackie & Son*). "'OH, I HOPE THEY WON'T DIE,' SAID NELL."

must be read by every lover of literature, and it can be procured in no handier, more satisfying form for all practical purposes than this present "Red Letter" edition.

THE WAR IN WEXFORD.

By H. F. B. WHEELER and A. M. BROADLEY. With Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

Taken as a whole we suppose that—with the sketchy exception of the last fifty years or so—the general public in this country knows about as much of the history of Ireland as it does of, say, Roumania. The average man (that conveniently obscure gentleman) might possibly give you two names in connection with the dark and mysterious past of that country, but we do not suppose that they would mean anything to him. These names are Oliver Cromwell and Vinegar Hill. Oliver Cromwell is vaguely known to have made himself unpopular in Ireland, and

From The Golden Age (*Nelson & Sons*). "WITH US IT WAS A WHOLE HOLIDAY."

everybody who knows the name knows that there was a battle of some kind at Vinegar Hill. Messrs. Wheeler and Broadley have done their best—and a remarkably good best—to let us know all about it, but more particularly about the causes which led up to it, and the effects it had. This "account of the rebellion in the south of Ireland in 1798" has been founded upon three MSS. which were recently placed in the author's hands, and which have not hitherto been used. In more senses than one, therefore, "The War in Wexford" may be said to break fresh ground, and its value is enhanced by a number of interesting portraits, reproductions of old prints, etc. It is a book which should appeal at least as much to the general public as to the student of history, and we can cordially recommend it.

THE RAMBLES OF THREE CHILDREN.

By GERALDINE MOCKLER. (Adapted.) 9d. (Blackie & Son.)

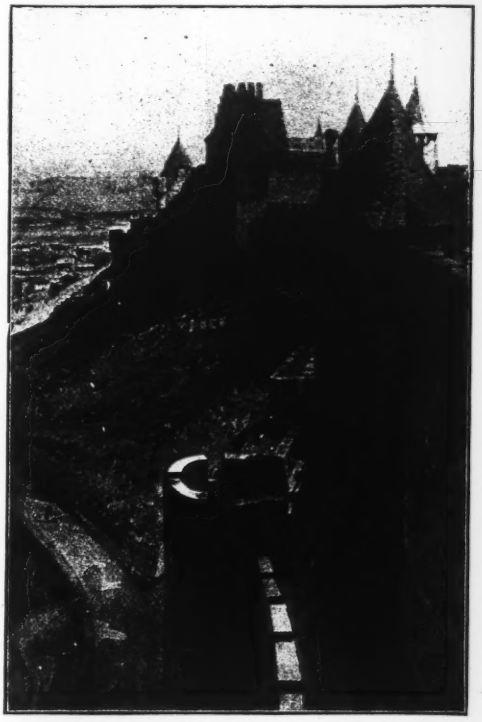
In the series of books for children which Messrs. Blackie

are issuing, this pretty volume will hold a favoured position. Two little sisters and a brother, the youngest five years old, the eldest ten, ramble through the pages in just the child-serious but ever-interested and enjoying way in which real children ramble through the country which happens to lie round about them. There are genuine ups and downs in the chapters, and a most stirring adventure at the end, with a real tiger escaped from a circus. The story has surprises, too. We ourselves quite thought that the unfledged thrushes would have died of over-feeding, or of overheating from their surreptitious bedding in the kitchen oven. But they didn't. There is a charming naturalness about the story which will bring it many admirers.

THE BROWNIES;

and Other Stories. By JULIANA HORATIA EWING. With Illustrations in Colour by ALICE B. WOODWARD. 2s. 6d. net. (G. Bell & Sons.)

The children who have been rejoicing in the succession of Mrs. Ewing's books which have been appearing in the pretty "Queen's Treasures" Series will be gladdened by this collection of stories which shows how close is the relationship between children and fairies, brownies and dwarfs. It is too late in the day to criticise Mrs. Ewing's writings. To take them up again after several years is to become again engrossed in them. If Mrs. Ewing's name were not upon the title-page, we should be still under the same spell. The secret is that she wrote with real individuality and in perfect style. Miss Alice Woodward's illustrations are excellent, too; she realises to the truth what a brownie's personal appearance is, and she follows the author's imagination with understanding. The "Queen's Treasures" Series is well named—at any rate every new volume it adds to its number *is* a veritable treasure.

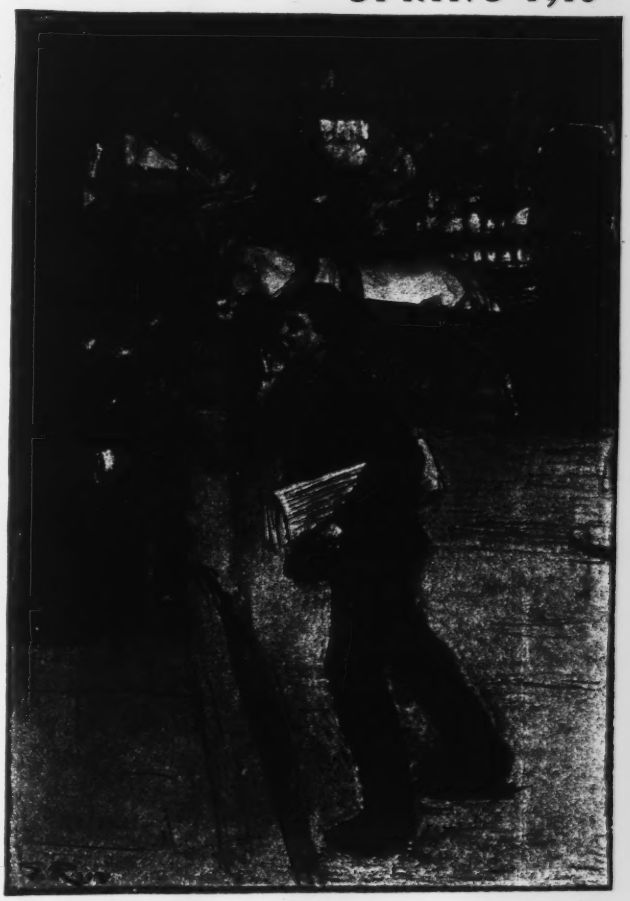


From **Through the French Provinces** (*T. Werner Laurie*). CARCASSONNE.

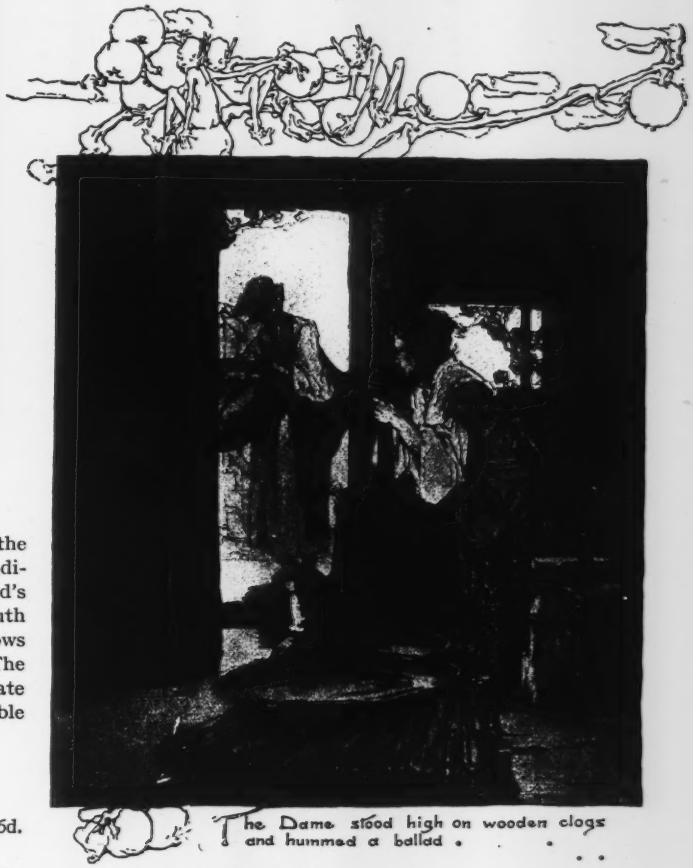
THROUGH THE FRENCH PROVINCES.

By ERNEST C. PEIXOTTO. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Peixotto has a light and engaging touch, and his little impressions of journeys in the lesser travelled portions



From **A Lad of London** (*Cassell*). "BILLY USED TO CALL NEWSPAPERS."



From **The Border Country** (*Constable*).

From **Changing China** (*Nisbet*). OLD CHINA: VILLAGE STREET.

of France make good reading. He takes his readers gradually from north to south. A glance at the country covered will suffice to show the great diversity of the scenes and customs which are depicted in this book. Starting at Paris, the author goes down the Seine to Rouen, and up the Oise as far as its junction with the Aisne, then for various "little journeys from Paris," and again to Fontainebleau, Provins, and Sens; through Etampes to Chartres, and thence south through the Touraine and Limoges to Bergerac; along the Dordogne valley to Rocamadour (one of the most wonderful villages in Europe), and along the Lot valley to Cahors; also south from Rocamadour to Albi and Carcassonne, where his impressions come to an abrupt ending. Mr. Peixotto does not devote a great deal of space to his various subjects (obviously he could hardly deal with them thoroughly), and he seems to have mentioned only those places which have pleased his artistic sense. It is curious, for instance, that he should stay the night in Blois and should have absolutely nothing to say of its wonderful chateau—one of the finest and certainly the most interesting in the Touraine. Nevertheless, though slight, the text of this book is likeable and easily read. But the real reason for its publication was undoubtedly the author's splendid drawings. Mr. Peixotto is an artist of great ability, and his sketches—which play a more important part than mere illustrations of the text—form a most beautiful collection. They are very numerous, about eighty in all, and as a general rule they are printed in the text, though there is nothing more beautiful than the frontispiece, a view of the upper city of Carcassonne. The artist has caught the French atmosphere to a nicety, but his drawings of architecture are perhaps the most successful. "Through the French Provinces" more than justifies its publication; it is a really beautiful book.

From **To Abyssinia** (*Seeley & Co.*) SAMBURR ELDERS.

From **Plant-Life: A Manual of Botany for Schools** (*Sonnenschein*). A VEGETABLE MONSTER.

A LAD OF LONDON

and Some of his Neighbours. By GEORGE HAW. With Illustrations by EVA ROOS. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

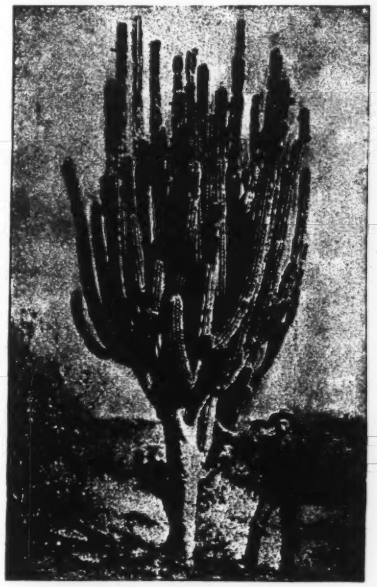
With an amazing number of variations on his one main subject Mr. Haw shows us London of the seamier side. The humour and the tragedy, the fun and the poverty, the philosophy and the despair—he gives it all to us as he himself has come across it. Any one who reads this volume will feel sure that all the sketches in it are first-hand work born of experience and observation. The "Lad of London" is a cheery beginning, humorously describing Billy, who couldn't make himself stay in one situation if he heard there was a better one somewhere else. From selling newspapers to curling ostrich feathers he flitted, after the nature of the butterfly, and we leave him working a lift, having been sobered down by marriage. The book is full of good

things, and if any one wants a few smiling moments, let him turn to the sketch entitled "Harmony and Discords," which describes the coming and going of Mrs. Hutch's piano.

IN THE BORDER COUNTRY.

By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

In the guise of fiction the author of this remarkable little book has set forth a great message of hope and encouragement to the modern woman of every civilised nationality. The story—for the taste of to-day insists that there must be a story—tells of three crises in the life of a woman artist. "The first lesson" shows the woman, already married, anxious not only to help her husband in his work, but herself to do like work and to leave a great reputation behind her. In the form of a sort of vision she passes through a deep spiritual experience which shows her definitely that it is her duty to "work with flesh and blood, as does God the Creator, not with paint and canvas, as does man the mimic!" In "the next lesson" the same woman, burdened with household cares, is uplifted and cheered by another vision, which shows her the duty of cheerfulness and pride in her work, how there should be no pursuit of pleasure outside that work. "The last lesson" shows that there can be no idleness when the work of the family is done; then is the time to instil her spirit into others who are yet at the beginning of life. The three little allegories are written with much beauty and delicacy of phrasing, and the author is to be heartily congratulated upon a great success. The book is charmingly illustrated and decorated by Miss Clara Elsene Peck. It is not often that we care for fiction with a purpose, but we most willingly make an exception for "In the Border Country." It is a most impressive little book.



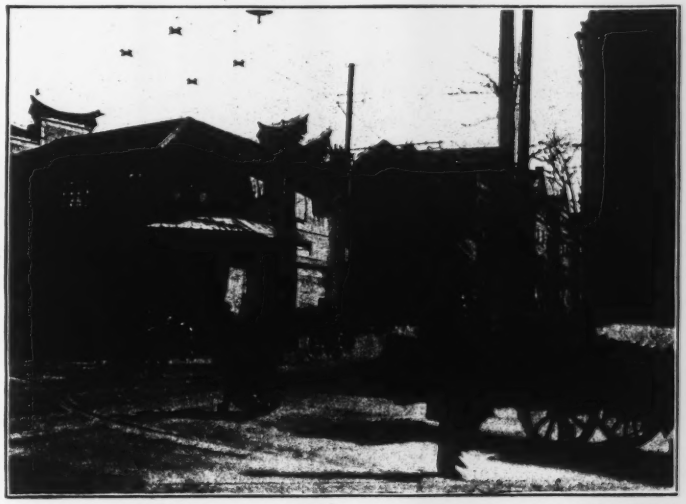
From Plant-Life: A Manual of Botany for Schools (*Sonnenschein*). A GIANT IN PLANT-LIFE.

From Fighting the Slave-Hunters (*Seeley & Co.*) GATHERING HONEY.

CHANGING CHINA.

By the REV. LORD WILLIAM GASCOYNE-CECIL. 10s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)

Lord William Cecil, who has been assisted in the writing of his book by Lady Florence Cecil, went to China in 1909 on behalf of the China Emergency Committee in order to "sound the Chinese Government and to see whether it would be favourable to the United Universities Scheme." The results of that journey, containing both the author's views upon the United Universities Scheme and his vivid impressions of life in the China of the present day, are published in this handsome volume. The author has an excellent descriptive ability, which, combined with an attractive style and a clear and open-minded observation, makes his book very attractive reading. The chapters upon "Chinese Civilisation" and "Railways and Rivers"



From Changing China (*Nisbet*). NEW CHINA: STREET IN SHANGHAI.

From History of Sumer and Akkad (*Chatto & Windus*).

FIGURE OF LUPAD, A HIGH OFFICIAL OF THE CITY OF UMMA. (In the Louvre.)

will be found of especial interest, but none of the book should be "skipped." There are numerous interesting photographs, and a railway map of China.

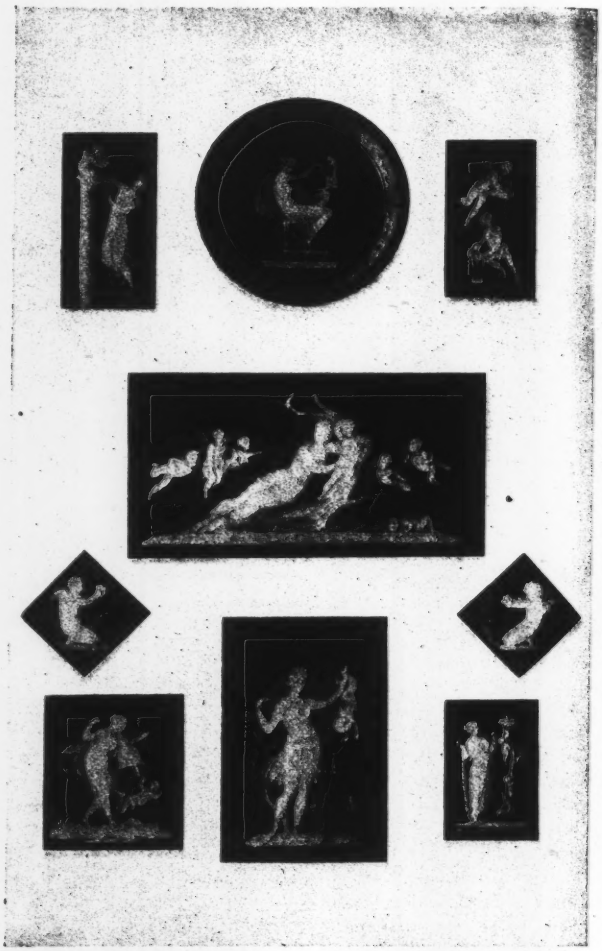
TO ABYSSINIA, THROUGH AN UNKNOWN LAND.

By CAPTAIN C. H. STIGAND. With Illustrations. 16s. net (Seeley & Co.)

In these days a fine economy may be exercised in the home, if many such volumes as "To Abyssinia" are written, for fathers and sons will be able to find what each needs in one and the same book. Adventure after adventure, danger, risk, escape, if any boy wants more than he finds here he must be hard to please. At the same time travel information, the ways and habits of tribes, the geographical description of the country, the practical details of a splendid march through unknown tracts, all these are here for the general inquirer or the serious student. Mr. Stigand possesses undoubtedly the traits necessary for a pioneer explorer, and that he not only carried his own intentions through to a successful end, but that he induced his guides and men to perform their part also in the face of fearful odds—the killing heat, the awful drought, the long marches, and the uncertainty of life from day to day—is a fine proof of his courage, his organisation, his influence, and his patience. The book is one which must not be omitted from the reading of any future traveller between the highlands of British East Africa and Southern Abyssinia, that wonderful tract of lonely, unknown land. We reproduce an illustration showing one of the more peaceful scenes of the journey.

From From the Thames to the Seine (*Chatto & Windus*).

THE OLD WATCH TOWER, CALAIS.



From A.B.C. of Collecting Old English Pottery (*Stanley Paul*).

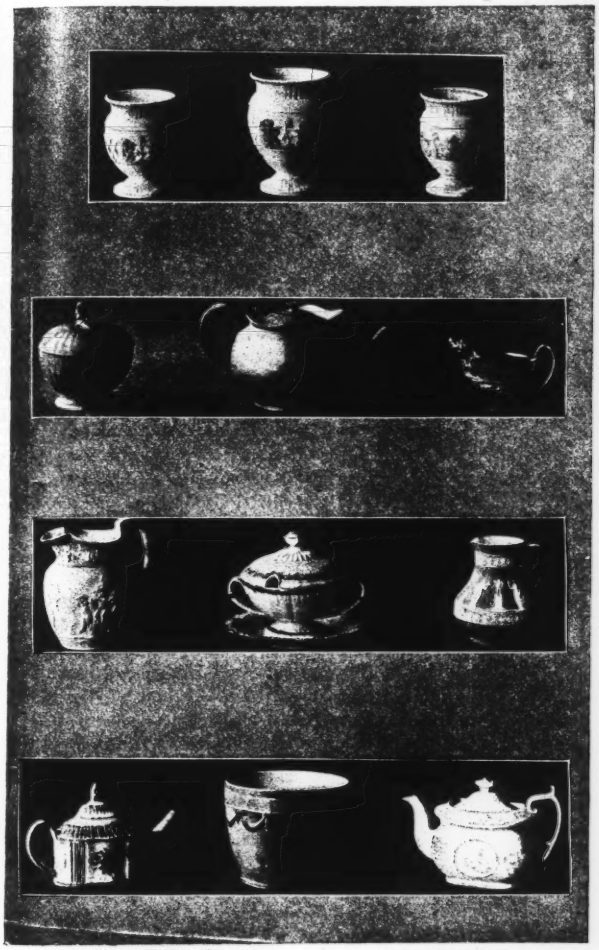
FAMOUS SOLON PLAQUES. From the William Bemrose sale, Derby, March, 1909.

FIGHTING THE SLAVE-HUNTERS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

By ALFRED J. SWANN. With Illustrations. 16s. net. (Seeley.)

Mr. Swann's experience of Central Africa stands over twenty-six years, from 1882 to 1909. During this period he was chiefly, in fact almost solely, occupied in the suppression of the slave trade. Few people have had the experience of Mr. Swann, and certainly none of those who

have have had so happy a literary ability. His book, which is written in an easy manner and with a keen eye for dramatic effect, is, in the stock phrase, "as interesting as a novel." Frankly, it is a great deal more interesting than most novels. Only scant justice can be done to "Fighting the Slave-Hunters" in this brief note, but we would draw the reader's attention especially to the tragic little story of the duel between two suitors for the hand of a young girl. This duel was permitted on the explicit understanding that no body or head wounds were to be inflicted, and that the victor was to be he who first drew blood from an arm or leg of his adversary. Mr. Swann himself was referee, and his description of the fight is most interesting. Unfortunately the wrong man won, and the girl's real lover was defeated. The sequel was the girl's suicide that night, an act which Mr. Swann witnessed from a distance. This little story is told by Mr. Swann with a real pathos. All of his tales are happily not so tragic, but all are equally well worth telling. This is one of the most fascinating books of African reminiscences that we have read—one which is sure, we are glad to think, to have a great success.



From **A.B.C. of Collecting Old English Pottery** (*Stanley Paul*).

WEDGWOOD WARE.
From Mr. A. M. Broadley's Collection.

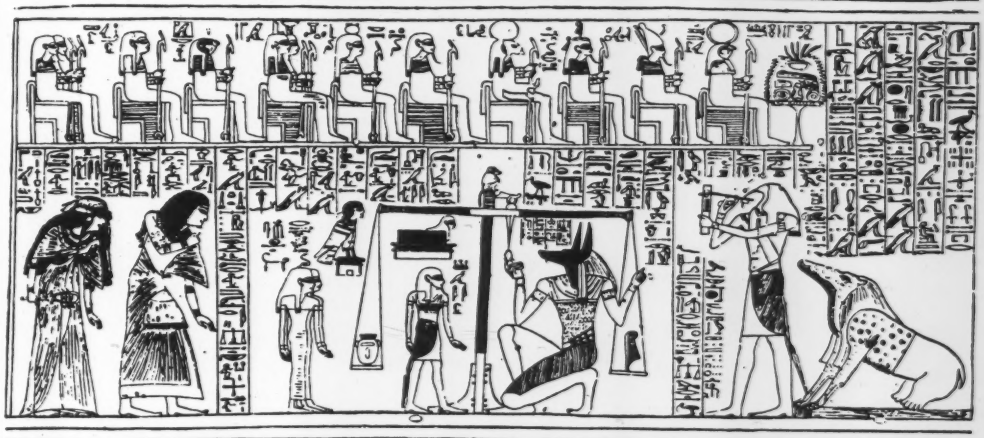
From **Up Hill and Down Dale in Ancient Etruria** (*Fisher Unwin*).

AN ETRUSCAN RELIEF.

A HISTORY OF SUMER AND AKKAD:

Being the First Volume of a History of Babylonia and Assyria. By LEONARD W. KING, M.A., F.S.A. 18s. (Chatto & Windus.)

The first two volumes of this important work will cover the history of Babylon from prehistoric times to the conquests by Cyrus in B.C. 539. The remaining volume will comprise the history of Assyria from the beginnings down to the fall of Nineveh in B.C. 606. The present volume deals with the history of Sumer and Akkad, the two great divisions of Babylonia, until about B.C. 2000. Mr. King has essayed the task of presenting fully but concisely the



From **The Book of the Dead** (*Kegan Paul*).

THE JUDGMENT.
(See p. 17 of Supplement.)

From **Oxford: Its Buildings and its Gardens** (*Grant Richards*).

MAGDALEN TOWER, FROM THE BOTANIC GARDENS.

history of these remote civilisations in the light of the most recent research. And in this case research means literally spade work. Recent excavations have resulted in the discovery of many very important archæological finds. These are important in two ways: for while they throw light on the progressive culture of these old-world empires and necessitate the entire revision of many *a priori* theories, they also, by affording means of comparison with discoveries elsewhere, make it possible to trace with reasonable certainty the enormous influence wielded by these civilisations on those of Egypt and Asia. The work is splendidly equipped with all the apparatus of modern scholarship—not least of all (for what is likely to be a standard book of reference for long) in respect of maps, plans, and separate indexes. The book is profusely illustrated from the treasures of the British Museum and other collections.

FROM THE THAMES TO THE SEINE.

Written and Illustrated by CHARLES PEARS. 12s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

We have hitherto known Mr. Pears chiefly as an artist, and his illustrations in this volume prove that we were justified in our thoughts of him. But after reading the book as well as looking at the pictures, we shall for the future think of him first of all as a sportsman. It was certainly a sporting thing to start off in a little yacht of twenty-six feet long over all, nineteen feet upon the water-line, and of registered tonnage 2·65. The weather, with but few days' exception, was rough and dirty; landsmen croaked, and seafaring men spoke warnings. But the author held on his way, and if his trip from the Port of Hammersmith to Harfleur, across the Seine, and round about and home again, were half as enjoyable as is the book in which he tells of it, then he was a wise and happy as well as a sporting man. The pages are bright with first-hand impressions, anecdotes, observations and the unaffected relation of simple occurrences. It is a book for summer and winter, for old and young, for landsmen and seamen, for stay-at-homes and travellers. The places at which the author called were many, and he certainly got the best out of his stormy voyage. Indeed, he seems to have managed the gales so effectively that the breeziness has entered into this volume.

From **Motor Tours in the West Country** (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

SOUTH POOL CREEK, SALCOMBE.

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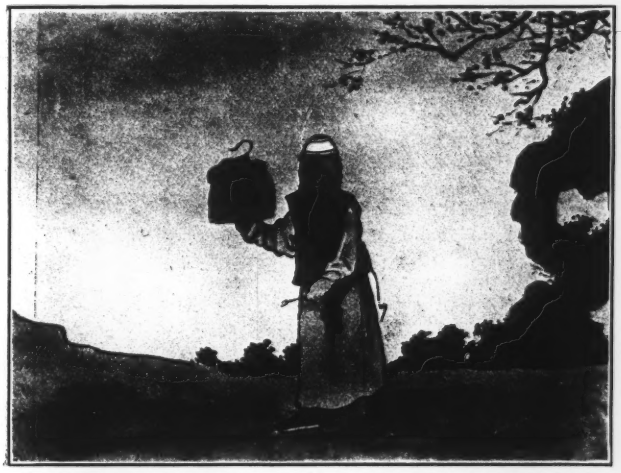

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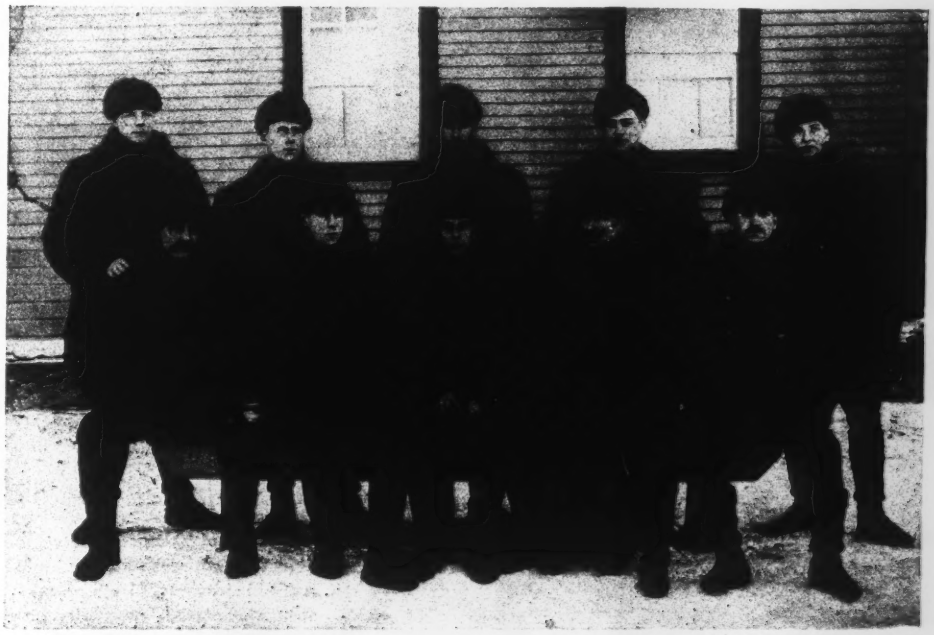

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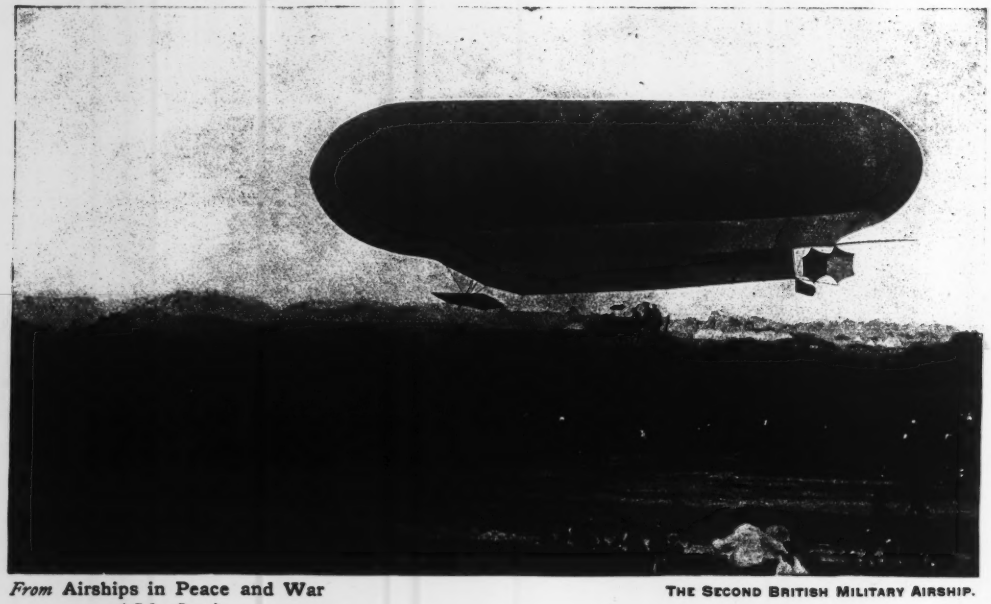

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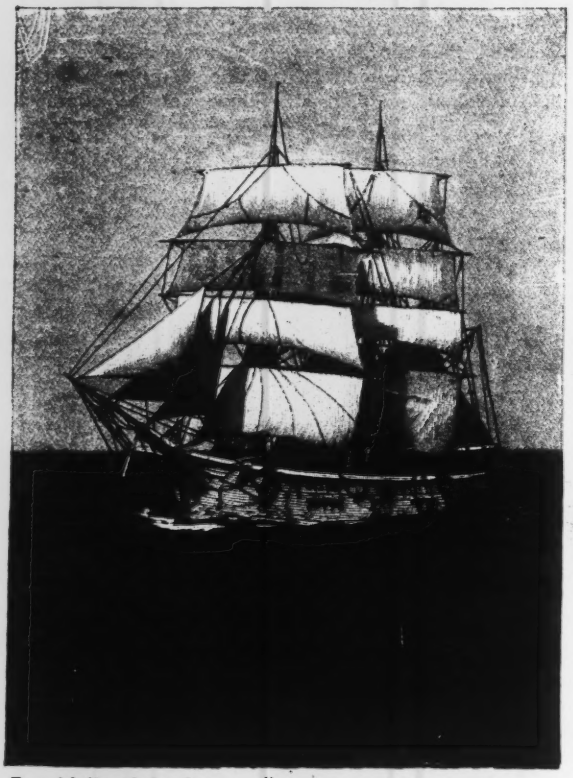

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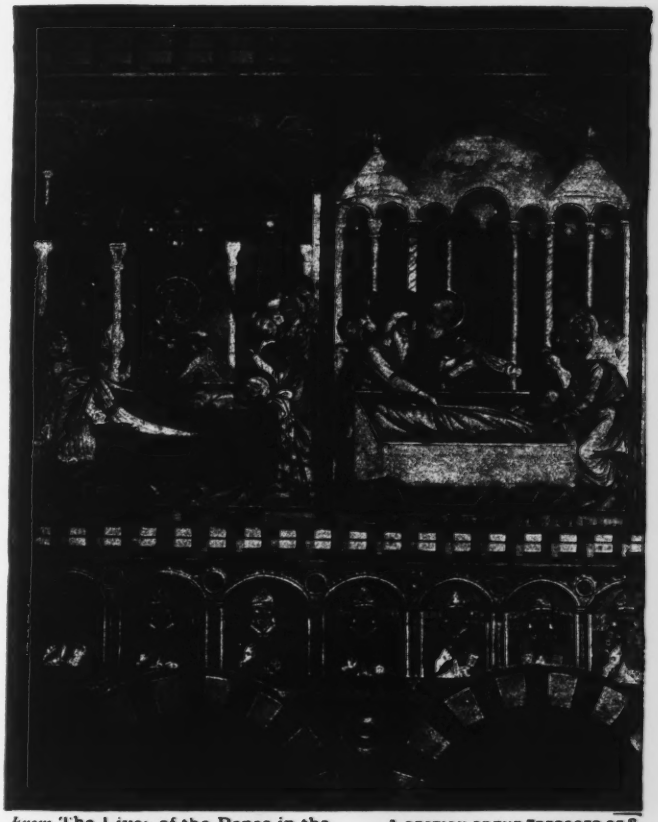

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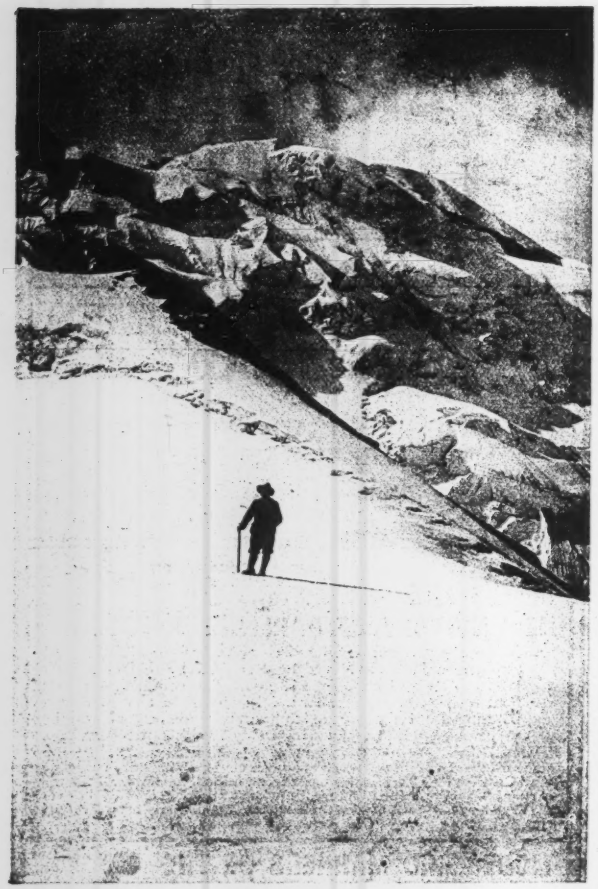

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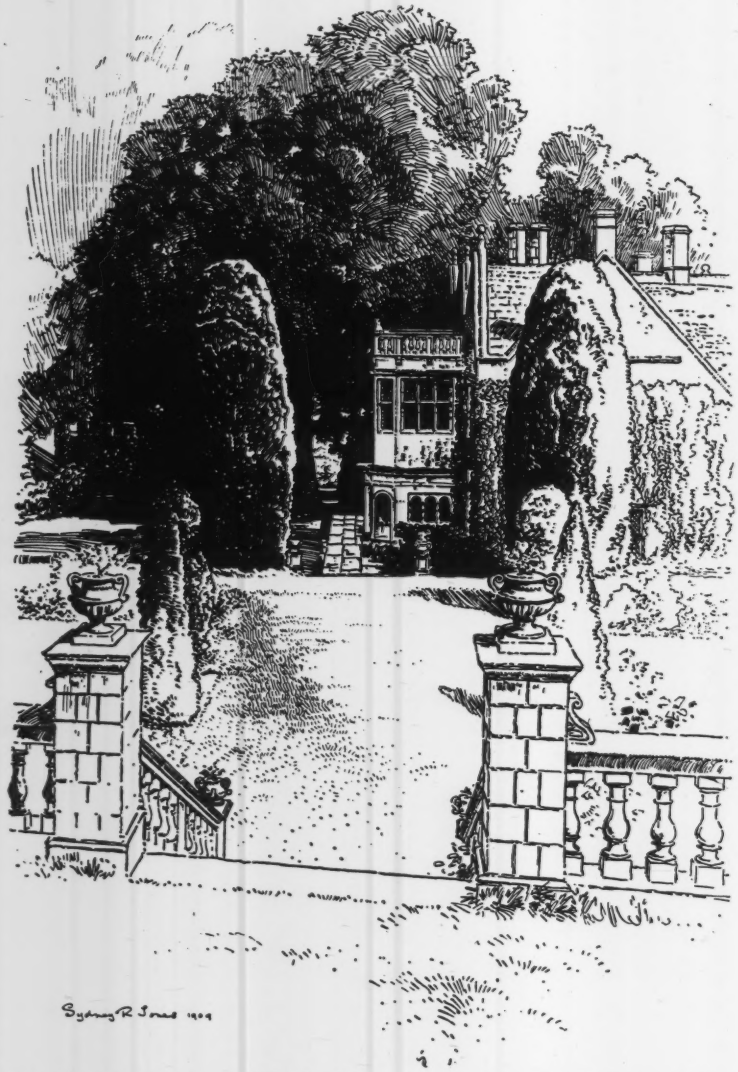

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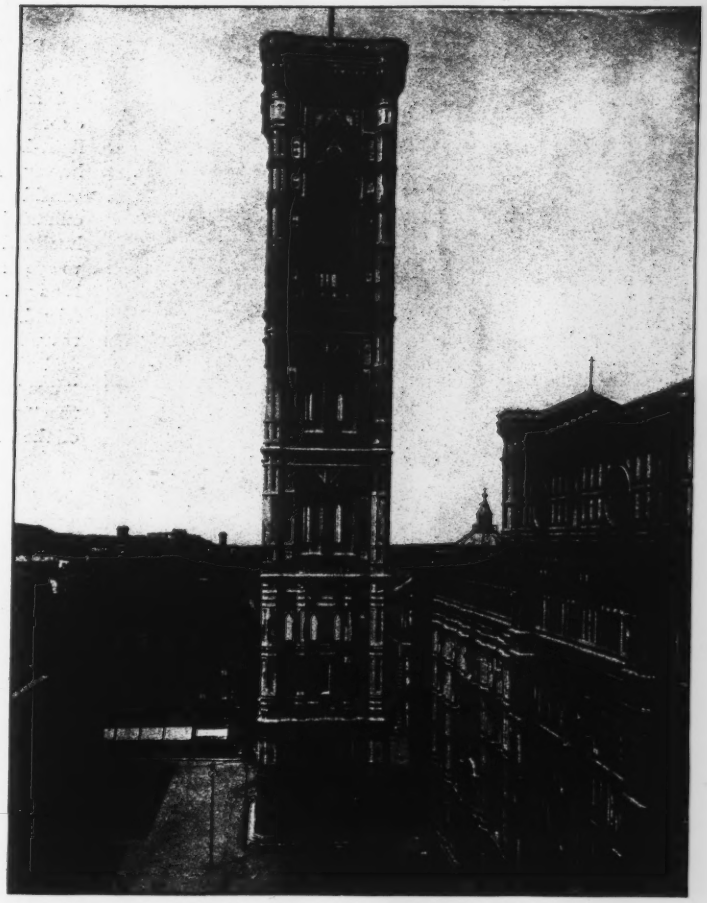

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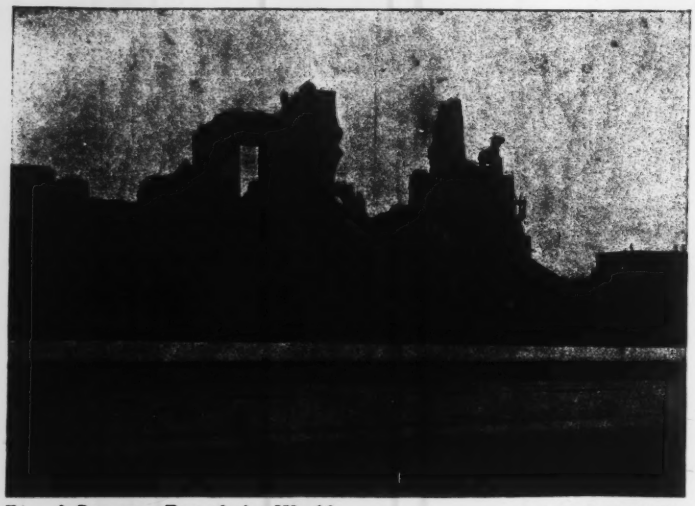

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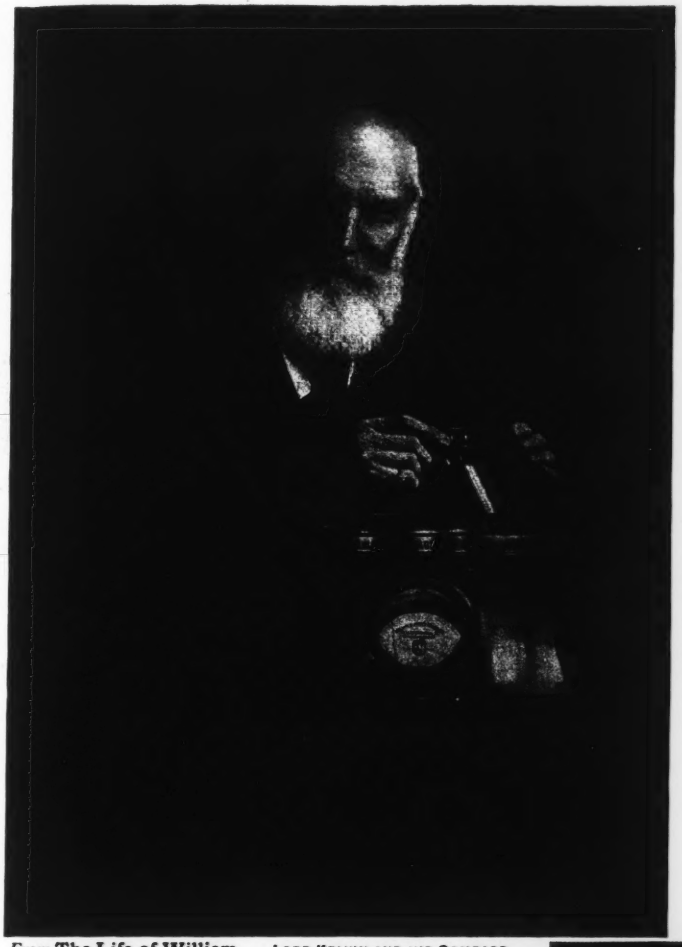
THE MARRIAGE VENTURES OF MARIE-LOUISE.

By MAX BILLARD. English Version by EVELYN DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON. With Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

In these days of royal biographies it was not likely that such a variegated career as that of Marie-Louise of Austria, second wife of Napoleon, would go unchronicled; and by her excellent translation of M. Max Billard's full and lively account of this lady of many adventures and emotions the Duchess of Wellington has brought a well-thought-out and effectively written book within the reach of English readers. There is tragedy in the very lightness of the nature of this deposed Empress of the French. Whatever Napoleon's faults may have been, he seems to have been loyal and devoted to Marie-Louise, and his trust in her was extraordinary. During all the long period of their separation he extolled her merits; and if he knew anything to her discredit he did not lay the blame on her shoulders. It is almost comforting, however, under the circumstances, to know that in his last moments his thoughts went back to Josephine. A curious mixture of heartlessness and good-temper, of yielding and self-will, marks the character of Marie-Louise. She was a woman of strong, but not very lasting, affections; but her devotion to the Comte de Neipperg, and her light-heartedness under varied circumstances when he was by her side, seem to prove her a woman of an amiable nature, if not of a very admirable

From The Marriage Ventures of Marie-Louise (*Eveleigh Nash*).

THE KING OF ROME



From **The Life of William Thomson, Baron Kelvin of Largs** (*Macmillan*).

LORD KELVIN AND HIS COMPASS. Photograph by Annan, Glasgow, 1902.

and announced before the whole company, 'Lord of the World, *you have forgotten your trousers!*'" Alike for its anecdotes and its personal memories of famous or interesting people, this is every way an amusing and very attractive book.

THE LIFE OF LORD KELVIN.

By SILVANUS P. THOMPSON. 2 Vols. 30s. net. (Macmillan.)

Professor Thompson's monumental work upon Lord Kelvin is without doubt destined to hold a high and enduring place among scientific biographies. As literature it is an achievement, as biography it mirrors all the fascination which all must feel for one of the most remarkable men who has ever lived. Our space is necessarily so limited and a mere recommendation of the subject of the book would be so impertinent that we prefer only to quote here a small portion of Professor Thompson's all too brief eulogy of Lord Kelvin: "The nineteenth century has, intellectually, been the golden age, not of art or of poetry, not of drama or of adventure, but of science. It has been an epoch distinguished by a galaxy of men who made it great, and who, whether the world recognises it or not, were great men. Though Lord Kelvin was not the last of these, he was assuredly the greatest; and his name will be revered and his memory cherished long after those who sat at his feet and listened to his voice shall have passed away. His words, his thoughts remain. And not his thoughts only; for though he was essentially a man of thought, he was also a man of effort to whom came the high privilege of achievement."

THE LIVES OF THE POPES IN THE EARLY MIDDLE AGES.

Vol. IV., 891–999. With Illustrations. 12s. net. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.)

The Rev. Horace K. Mann is to be congratulated upon having brought his great work upon the Popes of the Early Middle Ages to the fourth volume. The period covered is the tenth century, a time of great social and moral degradation, and the author worthily defends the Papal cause during these black days. Father Mann makes no attempt to disprove all the charges brought against the Church, but he is more than justified in pointing out that the atmosphere of the times was lax to a degree, and that on the whole the Church was a very strong influence for good. The charges of immorality brought against certain Popes can most of them easily be disproved, and the author deplores the general spirit of "undue generalisation" which is rampant to-day, and which has resulted in the continuance of many an ancient and unfounded libel. The lives of many of the Popes included in the present volume are short and of little importance, but the various political intrigues and movements are well and clearly brought out by the author. Father Mann treats a difficult subject with great lucidity and breadth of view, while his work at every hand betrays evidences of remarkably wide and deep reading. We strongly recommend the book to those who are interested in a period about which very little is generally known; they cannot gain their knowledge from a more thoughtful and accurate and at the same time sympathetic source.

From **Retrospections of an Active Life** (*Fisher Unwin*).

BRIGHT COBDEN, AND CHEVALIER.

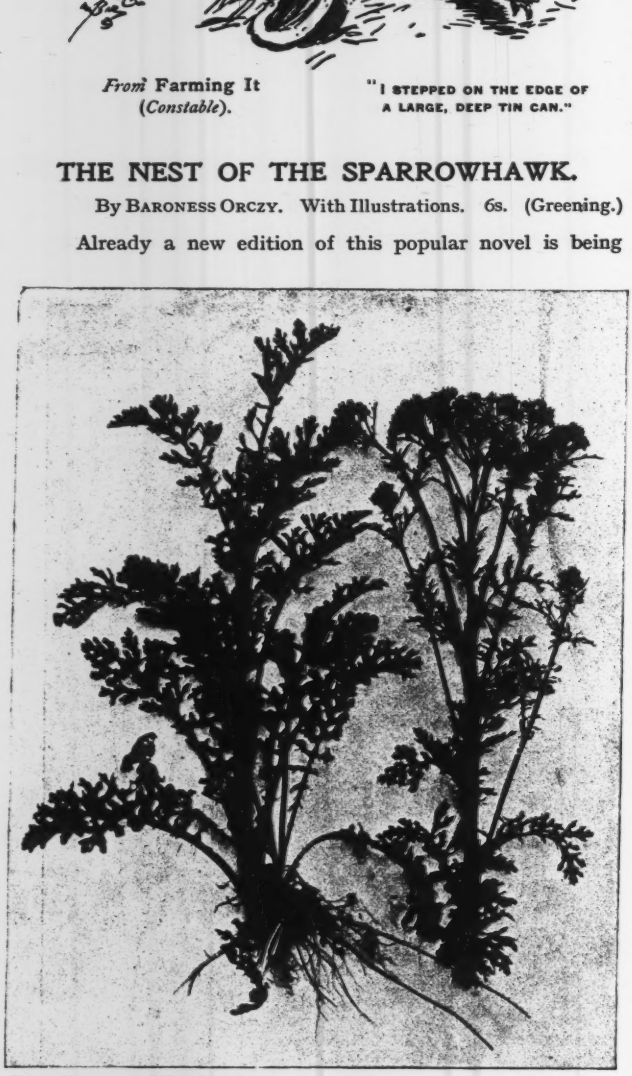
From **Farming It** (*Constable*).

"I STEPPED ON THE EDGE OF A LARGE, DEEP TIN CAN."

THE NEST OF THE SPARROWHAWK.

By BARONESS ORCZY. With Illustrations. 6s. (Greening.)

Already a new edition of this popular novel is being presented in a new style. This time its piquant and exciting episodes will be illustrated by Mr. H. M. Brock. We reproduce an example of his strong yet delicate work.



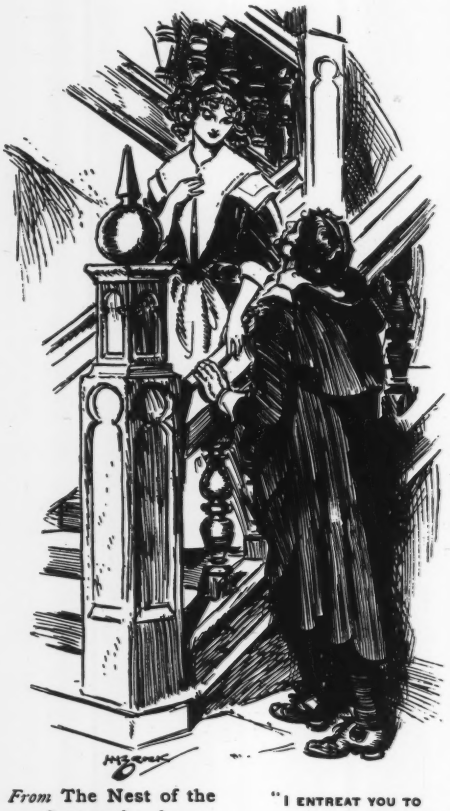
From **Common Weeds of the Farm and Garden.** (*Smith, Elder & Co.*)

RAGWORT (*Senecio Jacobæa*).

FARMING IT.

By HENRY A. SHUTE. With Illustrations by REGINALD B. BIRD. 5s. (Constable.)

If you have tried farming, and if you have not, you cannot fail to spend some happy hours over "Farming It," if you have the good sense to buy it or the good luck to get it lent to you. (We suggest no other means of enjoying the pleasure.) The book tells frankly and without silly reticence the experiences and adventures of the author, who was overworked at his legal profession and ordered by his doctor to try a country life. Those who have never tried amateur farming will be vastly entertained and will guffaw



From **The Nest of the Sparrowhawk** (*Greening*).

"I ENTREAT YOU TO LOOK INTO MY EYES."

over the mishaps which befell the author. Those who have tried amateur farming will also be vastly entertained, but they will understand how easily those mishaps occur. The book is not all mishaps, however, and there are times when the author laughs last. "The more I considered the matter," he says, "the more I became convinced that the representations of the beautifully illustrated nature-magazines, the seductive stories in Sunday paper supplements, farm and garden pamphlets, seed catalogues, etc., etc., were a trifle overdrawn." So he sets himself to show his readers the other side of the picture. He does not cure them, though, of all desire to try farming. The end seems well worth the experience, even if one has taken that experience the wrong way. But the author takes it the right way, and that is why his book is an entertainment full of humour and good laughs. Summing up at the end he says, "Now, what have I done for myself? I have to a great extent lost my irritability. I have opened a large house to my friends and guests, have had my table furnished with my own vegetables, eggs, milk, cream, and butter. I have hardened my hands, cured my digestion, and benefited every member of my family." We think the farmer has fully proved his wisdom.

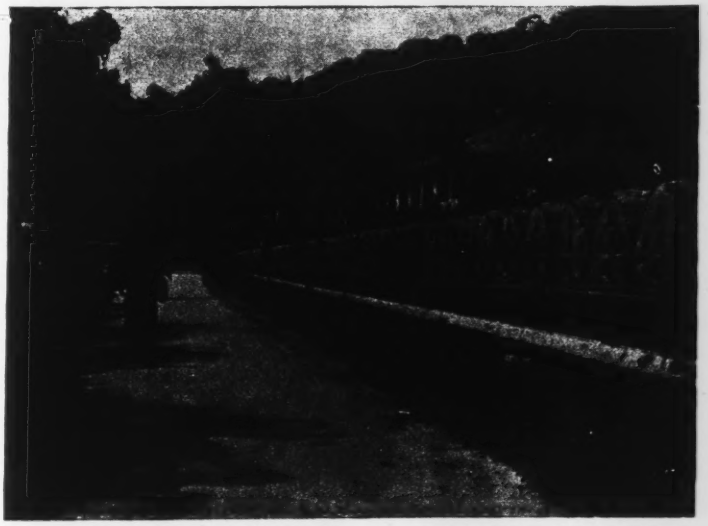
From **The Passing of the Shereefian Empire**
(*Blackwood & Sons*).

GENERAL DRUCE AND HIS STAFF.

THE PASSING OF THE SHEREEFIAN EMPIRE.

By E. ASHMEAD BARTLETT. Illustrated. 15s. net. (Blackwood).

The publication of this book, which had been promised before Easter, has had to be delayed owing to the large amount of additional matter obtained by the author and the continued development of events of interest and importance in Morocco. It is hoped that it may be ready by the middle of this month. Mr. Ashmead Bartlett's narrative will be found interesting as an account of actual happenings which have played a most important part in the recent history of Morocco. It may be noted that the author had interviews with both the late Sultan, Abdul Aziz, and his elder half-brother Moulai el Hafid, who is now on the throne. Those, too, who are more particularly concerned with military matters will find in it much both instructive and interesting about the French army in Africa, its methods of warfare, and its disciplinary condition.



From **A Scamper Round the World**
(*John Ouseley*).

TEMPLE GARDEN, KANDY, CEYLON.

From **Health Progress and Administration in the West Indies**
(*John Murray*).

BELLEVILLE, BARBADOS.
A residential suburb of Bridgetown.

HEALTH PROGRESS AND ADMINISTRATION IN THE WEST INDIES.

By SIR RUPERT W. BOYCE, M.B., F.R.S. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

"Wear a smile on your face and a flower in your button-hole." This was the Password during the New Orleans Yellow Fever Epidemic in 1905. It isa fine and courageous instruction, and it forms the motto to this useful and authoritative volume. But the volume is in its own way even better than the motto, for it is the outcome of scientific inquiry into the causes of disease, and is, further, the instructor in the great and important matters of prevention and treatment of it. Sir Robert Boyce went out a year ago to make investigations in Barbados, and then, at the request of the respective governors, he continued his observations in Trinidad and British Guiana and other territories. The book is a clearly expressed, sane, and serious account of the conditions of the past, the present, and what should be in the future in the matter of sanitation and enforcement of laws and regulations; these lead on in natural sequence to pipe-borne water-supplies and anti-insect measures. Education and common sense, kindliness and firmness are needed; carelessness and ignorance have in the past decimated the population of a country; this book is a proof, an encouragement and a hope that better things are in store. It is full of interest for both the general and the medical reader.